"True Art is to Conceal Art."

Voice Culture

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS,

Chap. Cophright Po.

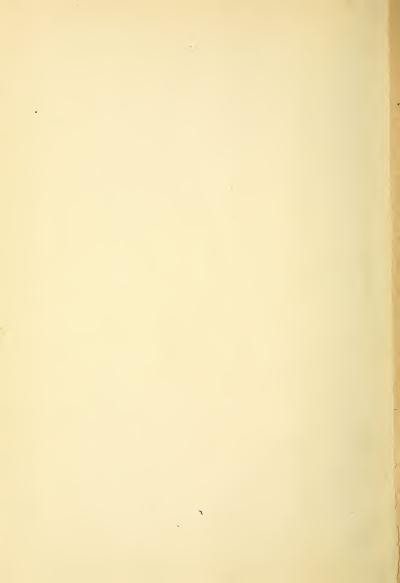
Shelf PNAIN

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.









VOICE CULTURE

AND

ELOCUTION.

WM. T. ROSS, A. M.

37

[AUTHOR'S EDITION



SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
PAYOT, UPHAM & CO., PUBLISHERS,
1886-

PN+111 .Rb

Copyright, 1886. By WM. T. ROSS. All rights reserved.

PRINTED BY GOLDEN ERA CO.

PREFACE.

VOICE CULTURE AND ELOCUTION is designed to supply a want long felt by the author, for a text-book combining in a more practical form the following features:

Clear and concise statements and explanations of principles; explicit and full directions for exercise under rules; and a liberal supply of carefully selected sentences and paragraphs for study and practice.

The book includes:

- 1. Exercises in Calisthenics and in Gesture arranged for systematic practice, by means of which ease, grace and versatility in Movement and Gesture may be acquired.
- 2. Brief explanation of the Organs of Speech, with full directions for development of the Breathing Organs, and for acquiring control and economy of breath.
- 3. Simple and explicit directions for the cultivation, preservation and proper use of the voice in speaking and in singing.
- 4. Explanation and classification of the Elements of Speech, with a complete arrangement of tables, words and sentences for practice in Articulation.

- 5. A clear and concise statement of principles, with full directions for practice under the rules.
- 6. Copious and carefully selected sentences and paragraphs, arranged for the exemplification of rules and principles, and for practice under them. And,
- 7. A choice collection of original and selected pieces for Reading and Recitation.

The author, not wishing to burden his text-book with what can be easily and cheaply obtained from the various publications, has devoted only a limited space to selections.

It has been his aim to embody in this work the course of instruction which has resulted from an experience of twenty-five years in the profession,—a course that has stood the test of practical experiment.

In the hands of the intelligent student and the faithful teacher, the author feels confident that his text-book will be a valuable aid toward the acquisition of the Art of Elocution.

Permission for the use of specified extracts and selections have been kindly granted by The Century Co., of New York; S. C. Griggs & Co., of Chicago; Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston, and other Publishers.

W. T. R.

San Francisco, Cal., 1886.

CONTENTS.

Province of Elecution	IX
ELOCUTION:	
Voice—Action—Gesture	ī
Voice Qualifications.	2
Calisthenics:	
Exercises—Chest—Arm—Body—Head—Instep	3
" for Wrist and Arm Relaxation.	6
Indian Dance	7
GESTURE:	•
Province and Aim	8
Position—Steps—Arms at Rest	9
Initial Movement—Unfoldment—"Ictus"	13
Intellectual Basis and Scope	15
Notation—Directions—How to Practice	17
Exercises, -[Hand] - Supine - Prone - Vertical Index.	20
" Clinched—Clasped—Folded—Wringing	27
" Crossed on Breast-Applied	30
Preparation for the Gesture	31
Miscellaneous Examples	33
SIGNIFICANT GESTURES:	
Pantomime Language	37
Head-Eyes-Arms-Hands-Body.	38
ORGANS OF SPEECH :	
Breathing—Voice—Articulation.	43
Breathing Exercises:	
Abdominal—Blowing and Sipping the Breath	49

CONTENTS.

Full and Deep—Audible Expulsion.	50
Deep Breathing while Walking.	51
Effusive—Expulsive—Explosive	53
VOICE CULTURE:	
Necessity for a Good Voice—Free Throat	55
Definitions,—Time, Quantity, Quality, etc	57 58
Projecting the Tone—Flexibility of Voice	63
Exercises for Mouth, Tongue and Lips	65
ARTICULATION:	- 3
How to Improve the Articulation	67
Classification and Formation of the Elements	68
Elementary Sounds,—(Phonetic Arrangement)	70
Exercise in Combinations—[Tables]	72
Difficult Combinations with Words and Sentences	79
Table of Vowels with Diacritical Marks	103
Analysis of Words	104
Vowel Sound Practice in Sentences	106
Reading by Vowel Sounds	129
Sentences of Difficult Articulation An Alphabetical Alliteration.	132
Pronunciation,—A Habit—How to Practice.	133
Exercise of Difficult Pronunciations.	134
MODULATION AND EXPRESSION:	5 1
Definitions,—Pitch—Force—Stress.	137
PITCH:	- 37
Exercises for Increase of Compass	138
Middle—High—Very High—Low—Very Low	141
Force:	
Loud and Abrupt—Smooth and Subdued.	148
EMPHASIS:	- 4
General Rules, with Exercises.	150
Stress, Monotone Median Expulsive and Explosive	- 3
Ŕadical	152
Terminal—Compound—Thorough—Intermittent	159
Laughter,—Exercises for Practice of Different Kinds	166
Inflection:	
General Rules for the Rising and Falling Slides	169
Cadence	172

CONTENTS.	vii
TIME: Ouantity and Movement	171
Pause:	174
Rhetorical	179
Cesural	181
"Grouping," and Exercises in Rhetorical Analysis	182
EMPHASIS: By Force, by Time and by Slide	185
Antithesis—Emphatic Repetition—Climax	189
The Significance of Modulation and Emphasis	196
TRANSITION:	0
In Expression and in Personation	198
QUALITY: Exercises in Pure and Impure	201
Imitative Modulation	204
RHYTHMUS AND MELODY:	
Measure of Speech	206
STYLE:	
Colloquial—Declamatory—Dramatic—etc Hints to the Student of Elocution	212
Hamlet's Advice to the Players	234
Advice to Speakers	236
SELECTIONS.	
m v (1 1 1)	
The Hero of Lake Erie	237 240
The Field of Waterloo	243
The Sunset of Battle	246
Rain on the Roof	248
The Life-Boat	249 251
The Miner's Reverie	252
Use and Misuse of Words E. P. Whipple	253
The Courtship of Larry O'Dee	256

CONTENTS.

Napoleon Bonaparte	258
Rienzi's Address to the Romans Miss Mitford	260
Women All at Sea	261
Cassius Against CæsarShakespeare	265
Marullus to the Roman Populace Shakes peare	267
Sounds	268
Voices of the Wildwood	269
A Similar Case	272
The Study of Nature	273
The Petrified Fern	275
An Incident at Sea	276
Grandpa's Nap Fred Emerson Brooks	278
Marmion Taking Leave of Douglas Scott	280
Extract from a Lecture on Thackeray. G. S. Meade	282
Catiline's Defiance	283
Against Employing Indians in War. Lord Chatham	285
The Frog and the Frenchman Fred Emerson Brooks	287
Colonel Baker as an Orator	290
Freedom E. D. Baker	291
The Golden Gate Madge Morris	292
Feminine Pity Holmes	294
Bernardo Del Carpio	295
The Funny Story	297
The Isle of Long Ago B. F. Taylor	298
On the American Revolution	299
Tell on his Native Hills Knowles	301
The Two Professions	302
The Lost Sheep	307
The Murderer's Secret	308
A Psalm of Life Longfellow	309
Sprinkling the Streets.	311
Ode on the Passions	313
Liberty and Union Webster	316
Wolsey's Fail	317
Spartacus to the Gladiators at Capua. Kellogg	318
If We Knew	320
Charge of the Light Brigade Tennyson	322
Quarrel Scene Between Brutus and	
Cassius Shakespeare	324
The Flag of Our Union Geo. P. Morris	328

INTRODUCTORY.

THE IMPORTANCE and utility of Elocution is so generally conceded, and so fully appreciated, that it is only necessary here to give a brief summary of its scope, and to mention a few of the uses to which it may be applied.

Elocution does not consist in mere imitation of the voice and manner of the teacher, nor in the learning to recite pieces as a parrot learns to talk.

Its province is to aid the pupil in acquiring ease, grace and versatility in gesture.

To impart a knowledge of correct breathing, and the art of utilizing the breath in the proper production of tone.

To discipline and develop the voice in qualities, compass, strength, flexibility and control.

To improve the articulation so that each element may have its correct and due amount of sound in the enunciation of words.

To communicate a practical knowledge of the principles and rules in modulation and expression.

And to teach the pupil the art of using the rules and exercises of elocution, *not* as the *end* and *aim* of the study, but as the *means* for the better expression of thought and emotion.

By such a course of instruction the *individuality* of the student is best preserved. This is a matter of the greatest importance—especially to one who has marked natural ability.

The true province of elocution, therefore, is not to make a person less, but more natural.

The following are some of the benefits to be derived from the study, and the uses to which the art may be applied.

Elocution is a means for artistic and intellectual culture.

It is an accomplishment.

It improves the conversational powers.

To the possessor of the art, if is a solid satisfaction, and it enhances the enjoyment of society.

It is the best form of gymnastics—exercising in a salutary manner the most important functions of mind and body.

Through a proper direction of its breathing and vocal exercises, it is made an important factor for the preservation and restoration of health.

It stimulates thought through the reflex influence which wellspoken words are known to have upon the mind of the speaker.

It aids in getting a higher appreciation of the beautiful and grand in literature.

It brings out the subtler meanings of language through the proper enunciation of the words.

It is one of the three essential branches of oratory, and necessary to the highest success in public speaking.

To all instructors, needful; to the teacher of reading, indispensable.

It is most essential to the study of drama, and important as a preparation for the actor's calling.

"There's a charm in delivery, a magical art,
That thrills like a kiss from the lip to the heart;
"Tis the glance, the expression, the well-spoken word,
By whose magic the depths of the spirit are stirred."

VOICE CULTURE

AND

ELOCUTION.

We must exclude everything from the definition of language, but actual speaking.

* It is only by the spoken word that the speaker breathes his own life into the souls of his hearers.

- Withelm Von Humboldt.

Delivery has the sole and supreme power in oratory.

-Cicero.

ELOCUTION is the Art of expressing thought and feeling by means of Voice and Action.

VOICE is the result of air made audible, in its passage from the lungs, by the action of the vocal ligaments. It becomes Speech, when individualized by the organs of resonance and articulation.

ACTION is *pantomime language*, appealing to the eye. It comprises all the physical means for communicating thought and feeling.

GESTURE is a term synonomous with Action, and is the one more commonly used. It embraces Position, Poise and Movement. THE VOICE QUALIFICATIONS essential to a good elocution, and which, if not already possessed by the student, must be acquired through the development and culture of the organs of speech, are,

- 1. Fullness, Strength, Clearness and Resonance.
- 2. Distinctness and Correctness of Articulation.
- 3. Perfect adaptation and control of voice through the variations in Pitch, Stress, Time, and the other elements of vocal expression.

CALISTHENICS.

"The wise, for cure, on exercise depend."

-Dryden.

A few Calisthenic exercises should precede Gesture. They will contribute freedom and strength to the trunk and limbs. The following will be found ample for the purposes intended.

Each movement should be repeated five to twenty times, depending upon the difficulty of the exercise, and upon the strength and convenience of the pupil. Ten to twenty minutes, once or twice a day, may be profitably devoted to systematic physical exercises.

POSITION.—Weight of the body equally on both feet, heels together, and toes extending to the right and left at an angle of sixty degrees. Head erect, shoulders well

back and arms by the side—the military position. This is the attitude of attention, or "first position."

CHEST EXTENSION.—With the arms extended in front, palms together, throw the arms horizontally backward, then return to the front on the same line, keeping the elbows straight and the body erect. The movement should be made only at the shoulder joints.

UPWARD CHEST EXTENSION.—From "first position," without bending the elbows, swing the arms from the sides upward, striking back of hands together directly over head; then, by reverse movement, return the arms to first position.

These movements should be given slowly at first, increasing in rapidity and energy in the ratio of acquired strength and skill.

CIRCULAR MOVEMENT OF ARMS .-

I. Forward. From "first position," elbows straight, swing the arms forward, up in front, back close to the sides of the head and down behind to commencing position, describing with the hands, as near as possible, parallel circles.

The arms are allowed to rotate freely at the shoulder joints.

2. Backward. Carry the arms back, up, around and down in front,—the reverse of the preceding. It may be best to practice first with each arm separately, and then both together. Great care should be taken to keep the feet firmly in position, the knees straight and the body perfectly erect.

ARM AND BODY MOVEMENT COMBINED .- For com-

mencing position, extend the arms straight up each side of the head. Then, from this position, with elbows and knees kept straight, swing the arms down to the front, back, up, around and down again, at the same time bending the body forward, letting the bend be mostly at the hips.

If it can be done with ease, allow the extended fingers to touch the floor. The reverse movement brings the body to an erect position, while the arms are carried back, down, and up in front to commencing position.

Performed with energy, this is a most invigorating and econmical practice, giving the pupil the greatest amount

of exercise in the shortest possible time.

BODY MOVEMENTS .-

- 1. Forward and backward. With hands on hips, knees and trunk straight, bend the body forward, then backward as far as possible. Repeat as often as desir able.
- 2. Sideward. With the same conditions as in the preceding, bend the body first to the right side, then to the left, and continue the required number of times.
- 3. Twisting the Trunk. With hands as before and feet kept firmly in position, twist the body to the right until the face is turned directly to the rear; then reverse the movement, twisting the body to the left in like manner.
- 4. With hands on hips, bend the body to the right, and then swing it around forward and to the left, back and around to the right, describing, with the head, as complete and large a circle as possible. The same movement is reversed. Three times each way is enough for one practice. The body is allowed to rotate freely at the hips, without bending the knees or moving the feet.

HEAD MOVEMENTS .-

- I. Forward and backward. With hands on hips, body kept erect and firm, first bend the head forward, then back, and repeat.
- 2. Twisting. Turn the head to the right, bringing the chin over the shoulder, then to the left, and repeat.
- 3. Sideward. Incline the head over the right shoulder, then over the left, and so continue.
- 4. Circular Movement of Head. Incline the head to the right, let it swing forward and around to the left, back, and around to the right, allowing it to rotate freely, with muscles of the neck relaxed. Repeat but three or four times, then reverse the movement. If continued too long, this exercise may produce dizziness; but practiced in moderation, it is beneficial to the health, and encourages greater ease and freedom in the movements of the head in speech.

INSTEP FLEXION.-

- I. With hands on hips, elbows well back, and body erect, rise on the toes with an elastic spring, and then return gently to the commencing position.
- 2. Raise the body, to the "tiptoe position," as in the preceding exercise. Then, by bending the knees, lower the body to a "squatting" position, but keeping the trunk erect, heels off the floor, and hands on the hips. Return to erect tiptoe position, and continue the exercise without letting the heels to the floor.

In this, as in all physical exercises, practice gently until strength and facility is acquired.

The following additional exercises for instep flexions

may be practiced with some profit and no little amusement.

3. The Rocking Movement. Rise on toes and keep in tip toe position. Advance right foot to front; then, with a springing movement, reverse the position of the feet, carrying the left foot to the front, and the right foot, at the same time, to the rear,—continuing the movement with a very elastic and light bound, allowing only the toes to touch the floor.

Another more complex exercise is the following:

4. Alternate spreading and crossing of feet. From the tip-toe position, with a springing movement spread the feet to the right and left; then, with another spring, cross them, (the right in front of the left); then spread them apart as before; and then, with another spring, cross the left in front of the right. Continue the movement with very light, elastic bounds, and always keeping on the toes.

WRIST AND ARM MOVEMENTS.-

- 1. With arms extended horizontally to the right and left, hands hanging loosely at the wrists, shake the arms, allowing the hands to dangle with perfect freedom as though they were lifeless appendages.
- 2. With elbows bent and pressed against the sides of the body, lower arm extending to the front and upward, the hands hanging loose at the wrists, shake the lower arm up and down, sideways and around.

These exercises give flexibility to the wrists—a most essential condition in gesture.

A good exercise for acquiring the difficult art of letting the arms hang loosely from the shoulders and just where the attraction of gravitation takes them, (which is one of the most important positions of the arms at rest), is the following:

3. Let go the arms, allowing them to hang by the sides perfectly relaxed. Gently twist the body to the right, then to the left, and continue to increase the rapidity and strength of the movement, allowing the arms to swing or "flop" with perfect freedom.

"Taking the mind or will out of the arms, and concentrating it upon the movements of the body," will assist the pupil in accomplishing this, at first, difficult exercise.

All movements that aid in the partial or complete natural relaxation or tension of the muscles of the trunk and limbs, contribute largely to the requirements of Action in the expression of thought and feeling.

Perhaps one of the very best general exercises for the complete and partial relaxation or "decomposing" of the various muscles of the neck, trunk and limbs, is what the author of this Manual calls, in his "Calisthenic Exercises," (a small work published some time ago,) "The Indian Dance."

The directions are as follows: Take "first position," rise on the toes, arms hanging loose by the sides, and muscles of the trunk relaxed. With the weight of the body on the right toe, hop twice; then, with the weight on the left toe, hop in the same manner, and so on—alternately changing from one toe (foot) to the other.

Be sure to keep the muscles of the neck, trunk and arms relaxed in the execution of this exercise, that it may result in a healthful and invigorating influence to the whole system.

The relaxation of the muscles of the neck and arms should be complete—the trunk and lower limbs but partial.

The student of Elocution will find that in all physical exercises, especially the Breathing, it will be necessary to wear the clothing loose in order to practice the movements with comfort and profit.

GESTURE.

"Suit the action to the word, the word to the action, with this special observance, that you o'er step not the modesty of nature."

Shakespeare.

"What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god."

—Shakespeure.

Since, in the evolution of human expression, Gesture preceded speech, and in speech, Voice preceded Articulation, so this natural order should be observed in the study of Elocution.

The study of gesture, and the practice of well-directed exercises for its encouragement and culture, is the first department of Expression to which the attention of the student should be called.

Anatomy teaches that the movements of man are, by nature, those of grace. The articulations of the bones, and the attachment and arrangement of the muscles, all show that "the human form divine" was fashioned to ex-

execute graceful curves—not angularities and straight lines. Artificial and awkward movements are natural to no one. To be natural, therefore, is to be graceful.

True Gesture is largely the spontaneous outgrowth of the thought and feeling. "Nothing is more deplorable than a gesture without a motive." Hence the student should not aim to acquire gesture so much as to acquire flexibility of the muscles, and habits of ease and grace of movements.

The more readily and correctly the physical nature responds to the mental and emotional, the more perfect becomes the physical expression of thought and feeling. In the following systematic and progressively arranged exercises for the cultivation and improvement of gesture, the conservation of this great law is kept steadily in view.

POSITION AND STEPS.

RIGHT FOOT POSITION.—Weight of body on the left foot, knee straight and toes to the left oblique. The right foot at right angles to the heel of the left, heels two to four inches apart and the right knee slightly bent.

The left hip should extend a very little to the back-

ward oblique and the head slightly to the left.

The chest should be well to the front, which necessitates a forward curve in the small of the back. This position is favorable to abdominal breathing. Besides giving an easy, graceful and restful position, the right foot is ready for an advance step without a change of the gravity of the body. "The supporting is the standing foot,—the other, the acting."

From this position, practice the following changes.

- I. Make a change in poise, without shifting the feet, by swaying the hips forward and a little to the right oblique, carrying the right hip obliquely to the front and bringing the weight of the body chiefly on the ball of the right foot. Return to first position.
- 2. From first position advance the right foot six or eight inches to the right oblique, changing the poise as before, keeping the ball of left foot firm in position and allowing the heel to rise. Then return to first position.
- 3. With nearly the same movement, carry the right foot directly to the front, and return to position.

LEFT FOOT POSITION.—Same relative position of the feet, with the *left* foot in advance. Practice the same changes from this as from the right foot position.

These changes in poise indicate approach or closer relations with the audience. They also break the monotony of attitude and give rest.

Combine with these exercises in Poise the "Calisthenic Gesturings" given further on.

STEPS FROM RIGHT FOOT POSITION.-

- I. Step to the front, having the left foot follow and take the same relative position to the right foot as before the step was made. Then return the left to first position, bringing back the right to its former place at right angles to heel of the left.
- 2. In the same way, step to the right oblique, and back.
 - 3. Then directly to the right and back.
 - 4. Next, to the right backward oblique, allowing the

left foot to stop in front of the right as in left foot position.

5. Then make the step directly to the rear in the same way as in the last.

FROM LEFT FOOT POSITION, go through similar steps to the left.

TEMPORARY STEP.—From each position in each direction, practice what may be called the Temporary Step-In this step the foot that follows is carried only half the distance of the advance, the heel elevated, the inside ball of foot touching the floor and the limb relaxed.

The return is made as in the permanent steps.

The Combination of the right and left oblique steps is made as follows:

1. From Right Foot Position, step to the right oblique, keeping weight of body on the right foot; then step to the left oblique, allowing the weight to settle back on the right foot, which is at the rear of the left. Then with the left foot thus freed, return with one long step to commencing position. Make advance steps short (not farther than you can reach with the toe of the advance foot without changing position of the body), then you will be able to return easily to first position.

In speech, steps are not usually taken to get some where, but generally to indicate direction. For such purposes, short steps are as good as long, and are made easier and with more grace.

The "acting foot," which makes the first movement in the advance, falls on the accented syllable of the emphatic word in exact time with the completion of the gesture which it supplements. The "supportin foot" follows without any special significance in the expression, and is to the movement what the unaccented syllable is to the word.

Economy or the conservation of power is the great need in both physical and vocal expression. The best results with the least expenditure of energy should be made the chief object in all elocutionary exercise and study. The attainment of the easiest way, which is always the best way, may require long and intelligent practice.

Position of Arms at Rest.—

1. Arms at the Side. Let the arms fall to the sides, just where the attraction of gravity takes them. In this position, if the upper arm comes in contact with the body, the student may know that the muscles of the arm are not entirely relaxed.

This is the most important position of the arms at rest, and the one in which they more easily depart from and

return to in gesture.

To acquire this art of *letting go the arms and hands*, Calisthenic exercises, 1, 2 and 3, [pp. 6 and 7] should be practiced long and faithfully.

Other positions of the arms at rest that may be taken

occasionally, when admissible, are:

- 2. Left Hand on the Hip, elbow thrown well back, and right arm by the side, as in the above.
- 3. Right Hand on the Breast, with the fingers resting between the buttons of the coat or vest, the arm relaxed and lying gracefully against the body, the left arm by the side.
- 4. For Ladies, instead of the last two, the hands may be lapped in front, or the arms lightly folded at waist. Either is an easy and graceful position.

5. Arms Folded over the Breast, is a good position of the "arms at rest," and may sometimes be employed as gesture with great significance.

The "Calisthenic Gesturings," systematized and arranged for practise some years ago, will be found very efficient for correcting angularities in gesture, and other faults in the movements of the arms.

They also contribute to the development of grace and versatility in gesture, and to the encouragement of spontaniety in physical expression.

That this system has proved superior to others, in the experience of the author and many of his pupils, is owing largely to its being founded upon the correct idea of the source of gesture, and of the true province and scope of the exercises for the attainment of the greatest flexibility and freedom of the muscular system.

It is not assumed that other exercises, having the same end in view, might not be given with profit to some; but to the student who has not *years* to devote to the study and practice of physical expression, the exercises given in this book will be found quite sufficient. A few things well done is generally better than many things half or poorly done.

Before commencing the exercises under Calisthenic Gesturings, Calisthenics proper should be practiced as an important, if not a necessary preparation.

Positions and steps should also be mastered, so that well-balanced and graceful attitudes may be maintained, and ease and grace of movement acquired.

INITIAL MOVEMENT OF THE ARM.—Much importance is attached to this movement.

It forms the commencement of almost every gesture made with the arms. It is the beginning of that graceful unfolding of the arm, which starts at the shoulder, passes successively to the elbow and to the wrist and terminates at the finger-tips. Perfect relaxation of the arm, is the first essential in the Initial Movement.

Then raise the upper arm so that the elbow will be almost horizontal with the shoulder—the fore-arm, hands and fingers remaining relaxed. It will be noticed that the fore-arm swings toward the front of the body, and that

the hand curves downward from the wrist.

From this Initial Movement, but without a pause, the arm unfolds in whatever direction the gesture takes.

This unfolding from the shoulder to the finger-tips may be likened to the unwinding of a whip-lash, and the quick turn of the hand and fingers at the completion of the movement, to the cracker at the end of the lash, giving

the snap or accent to the gesture.

This flexible turn of the hand at the wrist is called the *ictus*, and is to the gesture what accent is to the word, or emphasis to the sentence. The almost universal law of gesture requires the termination or *ictus* to fall directly upon the accented syllable of the emphatic word.

If it falls but a moment either before or after, the

force of the gesture is weakened or wholly destroyed.

To illustrate: Repeat the following climax sentence with the degree of earnestness required for its proper expression, and have the gestures fall *just before* the most emphatic words as marked (g) and note the effect.

I tell you, though (g) you, though the whole (g) WORLD, though an ANGEL from (g) HEAVEN, were to declare the truth of it, I (g) WOULD NOT believe it.

Give it next with the gestures terminating immediately after the emphases, as follows:

I tell you, though you (g), though the whole WORLD (g), though an ANGEL from HEAVEN (g), were to declare the truth of it, I WOULD NOT (g) believe it.

Now give it with the gestures falling, as they should, exactly upon the emphatic words, and mark the increased effect.

I tell you, though you, though the whole WORLD, though an ANGEL from HEAVEN, were to declare the truth of it, I WOULD NOT believe it.

The difference is not only seen, but felt by both speaker and hearer. But this law of concentration is so much a part of our being, that, where there is harmony between mind and body, there is no great danger of going wrong.

Physical and vocal culture are among the best means for attaining this intellectual harmony. They will develop in the speaker an eptness and a disposition to concentrate voice and action upon the most significant ideas.

INTELLECTUAL BASIS AND SCOPE OF GESTURE.

BASIS.

- 1. Gestures that terminate *below* the horizontal line, are said to be gestures of the Will. Besides expressing determination and purpose, they are used to indicate inferiority.
 - 2. Gestures terminating on the horizontal line, belong to

the realm of the Intellect. They are usually employed in historic and geographic ideas, and in general allusions.

3. Those that terminate *above* the horizontal line may be regarded as gestures of the Imagination, since they usually imply an unfolding and lifting toward the ideal. They also denote superiority, freedom, greatness.

Scope.-

- I. Gestures that terminate to the *front* are Direct and Individual. They indicate that which is near.
- 2. Those that terminate to the *oblique* (a direction half way between the *front* and *sides*) are General in their scope, and are less definite and less emphatic than those made to the front.
- 3. Gestures that terminate at the sides are inclusive—allembracing; hence, express Universality.
- 4. To the *backward-oblique*, gestures express Past Time, or putting in the past. They indicate remoteness and obscurity.

The above should be given a liberal interpretation. It may serve as a *general*, but not always a *special* guide in the study and application of gesture.

The exercises for practice are arranged under four series and four directions.

The Four Series are the Front, the Oblique, the Lateral (sides) and the Backward-oblique.

The Four Directions are the Descending, the Horizontal, the Ascending and the Zenith.

By using the initials of the words representing the Series and Directions, we get the following convenient

NOTATION OF GESTURE. -

- I. f., front; o., oblique; l., lateral, and b. o., backward-oblique.
- 2. d., descending; h., horizontal; a., ascending; and z., zenith.

From these we form the following combinations:

d. f., descending front.

h. f., horizontal

a. f., ascending "

z., zenith, (directly overhead).

d. o., descending oblique. h. o., horizontal "

a. o., ascending

d. l., descending lateral.

h. l., horizontal

a. l., ascending

d. b. o., descending backward-oblique.

h. b. o., horizontal

a. b. o., ascending "

ADDITIONAL NOTATIONS.—

r. h., means right hand.

l. h., left hand.

b. h., both hands.

s., supine, (palm of the hand up).

p., prone, (" " down).

v., vertical, (palm turned outward).

ind., index hand.

h. ind., half index hand.

cli., hand clinched.

cla., hands clasped.

cro., hands crossed on breast.

fol., " and arms folded.

rep., gesture repeated.

imp., impulse-gesture repeated from elbow or wrist.

Still others might be given, but the above will be found sufficient for marking exercises and selections for special drill.

It is not advisable to use these notations, nor any of the work in gesture, except as helps in discipline—as means to ends.

EXPLANATION OF DIRECTIONS.—To understand the "Series," and the directions in which the gestures terminate, in the exercises given for practice, let the student imagine himself standing in the center of a square room, twice his height, and facing to the center of one side.

- r. Front Series. Then, directly in front, where the floor meets the wall, is d. f.; half way up, h. f.; where the wall meets the ceiling, a. f.; and the center of the ceiling, z.
- 2. Oblique Series. The right and left lower corners of the room is d. o.; half way up in the corners, h. o.; the upper corners, a. o.; and overhead, z.
- 3. Lateral Series. Where the floor meets the sides of the room directly to the right and left is d. l.; half way up, or the center of the sides, h. l.; at the ceiling, a. l.; and overhead, as before, z.
- 4. Backward-oblique Series. The lower backward-oblique corners is d. b. o.; half way up in the corners, h. b. o.; the top corners, a. b. o.; while overhead always represents the zenith—z.

GESTURE.

How TO PRACTICE.—Take right foot position. With arms at side and perfectly relaxed, carry the arm through the Initial movement, letting it unfold in the required direction, and terminating with a quick turn of the hand at the wrist, with the fingers well extended. Practice each series (commencing with the *front*) and in each direction—giving the descending first in the Series.

Go through each, first with the r. h., then with the l. h., then with b. h., and finally with the right, left and both

hands alternately.

In each, repeat three to five times.

The descending movements are made at about fortyfive degrees below the horizontal line, and the ascending at the same angle above.

Do not spread the fingers, but let them and the thumb

retain their most natural position.

The movements to the zenith (z) will be found the most difficult to execute with grace. Give them thus:

Commencing with Initial Movement, carry the right hand through a double curve represented by an elongated S reversed, terminating directly overhead, and, as in the other movements, with a quick turn of the hand at the wrist.

The left hand is carried through a similar curve represented by an elongated S, but not reversed. Then give

the same with both hands.

In the last, it will be found that the face is, as it were, enclosed in an oval frame by the upper half of each of the curves. This idea, though a little far-fetched, will, at least, serve as a help to get the required movement. These, as well as the other movements in Calisthenic Gesturings, are a little exaggerated as gestures, to counteract the too-prevalent tendency toward straight lines.

In the "backward oblique Series," there are no "both

hand " gestures.

Counting "one" for the right, "two" for the left, and "three" for both hands in the practice of exercises through the different directions will add precision, and help to time the movements when several are practicing together.

After a degree of proficiency is acquired in these exercises, the following sentences, that call for gestures in each of the different directions, may be practiced as a means

for encouraging application and versatility.

RIGHT HAND SUPINE.

Terminate the gestures with the hand well opened, the inner edge of the hand inclined a little downward, and with the fingers and thumb in their natural positions

—neither pressed together nor spread apart. A partially closed or cramped hand weakens the gesture.

In the following examples, the words printed in *italics*, and not indicated with "notations of gesture," are to be gestured at the discretion of the pupil. When the notation of the "hand" is omitted, the supine (s.) is under-

stood.

FRONT SERIES-r. h. f.:

- 1. See the *prize* that lies before thee.
- 2. I extend to you the hand of friendship.
- 3. The noonday sun looked down, and saw-not one.

4. Give me liberty, or give me death.

OBLIQUE SERIES-r. h. o.:

- 1. Be firm in the cause;
- 2. trust none but friends;
- 3. let your aims be high;
- 4. and your watchword, liberty.

LATERAL SERIES-r. h. l.:

- I. I acknowledge the charge.
- 2. Bring in all the evidence you desire;
- 3. let the light of day shine in upon my deeds;
- 4. for heaven knows I am innocent of crime.

Backward-oblique Series-r. h. b. o.:

- Let the dead Past bury its dead!
 Act—act in the living Present!
 Heart within, and God o'erhead!
- 2. Free as the torrents are that leap our rocks, and plow our valleys, without asking leave.
- 3. Look on that narrow stream, a silver thread, high on the mountain's side.

 Honor the charge they made, Honor the Light Brigade, Noble six hundred!

BOTH HANDS SUPINE.

FRONT SERIES-b. h. f.:

- I. Speak, mother, SPEAK! lift up thy head.
- 2. What was Cæsar, that stood upon the bank of that stream? A traitor, bringing war and pestilence into the heart of that country.
- 3. God pity them! God PITY them, wherever they may be.
 - 4. Awake, ARISE! or be forever fallen.

OBLIQUE SERIES-b. h. o.:

- 1. Shall zue now contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
- 2. And sell the *mighty space* of our large honors, for h. so much trash as may be grasped *thus?*
 - Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word, And in its hollow tones are heard The thanks of *millions* yet to be.
 - 4. Arm, ARM! it is—it is the cannon's opening roar.

LATERAL SERIES-b. h. l.:

- 1. I wash my hands of the whole affair.
- And is this all the world has gained by thee,
 Thou first and last of fields! king-making victory?

3. But one sun lights the day; By night, ten thousand shine.

4. Rise, fathers, RISE! 'tis ROME demands your help.

RIGHT HAND PRONE.

The primary signification of the Prone Hand is Superposition—one thing above another. But in a broader sense, it is associated with Repressive Emotion and Undesirableness.

It is often used in the expression of sadness and grief, and sometimes in scorn. The latter, however, generally employs the Vertical Hand. The antithesis of the two hands, Supine and Prone, might be expressed as follows:

The Supine Hand permits, the Prone, rejects; the Supine impels, the Prone restrains; the Supine is open, frank, genial; the Prone is aversive, somber, evasive.

The Prone Hand is less frequently. employed than the Supine; but, to facilitate its use, the same series in Calisthenic Gesturings should be practiced, and with due care as to the difference in the turn of the hand at the completion of the gesture. In the Supine Hand, the its is made with the turn of the fingers toward the back of the

hand; in the Prone, the gesture terminates with the turn of the fingers toward the palm.

FRONT SERIES-r. h. p. f.:

- 1. Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return.
- 2. Stay thy impious hand!
- 3. Ye gods, withhold your wrath!

OBLIQUE SERIES-r. h. p. o.:

- I. It was this morning that the sun rose bright upon his hopes,—it sets upon his grave.
 - 2. Peace, dreamer! thou hast done well.
- 3. The stars went out, and down the mountain gorge the wind came roaring.

LATERAL SERIES-r. h. p. l.:

- 1. The wind died away into a perfect calm.
- 2. And the death-angel flaps his broad wing o'er the wave.
 - So darkly glows yon thunder-cloud, ind. That swathes, as with a purple shroud a. Benledi's distant hill.

BACKWARD-OBLIQUE SERIES-r. h. p. b. o.:

- I. But she,
 With the flash of a glance, had shown to me
 The wretch I was, and the self I still
 d.
 Might strive to be.
- 2. Away! slight man.
- 3. His voice was heard amid the thunderings of Mount Sinai.

BOTH HANDS PRONE.

FRONT SERIES-b. h. p. f.:

- I. I saw the corse, the mangled corse!
- 2. On horror's head, horrors accumulate!
- 3. And, having wound their loathsome track to the top of this huge, mouldering monument of Rome, hang HISSING at the nobler man below!

OBLIQUE SERIES :- b. h. p. o.

- 1. Sons of dust, in reverence bow!
- 2. The veil of night came slowly down.
- 3. Hung be the heavens with black!

Lateral Series:—b. h. p. l.

- 1. When a great and good man dies, the people are overwhelmed with grief.
 - 2. Sorrow mantles the whole earth.
- 3. Let the triple rainbow rest o'er all the mountain tops.

Besides the Supine and Prone Hands, there are the following:

THE VERTICAL HAND.

The signification of this Hand is partly embodied in the Prone; but a close analysis of the two shows a difference.

The prone hand puts down, puts under. The vertical repels, puts away.

- I. Back, BACK! I say! Face me not, villain.
- 2. The face of the Lord is against them that do evil.
- 3. Avaunt! and quit my sight!
- 4. Away, Away! and follow me not!

BOTH HANDS VERTICAL.

To the *front*, denotes abhorrent repulsion or fear; to the *oblique*, the same, but more general—the danger less

imminent; to the *sides*, expansion, disruption, dispersion. The preparation for most of the *lateral* vertical hand gestures, is the crossing of the hands over the breast, with palms turned outward.

- The gate is BURST; a ruffian band v.o.h.
 Rush in, and savagely demand,
 With brutal voice and oath profane,
 The startled boy for exile's chain.
- 2. Angels and ministers of grace, defend us.
- 3. Bursts the wild storm of terror and dismay.

THE INDEX HAND.

The Index Hand, as its name implies, indicates.

It not only points out and designates particular persons and objects, but, analogically, calls attention to particular ideas.

While the Open Hand is used to extend the idea, the Index Hand is used to limit it.

Compare the following:

- I. Let us examine the whole subject before us.
- 2. Now let us look more closely at this particular point.

THE CLINCHED HAND.

If we consider Emphasis as consisting of the three degrees,—EMPHASIS, SPECIAL EMPHASIS, and EXTREME

EMPHASIS,—then the Open Hand would denote the first, the Index Hand the second, and the Clinched Hand the third. The last is employed in very emphatic assertion, in fierce, denunciation, and in vehement expression of the more violent passions of the mind.

- I. Let us do, or DIE!
- 2. Thy threats, thy mercies I defy!
- 3. You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!

BOTH HANDS CLINCHED intensifies the expression.

- I. And I'll taunt you with my latest breath, and FIGHT r. h. cli. you till I DIE.
 - 2. I've had wrongs to stir a fever in the blood of age, And make the infant's sinews strong as steel.
 - 3. The strength of brass is in your toughened sinews.
- 4. The compassion of an assassin who feels a moell.
 mentary shudder as his weapon begins to cut.
 b. h. eli.

HANDS CLASPED.

[Fingers interlaced and closed.]

The Clasped Hands is the language of distress.

The hands are employed thus in supplication, earnest entreaty, agony, and in despair. They are brought to

the breast, carried up, down, out, or in any direction the emotion dictates or impels.

- I. For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound / cla.f. h.
- 2. O, my son Absalom! my son, my son Absalom!

 Would God I had died for thee, O, Absalom, my son, cla. f. a.

 my son!

 cla. f. d.

HANDS FOLDED.

In this the fingers of the right hand are all placed between the thumb and fingers of the left, the thumb of the right hand crossing that of the left. This position of the hands is regarded as expressing humility and self-abasement, and is sometimes used in very earnest sacred address.

The Folded Hands may also be used for the same purposes as the Clasped Hands.

WRINGING HANDS.

The wringing of the hands denotes the deepest despair. The movement is often accompanied by writhings of the body.

I. Nor man nor God will heed my shrieks! ALL'S LOST!

HANDS CROSSED ON BREAST.

This is not the folding of the arms, as given in the positions of the Arms at Rest. The hands are placed flat on the breast—the right hand crossing the left. This position of the hands expresses humility, veneration and sacred avowal.

- For us, and for our tragedy, Here stooping to your elemency, We beg your hearing patiently.
- 2. In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust.
- 3. I acknowledge my transgressions.

HANDS APPLIED.

In this, the palms are placed together in front of the breast, the extended thumb and fingers of one hand exactly covering the thumb and fingers of the other,—used in prayer and adoration. It is the position of the hands given by painters and sculptors to children in the attitude of prayer. Hence it is employed to denote the petitions of the innocent.

Under Significant Gestures, will be given other positions and uses of the hands.

The gestures assigned to the right hand may also be executed with the left, but the right is always given the preference in single gestures.

The province of the left hand is, first, to designate

persons or objects situated at the left of the speaker; second, to be employed alternately with the right, to denote opposite or contrasted ideas, persons or things; and third, to be used with the right when both are required simultaneously. In regard to direction, the speaker should avoid "literal and mechanical exactness."

"The graces of gesture are simplicity, smoothness and variety." These depend largely upon the flexibility

and strength of the muscular system.

Strength is not incompatible with ease and grace, though many exercises of the heavier gymnastics are calculated to develop strength and hardness of muscle at the expense of flexibility.

"Rigidity of muscle and stiffness of body destroy

graceful action."

PREPARATION FOR THE GESTURE, is often of more importance than the gesture itself. In grand and lofty ideas, the arms move slowly and take a wide sweep. If the thought be sharp and passionate, the movements of the arms are correspondingly straight and angular.

Carrying the hand gracefully and skillfully from one position to another in a series of gestures where each preceding gesture is the preparation for the one that follows, requires much careful practice before the highest excellence can be reached. Each should be appropriate to the particular idea it helps to express, and the passage from *one* into the *other* should be in a natural series, and made with as much significance, grace and precision as the language will admit.

There is a peculiar gesture, that may be used in some cases with marked effect, called the OPENING SHAKE.—
The arm and Index Hand to the front moves, at the

elbow and wrist, up and down through a gradually lessening arc, but increasing in rapidity to the conclusion of the sentence, and closing with an abrupt and short stroke of the whole arm.

1. Who distinctly and audaciously tells the Irish people that they are not entitled to the same privileges as Englishmen?

"Gesture is that part of Elocution which appeals to the eye." Since it relates to Position and Poise, as well as to Movement, the positions of the reader and speaker should always be in harmony with the character of the

thought.

The movements in gesture should be characterized by ease and grace, and they should always be made in perfect accord with an untrammeled nature. Particular forms of gesture must not be regarded as absolute. in modulation and emphasis, the exact method of expression may vary with different speakers, and with the different moods of the same speaker. The temperament, habits and manerisms of the individual may have much to do with the frequency or the infrequency of gesture. Those accustomed to gesture too much or shift their position too frequently, should be restrained in their action until the fault is corrected. A good exercise for this is to recite with energy, but without moving the arms or changing the position, selections that require considerable gesture. Those inclined to gesture too little should enter more fully into the spirit of the recitation, and both encourage and create dispositions towards increased action

MISCELLANEOUS EXAMPLES.

In the following sentences, the student should use his own judgment as to what is right or best in the way of gesture. This will help to encourage and develop an intelligent and cultured *individuality* in physical expression, that no student of elocution can afford to ignore. These, and the other exercises in gesture, will help the diligent student to at least an approximate attainment of that high ideal in which art becomes nature. Nowhere is the old motto "ars celare artem," so applicable as in the department of physical expression. The attainment of "the art to hide the art," is the consummation of all elocutionary practice.

- Up with my banner on the wall,—
 The banquet board prepare;
 Throw wide the portals of my hall,
 And bring my armor there!
- 2. Then each at once his falchion drew, Each on the ground his scabbard threw, Each looked to sun, and stream, and plain, As what they ne'er might see again; Then foot, and point, and eye opposed, In dubious strife they darkly closed.
- But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might Have stood against the world; now lies he there, And none so poor to do him reverence.
- 4. I will not do them wrong, I rather choose
 To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
 Than I will wrong such honorable men.

- 5. His life was gentle; and the elements
 So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up,
 And say to all the world,
 This was a man.
- They reeled, shook, staggered back, Then turned and fled.
- 7. Must I budge? Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch under your testy humor?
- 8. I saw the breast that had nourished me, trampled by the hoof of the war-horse; the bleeding body of my father flung amidst the blazing rafters of our dwelling.
- 9. Look on that narrow stream, a silver thread high on the mountain's side. Slenderly it winds, but soon is swelled by others meeting it, until a torrent, terrible and strong, it sweeps to the abyss, where all is ruin.
- 10. And so, fellow-gladiators, must you, and so must I, die like dogs. $\dot{}$
 - II. As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
 Though round its breast the rolling clouds are
 spread,

Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

- 12. Liberty unsheathed his sword, necessity stained, victory returned it.
 - 13. Who brands me on the forehead, breaks my sword, Or lays the bloody scourge upon my back, Wrongs me not half so much as he who shuts The gates of honor on me—turning out The Roman from his birthright; and, for what? To fling your offices to every slave!

- I'm with you once again! I call to you
 With all my voice!—I hold my hands to you
 To show they still are free!
- 15. I care not how high his situation, how low his character, how contemptible his speech; whether a privy counselor or a parasite, my answer would be a blow!
 - 16. One touch to her hand and one word in her ear,— When they reached the hall door where the charger stood near;

So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,— So light to the saddle before her he sprung.

- 17. Hence from my sight! Thou Satan, get behind me! Go from my sight! I hate and I despise thee.
- 18. And this man Is now become a god; and Cassius is A wretched creature and must bend his body If Cæsar carelessly but nod to him.
- 19. The bride kissed the goblet, the knight took it up; He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
- 20. He knew me, smiled faintly, gasped and died;—the same sweet smile upon his lips that I had marked, when, in adventurous boyhood, we scaled the lofty cliff to pluck the first ripe grapes and bear them home in childish triumph.
- 21. If ye are beasts, then stand here like fat oxen, waiting for the butcher's knife! If ye are men, follow me!

- 22. I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips, Straining upon the start;—the game's afoot; Follow your spirit; and, upon this charge, Cry, Heaven for Harry, England, and St. George!
- 23. Oh, visions of glory! How dazzling they seem!
- 24. Avert, O God! the wrath of thy indignation!
- 25. Flashed all their sabers bare, Flashed as they turned in air, Sabering the gunners there, Charging an army, while
 All the world wondered; Plunged in the battery smoke, Right through the line they broke; Cossack and Russian Reeled from the saber stroke Shattered and sundered; Then they rode back, but not, Not the six hundred.

Avoid too frequent gesturing. The temperament of the speaker, the spirit of the language, and the nature of the occasion, must determine the degree of physical expression that would be appropriate.

Avoid too frequent repetitions of the same gesture. Do not mistake grimace for facial expression. Facial gymnastics may be practiced with profit to make flexible the muscles of the face, as exercises in calisthenics for the purpose of adding elasticity and grace to the movements of the body and limbs. But the means must not be mistaken for the object and end of the practice.

The features, as with all the other aids to physical expression, must be shaped from within—not from without.

In true expression, they are prompted by the thought and feeling. The attainment of grace, versatility, appropriateness and spontaneity in gesture should be the student's highest endeavor, as it is the crowning excellence in physical expression.

SIGNIFICANT GESTURES.

Without the hand, no eloquence.-Cressolius.

Some strange commotion
Is in his brain; he bites his lip and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then, lays his finger on his temple; straight
Springs out into fast gait; then, stops again,
Strikes his breast hard; and anon, he casts
His eye against the moon; in most strange postures
We have seen him set himself.—Shakespeare.

All gestures are relatively significant, just as all thought is relatively emphatic. But what are understood as Significant Gestures, are those actions, movements or motions in physical expression that have a common origin and an almost universal meaning, They are an inheritance from the past,—a legacy we will surely bequeath to those who follow us. They comprise the "traditional stage business" on the theatre of life, to be enacted by generations yet unborn.

Gesture, as already stated, is pantomime language—appealing to the eye. The more significant movements and attitudes in gesture constitute a universal language known and read by all.

The Egyptians symbolized language by a hand placed under a tongue.

A forcible or significant gesture often conveys a cleareridea of the thought thus expressed, than the written or spoken word representing the thought. The infant, long before it knows the meaning of words, interprets the meaning of a frown or smile.

Entire dramas were enacted by the ancients with the aid of pantomime alone. These pantomimists were understood not only by the Romans, but by foreigners as well.

Roscius challenged Cicero that he could express the same idea in more ways by gesture, than the great Roman orator could by words. No less true in oratory than in drama, is the homely saying, "Actions speak louder than words."

The following are a few of the more important gestures regarded as significant. Since they are almost self-explanatory, the simple enumeration and the brief explanations given will be found all that is necessary to a clear understanding of them.

THE HEAD.—Quintillian says, "As the head gives the crowning grace to the whole body, so does it principally contribute to the expression of grace in delivery."

The poise of the head should be natural—not held erect nor allowed to droop. Its normal position in the attitude of grace is a slight inclination toward the side of the "standing foot." Its movements are suited to the character of the thought and emotions, and are made in perfect harmony with the other physical expressions.

The head, to a slight degree, imitates the movements of the hands, and indicates the direction of the step. In fact, a motion of the head, unaccompanied by any other gesture, is considered ungraceful.

Shame, Grief and Humility are indicated by the hanging down of the head.

Arrogance and Pride, by its being thrown back and a little to one side.

Firmness and Courage, by holding it in an upright and

firm position.

Affirmation and Permission, by the forward nod.

Negation and Dislike, by the shaking and tossing of the head back.

Languor and Diffidence is implied by the head being allowed to droop or incline to one side.

Dislike and Horror is indicated by the averted head. In Attention, the head leans forward; in Listening, the ear is turned to the front.

THE EYES.—The eyes, with their adjuncts, the eyebrows and eyelids, are capable of the most subtle expression. Their power and significance are greater than all the other features combined.

"A single look more marks the internal woe,
Than all the windings of the lengthened 'ohl'
Up to the face the quick sensation flies,
And darts its meaning from the speaking eyes.
Love, transport, madness, anger, scorn, despair
And all the passions, all the soul is there."

The orator and reader who fails to avail himself of the help which comes from the *look*, and the varied emotions, which the eye may express, can never feel the electric thrill that vibrates between the speaker and hearer. Through the sense of sight, we seem to have the power of "touching each other at a distance." The eyes should be directed to the face of the audience. As a general

thing, they precede a gesture, and return immediately to the hearer, that the emphasis by voice and action may be

augmented by the look.

In reading, the eyes should leave the page as often and as long as possible without losing the place. They should be trained to gather at a glance, the whole of each clause or phrase; and as often as it is safe, the reader should deliver the words looking at the audience. The best time to take the eyes from the book, is near the close of a sentence. The period pause will enable the eyes of the reader to return to the page and catch the beginning of the next sentence.

The following are some of the most significant uses of

the eyes.

In Prayer, the eyes are raised.

In Sorrow, they weep.

In Anger, they burn.

Scorn is expressed by the averted eyes when accompanied by the other facial means.

In Grief or Shame, they are cast down, turned away

or hidden.

Doubt and Fear cause the eyes to be cast in various directions.

In Meditation and Thought, they are fixed on vacancy.

Dr. Austin, in his "Chironomia" says: "As much of the mind is discovered by the countenance, and particularly through the windows of the eyes, so all men examine the countenance and look into the eyes of those from whom they have any expectations, or with whom they are to have any important intercourse or dealings. Nay, the very domestic animals learn thus to read the human countenance, and the dog is found to look for his surest and most intelligible instructions into his master's eyes."

Notwithstanding the late Francois Delsarte contended that the

eyes themselves, apart from any of the other features, do not express the emotions, but only indicate the direction of the objects that excite the emotions, yet all the other great masters of the Art of Expression hold views on this subject antagonizing those of the great French teacher.

Scientists, too, like Chas. Darwin, regard Delsarte as in error

on this point.

THE ARMS AND THE HANDS.—The significance of the Arms and Hands is more marked, and their use of more frequent occurrence than that of all the other means for physical expression combined. Especially is this true in Oratory.

Besides the more general uses of the arms and hands heretofore given in the exercises for drill, the following are what elocutionists regard as especially significant in

in the expression of certain emotions.

Pain or Distress is indicated by placing or pressing the hand upon the head.

Shame or Sorrow, upon the eyes.

Silence, upon the lips.

An Appeal to Conscience or a Declaration of Love, by placing the hand on the breast over the heart.

Deep Affliction and Mental or Physical Distress is

expressed by both hands pressed in the same position.

In Joy the hand is waved.

In Dislike and Contempt, flourished.

In Friendship, the arms are extended, and sometimes received.

The fingers of the right hand placed in the palm of the

left, denotes fixing a point,—used in argument.

Carried from the lips outward means throwing a kiss. This movement also signifies a giving out or sending forth words in cordiality and candor.

THE BODY.—The body in its different attitudes and positions expresses different emotions and conditions of the mind, and thus has its significance in the communication of thought.

Resolution and Courage holds the body erect.

Pride throws it back.

Condescension and Compassion takes a stooping posture.

Reverence and Respect is denoted by a bending of

the body.

Polite recognition, by bowing.

Great Humility and Abasement, by utter prostration.

THE LOWER LIMBS.—Obstinacy and Bravery are indicated by the firmness of the lower limbs.

Desire and Courage, by the attitude or act of advancing.

Timidity and Weakness, by the bended knees or un-

steadiness of the limbs.

In Dislike and Fear, they shrink and retire.

In Terror, they start.

In Authority and Anger, they stamp.

In Submission and Prayer, they kneel.

Imitative Gestures may sometimes be employed with good effect in graphic description and in comic styles.

The foregoing exercises and instructions in Physical Expression, comprise but a portion of this great department of Elocution; but what are given are fundamental, and will be found more than ample for the limited time which the student of elocution generally deems practicable to devote to this branch of the subject.

ORGANS OF SPEECH.

The study of Elocution presumes some knowledge of the Organs of Speech. Certainly the cultivation and preservation of the voice cannot be so well and so surely effected without such a knowledge, as it can with it. And for the correction of faults in breathing, in the production of tone, and in articulation, it is not only important, but essential, that a knowledge of the organs of speech be possessed by those who wish to correct such faults in themselves or in others.

The Organs of Speech comprise the Breathing Organs, which furnish and control the breath; the Vocal Organs, which convert the breath into tone, and which give to voice its various characteristics, such as fullness, resonancy, purity and other qualities; and the Articulatory Organs that manufacture the tone and breath into

articulate elements of speech.

THE BREATHING ORGANS.—Of the muscles and organs that furnish and control the breath, the following are the most important:

- r. The Diaphragm, a muscle separating the viscera from the lung cavity. It forms the floor of the chest and the roof of the viscera.
- 2. The Abdominal Muscles, extending across the abdomen and the waist in front.
- 3. The Costal, and Intercostal Muscles (from *costa*, a rib), which are attached to the ribs, and in conjunction with the abdominal muscles and the diaphragm, aid in

the elevation and depression of the short ribs. This movement is most noticeable in the panting of the tired horse.

- 4. The Pectoral Muscles, so called from their extending over the pectus or chest.
 - 5. The Thorax, or the cavity, containing the lungs.
- 6. The Lungs, with their numerous air-cells and tubes all connected and terminating in two tubes—one from each lung, called,
- 7. The Bronchi, which also join, forming the large tube known as,
 - 8. The Trachea or Wind-pipe.

THE VOCAL ORGANS.—The Vocal Organs comprise the Larynx or Voice Box, and the Resonance Chambers. The Larynx is situated at the top of the trachea, and

consists principally of the following parts:

- 1. The Thyroid Cartilage, composed of two parts, called *alla*, or wings, which are joined together in front, and form the prominence known as *Adam's Apple*. Below this and connecting it to the trachea is,
- 2. The Cricoid Cartilage, so called from its resembling a seal ring—the seal or large portion extending backward, forming the base of the larynx and the foundation for the attachment of,
- 3. The Two Arytenoid or Pyramid Cartilages, which are movable upon their bases, and are employed in approximating or bringing together,
- 4. The two Vocal Ligaments, which are also called "vocal chords," but more properly, "vocal bands."

The Vocal Ligaments are thin, semi-circular membranes, with straight, firm, elastic edges, that approach each other when tone is to be produced. The outer circular edges are attached to the inside of the larynx.

The anterior or front ends of their straight edges are fastened at a common point near the base of the Larynx; the posterior end of each is attached to the apex of an Arytenoid Cartilage.

By the movement of these "pyramid" cartilages upon their bases, the vocal bands are adjusted so as to form a small narrow opening through which the breath passes, and in passing causes the edges of the bands to vibrate.

The vibrations produce tone or voice.

The pitch of the tone depends chiefly upon the tension of the bands; and the loudness, upon the strength of their vibrations; while the fullness, resonancy and volume of the voice depends upon the size and passivity of the resonance chambers, the freedom and elasticity of the vocal ligaments, and the pressure of the supporting air-column, and especially upon the "passive-activity," (a carelessly-careful condition), of all the parts employed in the production of tone.

5. The Glottis. Properly, this is the opening between the vocal bands, but the entrance to the larynx, or its entire cavity, is more commonly known by this name.

The rim of the glottis forms the upper border of the larynx, the entrance to which is guarded by,

6. The Epiglottis. This is a tongue-shaped cartilage that shuts upon the rim of the glottis whenever we swallow, thus closing the passage-way to the lungs and preventing strangulation. It is attached to a U shaped bone (the os hyoides), to which the tongue is also joined.

The hyoid is "a floating bone," not forming a part of the skeleton, and is chiefly employed in keeping the parts at the base of the tongue in place.

The ordinary condition of the Epiglottis is a position in which it rests against the base of the tongue, allowing free inhalation and exhalation of the air in its passage to and from the lungs through the glottis. It is like a trap-door held open by springs that must be pulled upon to be closed.

In the act of swallowing it shuts from the front backward, allowing the food and saliva to pass safely over the top of the larynx into the œsophagus or "gullet." This act is also accompanied by an elevation of the *uvula* and soft palate, thus closing the entrance to the nasal passage and preventing food from passing in that direction.

Though a useful sentinel, keeping guard over the glottis, in the production of tone the Epiglottis is often a mischievous meddler. Any contraction of the muscles about the base of the tongue, or those of the jaw or neck, is apt to contract the muscles that control the action of the epiglottis, causing it partially to close the entrance of the larynx. This has the effect of producing the throaty tone so often heard in uncultivated voices. In fact, it is one of the most common faults in the production of tone. This contraction of the throat is commonly caused by nervousness, embarrassment, or undue excitement or haste on the part of the speaker. The habit of cramping the throat is often thus formed until it becomes a "second nature,"—very difficult to break up.

Hence, an avoidance of any contraction about the throat, is the first essential condition in the proper production of tone either for speaking or singing.

The other vocal organs are,

The Resonance Chambers, comprising,

- 1. The Trachea, a hollow tube below the larynx;
- 2. The cavity within the larynx;
- 3. The Pharynx or back mouth;
- 4. The Mouth proper;
- 5. The Vestibule of the nose; and,
- 6. The Nasal cavities.

The walls that enclose all these variously shaped chambers have a delictae lining called the *mucous membrane*, the healthy condition of which has much to do with clearness and other qualities of voice.

It is within these several cavities that the tone produced by the vibration of the vocal bands is resounded, adding much to the various characteristics and qualities of of the voice, such as fullness, volume, resonancy, etc.

The Resonance Chambers serve the same purpose to the vocal ligaments, that the body of the violin does to the violin strings, or the tube of the clarionet to the tongue of that instrument. There would be but little loudness or character produced by the vibration of the violin strings detatched from the instrument, whatever might be their tension or however great their agitation. It is owing to their position on the body of the violin and the manner of their connection, that the attuned strings of that wonderful instrument are enabled to give forth the sweetest sounds that human mechanism can execute, sounds that almost vie with those produced by that still more wonderful instrument—that divine mechanism—the human voice.

Organs of Articulation.—The Articulatory organs are all situated above the larynx. They comprise,

- 1. The Hard Palate, or roof of the mouth;
- 2. The Soft Palate, forming, with the Uvula, a pendant veil or curtain at the passage-way between the mouth and pharynx;
 - 3. The Tongue;
 - 4. The Teeth;
 - 5. The Lips; and,
 - 6. The Walls of the Nose.

These are the parts that manufacture, out of the tone

and breath, articulate elements of speech.

Thus, for example, the element represented by b, is made by obstructing the tone with the compressed lips; m, by diverting the sound thus formed into the nasal cavities, and p, by the sudden separation of the compressed lips, causing a percussive explosion of the breath. By a similar manipulation of tone and breath, with the tip of the tongue pressed against the upper gum of the front teeth, the articulate elements, represented by d, n, and t are produced. So with the back surface of the tongue, brought in contact with the soft palate in the back part of the mouth, the elements symbolized by g, (hard), ng (as in ring) and k, are articulated in like manner.

Other explanations of the action and uses of the organs of speech will be given under the respective heads of

Breathing, Voice Culture, and Articulation.

Since the limitation of knowledge upon any subject of science is inversely to the amount of investigation and study given to the subject, it is to be hoped that the student of elocution will not confine his knowledge of the Anatomy of the organs of speech to the brief descriptions and explanations given in this manual, but that the little here given will induce him to study the subject as treated

in the large anatomical books and charts, and also to avail himself of the use of the laryngoscope, by means of which the vocal bands may be seen in action.

BREATHING EXERCISES.

The proper development and control of the Breathing Organs, and the correct use of the breath in the production of tone, are the first and most essential conditions to success in the study and practice of Elocution.

No substantial progress can be assured the student who does not give early and special attention to the exercises in Breathing.

Breath is the chief source of power. It is the "lumberyard of the orator"—the rough material out of which speech is manufactured.

But it is not so much the *amount* of breath that is desirable, as the manner in which it is used. Here, economy is better than quality. Nothing will so soon bankrupt a voice, as prodigality of breath.

CALISTHENIC BREATHINGS.

Success in the control of breath depends largely upon the strength and flexibility of the muscles of the waist, particularly the abdominal muscles. What is known as Abdominal or Waist Breathing, is regarded by the best voice culturists and physiologists, as the only correct and normal method. The canary in its cage, the cat on the rug, the babe in the cradle, and the red-man in his native wilds, all teach us that the abdominal breathing is *nature's* method. If you are uncertain what this is, practice the following breathing exercises and notice

what takes place at the waist in front :-

First, empty the lungs. Then slowly and continuously sip in the air between the partially compressed lips, until the lungs are well filled. You will observe an expansion, or pressing forward at the waist. Then, let out the breath through the compressed lips, as slowly and gently as it was taken in. You will now notice the abdominal muscles relaxing and gradually giving way. This action is essential to correct breathing. The diaphragm, or floor of the lung cavity is lowered during the process of the inhalation of the breath, and raised in the exhalation. The exercise given above may be practiced with great benefit in the following manner.

BLOWING AND SIPPING THE BREATH. — With the hands on the hips, elbows and shoulders well back, and fingers placed upon the abdominal muscles, first empty the lungs by blowing the air steadily and forcibly through a quill tooth-pick, or any other small tube, held tightly between the lips. Then fill the lungs by sipping the air in through the quill with as much force as you can. This is one of the very best exercises for strengthening the diaphragm and abdominal muscles.

FULL AND DEEP BREATHING.—With hands in the same position, first exhaust the lungs, pressing the fingers tightly upon the waist in front, and stooping forward a little; then, while straightening up, fill the lungs slowly, taking in the breath through the nostrils, until every air-cell is filled. Retain the breath

a short time, and as slowly exhale it. This may be repeated several times. While retaining the breath, it is a good practice to pat the chest, waist and sides, by a quick and flexible stroke with the flat of the fingers. If any of the breathing exercises produce dizziness, stop and rest, and then try again.

THE SAME WITH AUDIBLE EXPULSION.—A good variation of the above exercise, is to expel the breath audibly, allowing it to impinge on the walls of the throat, or, more particularly, on the rim of the glottis. Practice with different degrees of force.

DEEP BREATHING WHILE WALKING may be practiced with great profit in the following manner: With the hands resting on the muscles of the waist, expel the breath while walking, say, five steps; keep the lungs empty during another five; inflate them during five more, and retain the breath while walking another five steps; making one inhalation and one exhalation for every twenty steps. This exercise may be repeated several times daily.

Many other calisthenic breathing exercises might be given, but these will be found sufficient. Great importance is attached to *emptying the lungs first* in all of the foregoing exercises, that the waist muscles may take their proper action in the *inhalation*. Remember that the muscles at the waist *contract* in expelling the breath, and *expand* in taking it in.

The breathing organs may be compared to the old-fashioned fire-bellows. The wind-pipe is the nozzle, the chest, the body of the bellows, and the abdominal and other muscles of the waist, the handles. Now, in work-

ing the fire-bellows, you would not take hold of the *body*, but the *handles*. So the *human* bellows should be worked, not by the muscles of the upper chest, but by

those of the waist-the handles.

If the habit of breathing through the nostrils be not already formed, establish it at once. Nothing is so detrimental to the throat and lungs as habitual breathing through the mouth. The nose is nature's filter. In it the atmosphere is warmed, and the dust and other impurities strained from the air in its passage to the lungs, thus preventing many throat and lung troubles. Professor Tyndall says that if he could leave the world a legacy, he would embody it in the words, "Keep your mouth shut." Catlin, the great English physiologist says, "Shut your mouth and save your life." If you find that you sleep with your mouth open, practice closing it tightly upon retiring, and keep it closed as long as consciousness remains. This will soon break up one of the worst habits of which you can be guilty.

ELOCUTIONARY BREATHINGS.

In speech the breath is utilized in its passage from the lungs. However important the correct inhalation of the breath may be in elocution, its exhalation is of still greater concern, as quality and control of voic depend most largely upon the manner in which the breath is managed in its passage from the lungs. Particular attention should therefore be given to the following exercises. There are three ways of letting out the breath in speech—the effusive, the expulsive, and the explosive.

Effusive Breathing.—Inflate the lungs as directed in the calisthenic breathing exercises. Then, with the hands on the hips and fingers pressing gently on the muscles of the waist at the sides in front, and with mouth well but gently opened, slowly let out the breath, as soft and as long as possible, making such a sound as is heard in a seashell held to the ear. When this sound flows out smoothly, it shows that the student has full control of the breathing. But if the breath be rough or jerky, careful and continued practice will be necessary to correct the fault. Vary the exercise by intoning *ο* on the notes of the musical scale, as soft, smooth and long as possible. This is a good practice for the development of *purity of tone*.

Expulsive Breathing.—Inflate the lungs, then, by a forcible, but steady contraction of the abdominal muscles, shove out the breath, giving the sound of the aspirate h. Practice this several times, but discontinue if it makes you dizzy. Vary the exercise by giving "who," in a forcible whisper, (taking breath after each word), thus: who, who, who. Then whisper the first two, and voice the last, thus: who, who, who. Next whisper the first and speak the last two, thus: who, who, who. Lastly speak all three with the same action as that used in giving the whisper: who, who, who. Do not try to give the words in a pure tone of voice; let them be "breathy." It is not a vocal, but a breathing exercise.

Next give the long vowels i and o each several times,

in a full, resonant and affirmative tone.

As an application of Expulsive Breathing in speech, practice the following sentence, with the same resonance and fullness of voice with which the vowels were given. "Rise, fathers, RISE! 'tis ROME demands your help."

EXPLOSIVE BREATHING. - Take a full deep breath, and with a strong and sudden contraction of the abdominal muscles, give the aspirate h in an explosive whisper. Then in the same manner the syllable hoo (oo as in foot) thus: hoo, hoo, hoo. Vary this practice as with "who" in the preceeding exercise, thus: hoo, hoo, Hoo; hoo, Hoo, ноо; ноо, ноо, ноо. The following, given in a forcible whisper, is a good practice, and one of the best for strengthening the lungs: How far! how sad!—exhausting the lungs on far and sad. It is tiresome and should not be practiced long at a time. Then give the same words in a forcible half whisper, or aspirated tone. Next give the vowels a, e and ow with great force and abruptness. Then embody them in the following words, giving the words with the proper degree of force, and with the required expression, thus: Thou slave! thou WRETCH! thou COWARD!

VOICE CULTURE.

Give me its varying music, the flow of its free modulation. * * * * Our organ can speak with its many and wonderful voices. Play on the soft lute of love, blow the loud trumpet of war, Sing with the high sesquialtro, or, drawing its full diapason, Shake all the air with the grand storm of its pedals and stops. -W.W.Story.

A good voice is essential to good elocution. A poor voice may be made good, and a good voice still better, or even excellent, by proper culture. Were the possibilities of voice improvement adequately appreciated, more attention would be given to this department by students and teachers of elocution. Instead of being the most neglected branch, it would come to be the most important.

James E. Murdoch, teacher, author and actor, says: "In an experience extending over forty years, I have been brought to the conviction that voice culture is what is most needed in the study of elocution." And it is the experience of every other teacher and student who has given the subject that close and careful attention which it deserves.

No substantial progress in the cultivation of the voice can be made until a practical knowledge of the production of tone be acquired. This presumes a proper degree of strength, flexibility and control of the muscles of the waist. What is known as the abdominal or diaphragmatic breathing is Nature's method for the inhalation and exhalation of the breath, and is the one in which the air-column is best sustained and controlled in its passage through the larynx.

The first and most essential requirement for the correct production of tone, is a condition of relaxation and freedom about the throat. All effort must be transferred from the throat to the muscles of breathing. The controlling consciousness should be to speak through the throat, and not with it. By doing so the sound will then "lay hold of the throat" and not the throat hold of the sound, as is too often the case. The relaxation of the nuscles about the throat—especially those of the jaw and epiglottis—will render impossible that "throaty voice," so disastrous to good speaking, and which is as painful to the hearer as it is hurtful to the speaker.

This, as well as most of the other faults in the production of tone, may be corrected, and a pure, resonant and agreeable voice developed by an intelligent and patient

practice in right methods.

While all the exercises given under articulation, modulation and expression will be helpful for the culture and development of the voice, the following are specially adapted to that purpose, and will be found particularly beneficial for correcting the worst faults in the production of tone.

These suggestions and directions are as important to the student of *singing* as to the student of elocution, and the exercises which follow will be found as valuable to the one as to the other.

A short practice in full, deep breathing should precede each vocal exercise.

Since the use of certain terms cannot be avoided in the explanation of exercises in voice culture, it becomes necessary to define them here. Time relates to duration. Its elements are Quantity, Movement and Pause.

QUANTITY relates to the duration of voice upon an element, syllable or word.

MOVEMENT, to the degree of rapidity with which the words are uttered. It includes

Pause, which refers to the suspension of the voice between words, sentences and paragraphs.

QUALITY relates to kind of voice. There are two kinds—Pure and Impure.

In Pure quality, all the breath emitted in the production of tone is vocalized.

In IMPURE quality, the tone is more or less mixed with unvocalized breath.

Pure quality may be subdivided into,

- 1. SIMPLE PURE, used in cheerful conversation and in light styles of reading and speaking; and,
- 2. OROTUND, a full, round and resonant tone, employed in expressing grand thoughts, deep feelings, and holy emotions,—such as sublimity, courage, veneration, reverence and awe.

Impure quality comprises,

- I. The Aspirate or Whisper, in which there is little or no vocality. It is used to denote secrecy and caution, and is employed in horror and fear.
- 2. The PECTORAL or "CHEST TONE," which reverberates in the *larynx* and *trachea*. It is given on the lower notes of the voice, and is employed in solemnity and to

denote the supernatural. Anger, scorn and despair, in their milder forms, also employ this kind of voice.

3. The Guttural quality, which is a very harsh and throaty tone. It is most significant in *revenge*, and is

employed in intense anger, scorn and rage.

Various combinations of the above are employed in mixed emotions, and are frequently designated by such names as aspirated pectoral, asp. orotund, asp. guttural, pectoral orotund, asp. pect. orotund, etc., but their designation is generally more perplexing than useful, and their consideration should be relegated to the larger treatises on elocution.

PITCH relates to the degree of elevation or depression of the voice.

In music, it refers to the particular place in the scale on which tone is sounded.

In elocution it relates to the general or prevailing pitch in speech. In voice, pitch depends upon the number of vibrations made by the vocal ligaments in their production of tone. The number of vibrations increases with the pitch, doubling with each octave.

An OCTAVE comprises five whole and two half tones, and includes seven notes known by the syllables do, re, me, fa, sol, la, si, and the repetition of the first (do), com-

pleting the octave.

PRODUCTION OF TONE.

PURE TONE.—I. Prolong o in the musical voice in as soft and pure a tone as possible. Commence on "C," or on any note in about the middle pitch, prolonging the

sound with the same degree of loudness on each note within an easy compass of the voice, and at the same time intently listening to the tone produced that you may detect any imperfection in its quality. This will educate the ear as well as the voice, an important matter, as that organ gives us the highest standard, and at the same time is the only practical guide as to quality, pitch and movement. In this exercise, never force the voice into a higher or lower pitch than it can easily reach, and always keep the tone pure, smooth and agreeable. Whenever the voice breaks into a rough, aspirated, throaty or other disagreeable quality, stop at once; then let go the muscles of the throat, drop the jaw, let the tongue lie flat and perfectly relaxed, take a comfortable breath, and begin again.

2. In a pure and resonant voice, give ah on the same notes as in the above exercise. Let each tone be preceded by a full breath taken in by the expansion of the abdominal muscles. Commence gently, gradually increase the sound to the middle, and as gradually diminish it to a delicate finish. Remember to control the voice by the muscles of breathing, and not with the throat, and have the increase and diminish of the tone equal.

In all these exercises for the improvement of the voice, it should be the constant aim of the student to transfer the effort from the throat to the waist—from the organs of vocality to the organs of breathing. If possible, let him forget he has a throat, thinking only of the correct action of the abdominal muscles and of the quality of the tone produced. The tone should always be pure and resonant, and the action of the waist-muscles gentle and yet firm, gradually increasing in their contraction with the demand for increased fullness and loudness.

3. Vary the above exercise by shoving out the voice with energy on the first part of the sound, and letting it

gradually diminish to a close.

Instead of "ah," give the seven monophthong vowels in the order found in the Table of Elementary Sounds. Commence on middle "C," as in the exercises just given, and run to the "C" above, giving each succeeding vowel on a higher pitch, thus: e, a, a, ah, aw, o, oo, e. A repetition of "e" is necessary to complete the octave. Then run from middle "C" down to "G," as e, a, a, ah—and return on the other vowels, (aw, o, oo,) back to "C."

5. From "C," (or from any note about the middle pitch,) down, chant on each note in a full and resonant voice and with as distinct an articulation as possible the following sentence:

How hollow groans the earth beneath my tread!

The following is also a good sentence for similar practice:

How the WILD WAVES ROLL!

6. From "C" up, chant the following two stanzas from the "Psalm of Life," giving the lines on successive notes in a very distinct and recitative manner.

"C" Tell me not in mournful numbers,

"D" Life is but an empty dream!
"E" For the soul is dead that slumbers,

"F" And things are not what they seem.

"G" Life is real! Life is earnest!

"A" And the grave is not its goal:

"B" "Dust thou art to dust returnest,"
"C" Was not spoken of the soul.

7. Tennyson's "Bugle Song" makes an interesting and profitable exercise when practiced in the following manner:

Give the first four lines of each stanza on the same notes and in the same way in which the first stanza of the "Psalm of Life" was given. Use only these words of the chorus,—"Blow, bugle, blow!"—giving them as follows: Blow (G), bu (E)-gle (C), blow (G)—prolonging the "ow" on the slide down the octave to "G" below, and then back to "C" in one continuous sound and breath.

In the second stanza, the first few words should be given short (*staccato*), and the whole in a more or less subdued voice.

THE BUGLE SONG.

T.

The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

II.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

III.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

8. Exercises in the "glottis stroke" will be found the very best for developing clearness, vivacity and strength of voice. Though the term "glottis stroke" be a misnomer, it is understood to mean that strong and abrupt action of the vocal ligaments, produced by the quick and sudden breaking through of the compressed air-column. It is this that gives to speaking and singing a sprightliness and sparkle that is best appreciated by contrasting it with its opposite—the drawl. Let the vocal exercises in the "glottis stroke" be preceded by a short and abrupt whisper of the syllable "hu"-"u" as in "up." This breathing exercise is called "puffing the breath." Puff the syllable hu three times, then pause and replenish the lungs; again, three times, pause and replenish the lungs, and so continue. If dizziness ensues, rest awhile. Practice until the lungs can be replenished in the shortest possible time.

Then *vocalize* the same syllable in a clear, ringing and abrupt tone on each note of the octave from "middle C" up, and then down to "G below,"—giving it "three times three," as follows: (Breathe) hu, hu, hu,—(breathe) hu, hu, hu, hu,—(breathe) hu, hu, hu—u—u—u,—prolonging the tone on the last syllable in a full and resonant voice. Other syllables may be used as well as hu.

9. After practicing the above for some time, the follow-

ing is a good variation.

Instead of giving the last syllable in the repetition in a continuous or a gradually diminishing tone, give it with

continuous or a gradually diminishing tone, give it with three prolonged *impulses*—that is, in "the swell," using the syllable ho instead of hu, thus: Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho—O—O—O—O—O—O—O.

It may be found necessary to take a short breath *just before* the last syllable. As in *all* the vocal exercises, *keep the throat free*, and control the voice by the action of the diaphragm and the abdominal muscles.

10. "Projecting the tone" is an exercise that will help increase the penetrating and *carrying* capacity of the voice. It may be practiced as follows:

In giving the syllables in the "glottis stroke," as in the preceding exercises, aim at some object in the most distant part of a room or hall, and at a point on a level with the head, and imagine the tone being sent directly to the object aimed at, being sure to hit the mark every time.

the open air, on a high pitch and in a free and pure tone, is also an excellent practice. For example, give the following "nautical hail" in as high a pitch and with as much force as can be maintained in a clear, untrammeled voice, taking a good breath just before the word ahoy, and holding the last syllable (hoy) as long and in

as pure a tone as possible, thus: Boat Aho-o-o-o-o-o-o-

O-O-

closing with an octave slide, as indicated.

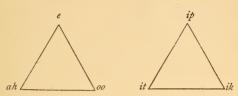
12. For the development of *flexibility of voice*, the exercise given below will be found one of the best: Give the syllable *ah* in a full, pure and resonant tone on the musical scale, running the voice in "circles," as follows:

Commence on a moderately low note—anywhere from "middle C" down to "G"—and slide the voice up to the second note and down again, and up and down several times, in a continuous tone. Then slide to the third note up and around in the same way, and so on until the eighth note in the octave is reached.

A good variation is to sing the whole octave with one breath, running to each of the notes up and down once, in a continuous tone, until the eighth note is reached, and always keeping the key-note as the commencing and ending of each circle or double slide.

A good opening of the mouth, flexibility of the tongue and lips, and the correct manipulation of *all* the parts necessary for the formation of the elements of speech, are requirements so essential that their *lack* will forestall the progress of the student, however favorable to success the other conditions may be.

The first essential to good reading and speaking, is to be heard and understood. This presumes a free exit of the voice, the proper formation of the elements, and a correct combination of them into syllables and words. The following exercises for the mouth, tongue and lips will be found an excellent preparation for the work in articulation.



With a little exaggeration of the three vocals, in the first triangle, they are made to represent the three extreme positions of the mouth and lips; "e", with the corners of the mouth drawn well back, (as in laughter); "ah", with the mouth thrown wide open and the lips drawn over the teeth; and "oo," with the lips thrown well forward—protruded as much as possible. In the second triangle, the aspirates, "p", "t" "k", given with force, abrubtness and with the least expenditure of breath possible, represent very important manipulations of the tongue and lips. The following is an excellent way to practice the above: In the first, give the vowels twice in each direction and in the different series, thus: 1st, e, ah, oo, e, ah, oo; e, oo, ah, e, oo, ah, 2d, ah, e, oo, ah, e, oo; ah, oo, e, ah, oo, e. 3d, oo, e ah, oo, e, ah; oo, ah, e, oo, ah, e. Give the extreme positions of the mouth and lips, as directed above. Practice slowly at first, and increase the rapidity from day to day as you increase in skill.

The order of practice in the second triangle should be the same as in the first. Be careful to get the *snap* to the p, t, and k, and without wasting the breath. After a

little practice, drop the short vocal *i*, giving the aspirates alone. From time to time increase the rapidity when you can do so with the same degree of accuracy as when prac-

ticing them more slowly.

The p, t and k, more than any of the other elements, are the vehicles of contempt and hate. When given with great force and precision in certain words that frequently occur in impassioned utterance, they become a mighty power in expression. The following sentences, given with the required force and with the proper emotions, may serve as illustrations, and also be used as examples for practice.

I. BACK to thy punishment, false fugitive!

2. Go from my sight! I HATE and DESPISE thee!

3. Do not hate, do not despise! But pity, O PITY me!

Many other profitable exercises might be given, but a description of them, without illustrative cuts, would be of little use to the student. A practical knowledge of the different qualities of tone and the skill of modulating the voice so as to meet the varied requirements in the expression of thought and feeling, is an art that cannot be successfully imparted by means of type alone. In these particulars, the text-book must be supplemented by the voice of the teacher to insure the best results. However, the student will find great profit in the faithful practice of the foregoing exercises, which comprise a portion of the system of voice culture used by the author—a system containing the best results of his long experience and careful study.

ARTICULATION.

Raftered by firm-laid consonants, windowed by opening vowels, Thou securely art built, free to the sun and the air.

Not by corruption rotted, nor slowly by ages degraded,
Have the sharp consonants gone crumbling away from our words.

Virgin and clear is their edge, like granite blocks chiseled by Egypt;
Just as when Shakespeare and Milton laid them in glorious verse."

—W. W. Story,

-11.11.500

Articulation includes exercises upon the Elementary Sounds, separately or in combination, and embraces analysis, syllabication, accent and pronunciation.

A good articulation consists in giving to each element its due amount of sound, so that the syllables and words will "drop from the lips like newly-made coin from the mint, accurately impressed, perfectly finished, correct in value, and of the proper weight." The exercises under this department of elocution are especially intended for the development and culture of the organs of articulation. There is no better nor surer way for improving the articulation, than that of exercising the voice and articulatory organs on the elements of speech, singly and in their easy and difficult combinations.

Next to a good voice, a distinct and correct enunciation is the essential qualification in a reader or speaker. No person, however eloquent, can be fully appreciated unless he is distinctly heard and well understood.

Although the exercises in articulation may seem tedious, no student of elocution can afford to slight them.

Properly and persistently practiced, they will not only correct faults, and even *impediments*, in speech, but will make a good articulation better, and a better excellent. Exercises upon the elements of the language, in analysis, in the formation of syllables, and in pronunciation, may be called the "dead work" of elocution, but it is just as necessary to be done as the dead work in mining, in order to reach the golden ore-vein of success that lies beneath. No other department of elocution so fully verifies the oft-quoted proverb, that there is no excellence without great labor.

An exact classification of the elements composing syllables and words is impossible. The formation of the elements proceeds in a more or less regular series from the most open vocal sound as heard in ah, to the closest aspirates or mutes, represented by p, t and k.

For purposes of instruction and practice, the following classifications are sufficiently accurate.

The first division of the elementary sounds of the English language is as follows:

I. VOCALS, which consist of pure tone;

2. Sub-vocals, consisting of tone and breath united;

3. Aspirates, composed of breath only.

These may be termed the three links in the *Odd Fellowship* of *speech*, the sub-vocals uniting the two extremes, vocals and aspirates. This is the natural division of the elements, and is common to all languages.

The Vocals are subdivided as follows:

1. Long Monophthongs, in which each has the same sound from its commencement to its close;

2. Diphthongs, or Double Vowels, formed, as the name indicates, by the combination of two monophthongs;

3. Short Vocals, differing from the monophthongs only in duration.

The sub-vocals are divided into,

1. Correlatives, because each terminates with a light sound of its cognate aspirate;

2. Nasals, so called from the sound being made res-

onant in the nose;

- 3. Liquids, because of their flowing sound, are specially dependent upon the tongue, and are the most vocal of the consonants; and,
- 4. Coalescents, so designated from the perfect manner of their combining with the vowels which they always precede.

The Aspirates are naturally brought under the two sig-

nificant classes of,

I. Explodents, which are made by a percussive action of the breath; and,

2. Continuants, from their having the quality of con-

tinuance or prolongation.

The vocals are *formative*, the subvocals and aspirates, *articulative* elements. The formation of the different vocals depends chiefly upon the size and shape of the tube through which the tone passes.

Thus, the changes in the mouth parts, from e to ah, and ah to oo, give, successively, the long monophthongs

in the order found in the table below.

The subvocals and aspirates are made by different junctures of the organs of articulation which obstruct or

modify the tone and breath.

The following arrangement of the elements will be found the most convenient for practice, whether the vocals be given singly, or in combination with the subvocals and the aspirates.

Long Monophthongs .-

ELEMENTARY SOUNDS.

TABLE I.

VOCALS.

20118	LIL ONOP	20,00	••
I.	e,	as in	eve, each, e'en, brief, seem.
2.	a,	"	age, ate, make, wave, play.
3.	a,	"	air, dare, wear, lair, stare.
	a,	66	arm, palm, far, father, half.
	aw,	"	awl, law, ball, straw, fall.
	0,	66	ore, own, home, mold, no.
	00,	"	ooze, whom, root, woo, soon.
Dipht	hongs	_	
8.	i,	as in	ire, file, time, life, shine.
9.	oi (o	y),	as in oil, oyster, toil, boy, voice.
10.	ou (c	w),	as in our, owl, flour, mouse, out.
	u, `	´" (y)use, assume, flue, lute, Tuesday.
Short	Vocals		TR.
Ι2.	i,	as in	it, bin, fix, miff, quick.
	e,	"	ebb, met, peck, left, fed.
	e,	¢¢	earth, earn, were, fern, herd.
	a,	"	at, rap, cab, lad, back.
	a,	"	ask, pass, fast, dance, grass.
	o,	**	odd, job, yonder, rock, cross.
	u,		up, rough, sum, muff, hut.
	00,		hoop, wolf, shook, hood, foot.

SUBVOCALS.

Correlatives -

- 20. b. as in barb, curb, bulb, web, sob.
- 21. 1. deed, dude, made, goad, bade.
- 22. 2, gag, rug, lag, give, gauge.
- 23. j (dzh), judge, jet, jam, cage, seige.
- 66 24. V, valve, vim, vale, live, wave.
- 66
- 25. th, thither, thine, breathe, scythe. 26. Z. zone, zigzag, whizz, maze, size.
- " 27. Zh. azure, treasure, leisure, vision, usual.

Nasals .--

- 28. 111. as in maim, me, come, room, home.
- " nine, now, never, lane, on. 29. II.
- 30. mg, ding-dong, bang, singing, slung.

Liquids.—

- as in lull, shall, lily, toll, bell. 31.
- 32. P (rough), as in run, roll, drum, trill, roar.
 - 33. P (smooth), " war, car, clear, fair, were.

Coalescents .-

- as in we, wire, wait, was, won. 34. W.
- " vew, yawl, your, yellow, yes. 35. Y,

ASPIRATES.

Explodents .-

- as in peep, putty, spite, spurn, stop. 36. D.
- " tight, hat, teeth, hate, tear. 37. t,
- " .kick, whack, kite, luck, wreck. 38. K.
- 39. ch (tsh), " church, charm, fetch, touch, wretch.

Continuants .-

40. f, as in fief, fife, cough, staff, life.

41. th, "thick, thumb, thirst, mouth, breath.

42. S, " sense, pass, miss, seem, hiss.

43. Sh. " shame, pshaw, lash, bush, hush.

44. h, "hence, hie, ho, howl, here.

45. wh, (hw), as in which, why, when, where.

The *Dipthongs* are each formed by the union of a short and long *monophthong* element as follows:

8. (i), by the union of 16, and 1.

9. (Oi), " " 17, " I 16, " 7

II. (II), " " 12, " 7.

It will be noticed that the first element in each combination is abrupt and short, and that the last is long and obscure.

Combinations of Elements.

In the practice of Tables II. and IV., following,—

1. Prolong the monophthong and diphthong vocals in the combinations, in a *full*, *smooth* and *musical voice*,—first in the "monotone" and then in the "swell," and each in three degrees of pitch—the middle, high and low. Practice first *down* the columns and then *across*.

The prolongation of the vowel in the monotone may be indicated thus: Be-e-e-e, ba-a-a-a-a, &c.; and in the swell thus:

Be-E--e, ba--A--a, &c.

2. Give the same combinations in the *speaking* voice in a full, resonant and affirmative tone—running the voice down to the lowest note of its compass. Pronounce the syllables in a free and natural manner, such as would

be used in an earnest but dignified reply to an unwelcome question.

3. Then give the syllables alternately in the rising and falling slides, as in asking and answering a question, in a very earnest manner, letting the voice slide from nearly the lowest to the *highest* pitch of its compass in the question, and from nearly the highest to the *lowest* in the answer. In order to be sure of the right inflection, it may be necessary for some to give the syllables first in connection with such words as "did you say" and "no, I said," thus: *Did you say* BE? *No*, I said BA.

After sufficient practice, drop the "Did you say," and "Yes, I said," giving the syllables above in the same

manner as when using the words.

The exercise may be varied by giving both inflections

continuously on the same syllable.

4. An excellent practice involving many of the elements of vocal expression, such as pitch, force, stress, climax, transition, inflection, &c., is the following:

Commence on a low pitch and in subdued force, and give each syllable with the falling slide, increasing the pitch and force to "boo," and hold this on the slide into a low pitch; then, after a marked pause, give the last four combinations in the monotone, in long quantity, in a lower pitch and on the descending scale, making the cadence-slide on the syllable "bu," thus:

The interest and profit of the above exercise may be much enhanced by giving the syllables forming the climax series with increasing earnestness, and then adding an expression of solemnity to the syllables given in the monotone.

5. In combining the subvocals and aspirates with the short vocals, give the latter with percussive force in a clear and ringing sound.

In the practice of Tables III. and V. bring out the subvocals and aspirates very distinctly.

A good practice, but a difficult exercise, is to give the subvocals, in the combinations, with both the rising and the falling slides.

All the tables of combinations below should be practiced until thoroughly mastered.

TABLE II. - Combination of the Sub-Vocals with the Vocals.

35	y	ye	ya	ya	ya	yaw	yo	y 00	yi	yoy	yow	'n	·iv	ye	ye	ya	ya	yo	yu	y 00
34	W	we	wa	wa	wa	waw	WO	W00	wi	woy	WOW	mm	wi	we	we	wa	wa	WO	wu	WOO
32	r	re	ra	ra	ra	raw	ro	r00	·=	roy	row	rn	ı.	re	re	ra	ra	ro	rn	r00
31	_	<u>. e</u>	<u>1</u> 2	la	la	law	0	loo	::I	loy	low	h	:=	le	<u>le</u>	lа	la	0	μ	loo
29	n	ne	na	na	na	naw	ou	noo	n:	noy	now	nu	n:	ne	ne	na	na	no	nu	noo
28	Ξ	me	ma	ma	ma	maw	ouu	m00	mi	moy	mom	nıu	mi.	me	me	ma	ma	nno	nuı	moo
27	zh	zhe	zha	zha	zha	zhaw	cho	zhoo	zhi	zhoy	zhow	nyz	zhi	zhe	zhe	zha	zha	zho	zhu	zhoo
56	2	ze	za	za	za	zaw	0Z	200	zi	zoy	XOW	nz	zi	ze	ze	za	za	, 0Z	nz	200
25	th	the	tha	tha	tha	thaw	tho	thoo	thi	thoy	thow	thu	thi	the	the	tha	tha	tho	thu	thoo
24	^	ve	va	va	va	vaw	ΛO	00A	vi	voy	MOV	vu	vi	ve	ve	va	va	ΛO	νn	000
23		je.	ја	Б	ja	jaw	j	j00	:=,	joy	you	jn	:=	<u>э</u> .	је.	ja.	ja	of	jn	00i
22	مع	ge	ga	ga	ga	gaw	go	goo	.go	goy	wog	ng	.20	ge	ge	ga	ga	go	gn	800
2 1	ص	qe.	da	qa	da	daw	qo	doo	di.	doy	dow	qn	di	de	de	ಧ	ф	ор	qn	qoo
50	φ.	<u>e</u>	pa .	pa	pa	paw	po	poo	p:	boy	pow	pn	bi							
	KEY.	e, me	a, pay	a, care	a, harm	5. aw, law	o, no	00, too	i, tire	oy, toy	ow, now	u, lute	i, pit	e, web	e, term	a, hat	a, task	o, fop	dns 'n	oo, hoop
i.		Ι.	6,	3	4	5	9	7	8.	9.	10.	II.	12.	13.	14.	15.	16.	17.	18.	19.

TABLE III.—Combination of the Vocals with the Sub-Vocals.

Ev.] b d g j v th c, ever eb, ed eg ej ev eth ang ang aj av ath ang ang anj av ath ang	33 r	er	ar ar	ar	awr	OI	oor	.:	oj.	onr	ur	ı.	er	er	ar	ar	or	ur	OOL
22 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 24 25 26 27 28 29 25 26 27 28 29 25 26 27 28 29 25 27 28 29 25 27 28 29 25 27 28 29 25 27 28 29 25 27 28 29 25 27 28 29 25 27 28 29 25 27 28 29 25 27 28 29 25 27 28 29 25 27 28 29 25 27 28 29 25 27 28 29 25 27 28 29 25 27 28 29 25 27 28 29 25 27 28 29 25 27 28 29 25 27 28 29 25 27 28 29 25 28 29 25 28 29 25 28 29 25 28 29 25 28 29 25 28 29 25 28 29 25 28 29 25 28 29 25 28 29 25 28 29 25 28 25 28 25 28 25 28 25 28 25 28 25 28 25 28 25 28 25 28 25 28 25 28 25 28 25 28 25 28 25 28 25 28 25 28 25 28 25 28 25 28 25 28 25 28 25 28 25 28 25 28 25 28 25 28 25 28 25 28 25 28 25 28 25 28 25 28 25 28 25 28 25 28 25 25 28 25 25 28 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25	31	ا ا	ਜ਼ ਜ਼	al	awl	이	00]												
20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 28 28 29 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 28 28 28 28 28 28	30 ng	eng	ang gub	ang	awng	ong	oong		oing	Suno	ung	ing	eng	eng	ang	ang	ong	nng	oong
20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 20 21 22 23 24 25 25 20 21 22 23 24 25 25 20 21 21 22 23 20 21 21 22 23 20 21 21 22 23 20 21 21 22 23 20 21 21 21 20 21 21 21 20 21 21 21 20 21 21 20 21 21 20 21 21 20 21 21 20 21 21 20 21 21 20 21 21 20 21 21 20 21 21 20 21 21 20 21 21 20 21 21 20 21 21 20 21 21 20 21 21 20 21 21 20 21 21 20 21 21 20 21 21 20 21 21 20 21 21 20 21 21 20 21 21 20 21 21 20 21 21 20 21 21 20 21 21 20 21 21 20 21 21 20 21 21 20 21 21 20 21 21 20 21 21 20 21 21 20 21 21 20 21 21 20 21 21 20 21 21 20 21 21 20 21 21 20 21 21 20 21 21 20 21 21 20 21 21 20 21 21 20 21 21 20 21 21 20 21 21 20 21 21 20 21 21 20 21 20 21 21 20 21 20 21 20 21 20 21 20 21 20 21 20 21 20 21 20 21 20 21 20 21 20 21 20 21 20 21 20 21 20 21 20 21 20 21 20 21 20 21 20 21 20 21 20 21 20 21 20 21 20 21 20 21 20 21 20 21 20 21 20 21 20 21 20 21 20 21 20 21 20 21 20 21 20 21 20 21 20 21 20 21 20 21 20 21 20 21 20 21 20 21 20 21 20 21 20 21 20 21 20 21 20 21 20 21 20 21 20 21 20 21 20 21 20 21 20 21 20 21 20 21 20 21 20	29 n	en	an	an	awn	on	oon	.5	oin	onu	un	n.	en	en	an	an	on	un	oou
20 21 22 23 24 25 26 b d g j v th z eb ed eg ej ev eth ez ab ad ag aj av ath az ab ad ag aj av ath az awb awd awg awj awv awth awz ob od og oj ov oth oz obb oid oig oij oiv oith oiz obb oid oig oij oiv oith oiz obb oid oig oij oiv oith oiz obb oid eg ej ev eth ez eb ed eg ej ev eth ez ab ad ag aj av ath az obb oid oig oij oiv oith oiz oub ud ug uj uv uth uz obb oid oig oij ov oth oz obb oid oig oij ov oth oz obb oid oig oij ov oth oz	28 m	em	am	am	awm	om	oom		oim	onm	un	.E	em	em	am	am	om	mn	oom
20 21 22 23 24 25 b d g j v th eb ed eg ej ev eth ab ad ag aj av anh ab ad ag aj av anh ab ad ag aj av anh avb awd awg awj awv awth oob ood oog ooj oov ooth obl oid oig oij oiv oith oub oud oug ouj ouv outh ub id ig ij iv ith eb ed eg ej ev eth eb ed eg ej ev eth ab ad ag aj av anh oob ood oog ooj oov ooth ub ud ug uj uv uth oob ood oog ooj oov ooth	27 zh	ezh	azh	azh	awzh	ozh	oozh	124	oizh	ouzh	qzn	izh	ezh	ezh	azh	azh	qzo	nzh	oozh
20 21 22 23 24 b d g j v c c eg ej ev ab ad ag aj av ab ad ag aj av ab ad ag aj av awb awd awg awj awv oob ood oog ooj oov ib id ig ij iv ib id id ig ij iv ib id id ig ij iv ib id id id id id id ib id id id id id id ib id id id id id id ib id id id id id id id	26 Z	ez	az	az	awz	ZO	ZOO		oiz	zno	zn	iz	ez	ez	az	az	ZO	nz	200
20 21 22 23 b d g j eb ed eg ej ab ad ag aj ab ad ag aj ab ad ag aj oob ood oog oj ib id ig ij oob oud oug ouj ub ud ug uj ob od og oj ob od og oj ab ad ag aj ab ad ag aj ob od oog oj	25 th	eth	ath	ath	awth	oth	ooth	-£	oith	outh	uth	ith	eth	eth	ath	ath	oth	uth	ooth
20 21 22 b d g eb ed eg ab ad ag ab ad ag ab ad ag ob od og obb od og oib oid oig oib oid oig ob od og eb ed eg eb ed eg eb ed eg ob od og	24 v	ev	av	a,v	awv	OV	00V	.2	oiv	ΛήΟ	nv	iv	ev	ev	av	av	OV	nv	000
20 21 b d d eb ed ab ad ab ad ad ab ad ad oob ood oob ood oob oid oob oid oob oid oob oid eb ed ed eb ed eb ed ob od ob od ob od ob od ob od	23	.ee	3.E	aj.	awj	.0	00	:=	oij	ouj	u.	:υ,	<u>.</u>	Э	E.	ਰ.	<u>.</u>	'n	00
b 20 c c c c c c c c c c c c c c c c c c	22 23	eg a	36 0g	$a_{\mathbf{S}}$	awg	og	900 00	٥.	0.0 2.0	ong	gn	.g.	eg	eg	ag	ag	ogo	gn	900
	2 I d	ed	ad	ad ,	awd	po po	poo	P.	oid	pno	pn	pi.	ed.	g.	ad ,	ad	od .	pn	poo
e, eve a, age a, arr a, arr a, arr a, arr aw, awl o, ore oo, ooze i, ire oi, oil ou, our u, lute i, it e, ebb e, earth a, at a, ask o, odd u, up	20 b	ep ap	ap	ap ,	awb	go ,	qoo	i.	oib	qno	qn	di	ep -	ep.	ap	ap	go,	qn .	qoo
8. 4. 7. 6. 6. 6. 6. 6. 6. 6. 6. 6. 6. 6. 6. 6.	[Kev.]	1. e, eve 2. a. age	3. a, air	4. a, arm	5. aw, awl	o, ore	7. oo, ooze	8. i, ire	9. oi, oil	to. ou, our	11. u, lute	12. i, it	13. e, ebb	14. e, earth	15. a, at	10. a, ask	17. o, odd	18. u, up	19. 00, hoop

TABLE IV.—Combination of the Aspirates with the Vocals.

45 wh	whe	wha	wha	wha	whaw	who	whoo	whi	whoi	whou	whu	whi	whe	whe	wha	wha	who	whu	whoo
44 4	he	ha	ha	ha	haw	ho	hoo	hi	hoi	hou	hu	:id	he	he	ha	ha	ho	hu	hoo
43 sh	she	sha	sha	sha	shaw	oys	shoo	shi	shoi	shou	shu	shi	she	she	sha	sha	sho	shu	shoo
s 42								si.	soi	nos	ns	si.	se	se	sa	sa	so	sn	008
th th	the	tha	tha	tha	thaw	tho	thoo	thi	thoi	thou	thu	thi	the	the	tha	tha	tho	thu	thoo
40 f								ų	foi	noj	ţn	ų	fe	fe	fа	fa	oj	ţn	ooj
39 ch	che	cha	cha	cha	chaw	cho	choo	chi	choi	chou	chu	chi	che	che	cha	cha	cho	chu	choo
38 k	ke	ka	ka	ka	kaw	ko	koo	<u>k</u> :	koi	kon	ku	ki:	ke	ke	ka	ka	ko	ku	koo
37 t	te	ta	ta	ta	taw	to	t00	ti	toi	ton	tu	ti.	te	te	ta	ta	to	tu	t00
36 p	pe	þa	ba	ba	paw	bo	boo				nd							nd	
-	ı. e, me	ay	are	ark	law	οι	you	ire	toil	proud	olue	i, pit	et	ert	at	ask	doo	nt	rook
Key	е, п	a, I	a, c	a, h	aw,	o, r	00,	i, d	oi,	ou,	u, E	i, p	, ú	e, 1	a, E	а, с	0. I	u, r	00,
	,	2	3.	4	'n	6.	7.	8.	.6	10.	II.	12.	13.	14.	15.	16.	17.	18.	19.

~~	
with the	
_	
_	
n of the vocals	
n (
n c	
on c	
ion e	
ion o	
tion o	
tion o	
ation e	
ation o	
vation o	
nation o	
ination o	
ination o	
ination	
ination	
ination	
vbination o	
ination	
Combination	
Combination	
Combination	
ination	
Combination	
Combination	
V.—Combination	
Combination	
V.—Combination	
E V.—Combination	
E V.—Combination	
E V.—Combination	
E V.—Combination	
E V.—Combination	
E V.—Combination	
V.—Combination	
E V.—Combination	
E V.—Combination	
E V.—Combination	
E V.—Combination	
E V.—Combination	
E V.—Combination	
E V.—Combination	
ABLE V.—Combination	
E V.—Combination	

45 wh ewh awh awh awh awh owh	oowh iwh oywh owwh uwh	iwh ewh awh awh owh uwh
444 h h ah ah ah awh oh	ooh oyh owh uh	eh eh ah oh oh
43 sh esh ash ash ash ash osh	oosh ish oysh owsh ush	ish esh esh ash ash osh ush
42 s es as as as as aws	is oys ows	is es es as as as os os os
41 th eth ath ath ath awth oth	ooth ith oyth owth uth	ith eth, eth, ath ath oth oth
40 f ef af af af lawf of		if ef ef af oof oof
39 ch ach ach ach awch	ooch ich oych owch uch	ich ech ach ach och uch
38 k ek ak ak awk ok	ook ik oyk owk uk	ik ek ek ek ek ek ek ek ek ek ek ek ek ek
37 t et at at at awt oot		it et et at at ot ut oot
36 pp pp ap ap ap ap ap ap awp op	di di dwo dh	ip ep ep ap ap op up
[Kev.] 1. e, eel 2. a, aim 3. a, air 4. a, are 5. aw, all 6. o, own	oo, food i, ice oy, toy ow, owl u, (y)use	i, in e, end e, err a, add a, past o, on u, but oo, book
KEY. e, e a, a a, a a, a a, a a, a o, o	00, i, ic oy, ow,	i, ir e, e e, e a, a a, p o, c o, c
1. % % 4 % 0.	7. 8. 9. 10.	12. 13. 14. 16. 17. 19.

DIFFICULT COMBINATIONS.

The following comprise the greater part of the more difficult combinations of elements occurring in the English language.

The "faced letters" represent the combinations, and should be practiced as follows: Give *each* element with special distinctness three times, *separately* in *succession* three times, and then in *combination* three times.

Then pronounce each word in the line three times, giving prominence to the elements of the difficult combination. The words may be given, first in the monotone, then with the falling slide.

The *italicised* words in the sentences should be given very distinctly, but not necessarily with greater loudness. The italics are not used in this exercise to denote emphasis, but to call attention to the words containing the difficult combinations.

No exercise in articulation is more profitable than this, if properly and faithfully practiced.

- bd.—orb'd, sobb'd, ebb'd, prob'd:
 - The child moaned and *sobbed* itself to a gentle sleep.
- bdst.-prob'dst, stabb'dst, fib'dst, snubb'dst.
 - Thou *snubb'dst* and *stabb'dst* him to the quick.
 - **bl.**—blow, bubble, blue, trebble, blaze. I *bubble* into eddying bays,
 - I babble on the pebbles.

- **blz.**—pebbles, gabbles, roubles, stubbles.

 His *troubles* followed fast in the footsteps of his *foibles*.
- **blst.**—humbl'st, nibbl'st, babbl'st, troubl'st.

 Hence! thou troubl'st me with vain requests.
- **bld.**—disabl'd, trembl'd, doubl'd, dissembl'd.
 'Tis but the *favl'd* landscape of a lay.
- **bldst.**—stumbl'dst, disabl'dst, nibbl'dst, gabbl'dst.

 Trembl'dst thou at what was but the shadow of a ghost?
 - **br.**—breeze, brought, bridge, breath, bride. *Break*, break, break,

 At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
 - **bz.**—robs, webs, fibs, rubs, robes, sobs.

 Beneath the cyprus boughs the wind *sobs* a sad requiem o'er his grave.
 - **bst.**—rob'st, snubb'st, bobb'st, fibb'st. *Prob'st* thou the wound of a broken heart?
 - **(11.**—candle, kindle, waddle, meddle.

 The brazen trumpets *kindle* rage no more.
 - dld.—saddl'd, coddl'd, riddl'd, muddl'd.

 A single look, his smouldering hate kindl'd to a rage.
- **dldst.**—addl'dst, peddl'dst, fiddl'dst, waddl'dst.

 Thou fondl'dst the viper which stings thee to death.
 - **dlz.**—bundles, handles, trundles, meddles.

 What a great fire a little blaze *kindles*.

- dlst.—saddl'st, peddl'st, fiddl'st, kindl'st.

 Bird of the sun, in thy upward flight thou

 dwindl'st to a speck.
 - dn.—sadd'n, gladd'n, sodd'n, ridd'n, gard'n.

 Silent and sudden within the gard'n the lightning's flash revealed the enveloping darkness.
- **dnd.**—sadd'nd, wid'nd, broad'nd, madd'nd. *Madd'nd* with drink, he did a deed a life of love could not undo.
- dnz.—burd'ns, hard'ns, sadd'ns, ward'ns, madd'ns.
 Bear ye one another's burdens.
 - **dr.**—dread, dream, drink, drawl, meand'ring.

 Hear ye the deep *dreadful* thunder, peal on peal, afar!
- Ust.—didst, hadst, mad'st, add'st, could'st.
 When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
 Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.
- **dth.**—breadth, width.

 The width or breadth equals the length.
- dths.—widths, breadths.

 Three widths of one made four breadths of the other.
 - **dz.**—adz, buds, wads, leads, loads.

 Buds, birds, fields and woods, are country charms that cheer the heart.
 - **dzh.**—wedge, badge, judge, pledge, fudge.
 "Pledge with wine,—pledge with wine,"
 cried the thoughtless Harvey Wood.

- **dzhd.**—pledg'd, forg'd, manag'd, smudg'd, gaug'd.

 Evil habits *forg'd* the fetters he could never break.
 - fl.—flay, ruffle, flow, fling, flutter, trifle.

 At every *trifle*, scorn to take offence.
 - 11(1.—riff'd, bafff'd, shufff'd, snifff'd, wafff'd.

 The *mufff'd* drum told the time had come
 For the hero to lay down his life.
- 11dst.—stifl'dst, baffld'st, ruffld'st, trifl'dst.

 Thou baffld'st in vain, the cause we'll maintain,

 For our country, for truth and for God.
 - flz.—raffl's, muffl's, waffl's, truffl's, whiffl's.

 Trift's trouble more than double

 What we greater griefs can bear.
 - **fist**.—tritfl'st, baffl'st, shuffl'st, ruffl'st.

 If thou stiffl'st thy conscience, the whip of remorse will lash thee back to obedience.
 - **fn.**—soft'n, stiff'n, rough'n, oft'n.

 Kind words will *oft'n* pluck the barb from envy's arrow, and *soft'n* the obdurate heart.
 - **fnd.**—deaf'n'd, stiff'n'd, soft'n'd, rough'n'd.

 The loud winds *soft'n'd* to a whisper low.
 - fnz.—soft'ns, deaf'ns, stiff'ns, rough'ns.
 Prosperity deaf'ns the ear to pity's call.
 - **fr.**—free, fright, from, freckle, fresh.

 Francis French was too much frightened to offer assistance.
 - **fs.**—chiefs, laughs, puffs, whiffs, nymphs. He *laughs* best who *laughs* last.

fst.—scoff'st, puff'st, miff'st, cough'st, stuff'st.

Laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my_vision to scorn?

1.--reft, soft, waft, tuft, left.

Waft, wast, ye winds, His story.

- fths.—fifths, twelfths. Two-fifths and three-twelfths make thirty-nine sixtieths.
 - fts.—lifts, wafts, shifts, crafts, tufts.

 Death *lifts* the veil that hides a brighter sphere.
- fist.—lift'st, waft'st. O'er the desert drear thou waft'st thy waste perfume.
 - gd.—rigg'd, leagu'd, begg'd, flogg'd.

 The little ant lugg'd and tuggd its tiny load o'er many a straw and stone.
- **gdst.**—fagg'dst, flogg'dst, begg'dst, lugg'dst,
 Laggard, why lugg'dst thou thy load, and
 why lagg'dst thou behind?
 - **g1.**—gleam, glide, eagle, glove, bugle.

 Mid the *glisten* and *glamour* of *glory*Rejoice if thou humble canst keep.
 - **gld.**—juggl'd, haggl'd, struggl'd.

 He was *inveigl*'d into a trap bated with a bribe.
- **gldst.**—mingl'dst, strangl'dst, singl'dst.

 Why smuggl'dst thou that which was thy bane?
 - **glz.**—eagl's, struggl's, haggl's, juggl's.

 At the bugl's shrill blast the eagl's took flight.

glst.—struggl'st, haggl'st, mingl'st.

Thou haggl'st over a penny as if it were a pound.

gr.—great, grow, growl, grizzly, grub.

The Grev Riesling is a grape grown.

The Grey Riesling is a grape grown for wine.

gz.—gigs, flogs, dregs, bugs, logs.

In rags he tugs and lugs the bags, nor lags till he has filled the brig's hold.

gst.—wagg'st, begg'st, digg'st, flogg'st.

Thou begg'st in vain, no pity melts his heart.

kl.—click, cling, buckle, cliff, truckle.

Klingle, klangle, klingle, far down the dusky dingle,

The cows come slowly home.

kld.—circl'd, twinkl'd, buckl'd, sparkl'd.

He *buckl'd* them fast to his shoulder and hip.

kldst.-twinkl'dst, sparkl'dst, sprinkl'dst.

Thou *shackl'dst* the arm that would strike the blow for freedom.

klz.—knuckl's, circl's, sparkl's, truckl's.

The eye *twinkl*'s the joy that thrills the soul, and it flashes the hate that holds the heart in thrall.

klst.—buckl'st, freckl'st. encircl'st.

Thou tackl'st more than thy match when thou tickl'st me.

- **kn.**—black'n, deac'n, tok'n, falc'n.

 The *lich'n* clings to the *brok'n* rocks on the bleak and desolate shore.
- **knd.**—black'n'd, wak'n'd, dark'n'd.

 He *awak'n'd* from a delusive dream that drove him to despair
- kndst.—heark'n'dst, lik'n'dst, black'n'dst.

 Thou beck'n'dst me the way I should go.
 - **knz.**—dark'ns, thick'ns, falc'ns, tok'ns.

 He left me *tok'ns* of lasting friendship.
- **knst.**—wak'n'st, heark'n'st, beck'n'st.

 Thou *awak'n'st* within me a warmer sympathy.
 - **kr.**—chromo, chronicle, crank, crisp.

 Why crouch and crawl like a crafty serpent.
 - **Ls.**—stake's, stick's, lock's, croak's. Ye mouldering *relics* of departed years.
 - **kst.**—shak'st, look'st, wak'st, next.

 And many a holy *text* around she strews.
 - **k1.**—sect, walk'd, rock'd, work'd.

 He *track'd* the game to the cavern lair,

 But *lack'd* the courage to enter there.
 - Lts.—respects, acts, sects, subjects, facts.

 It gilds all *objects*, but it alters none.
- **ktst.**—work'dst, thank'dst, lik'dst, act'st, mock'st.

 Thou act'st the manly part when thou mock'dst not at facts.

- **Ib.**—Albert, filbert, bulb, Elbe, Alb.

 The river *Elbe* glides smoothly o'er its pebbly bed.
- **lbs.**—Albs, bulbs. The gladiolus *bulbs* root and bloom with the warmth of early spring.
 - 1d.—toil'd, toll'd, gild, gold, guild.

 The youth's wild and melancholy look told what ail'd him.
- **Idz.**—wilds, folds, fields, builds, molds.

 The rising sun *gilds* the mountain tops.
- Idst.—wield'st, fill'dst, hold'st, shield'st, told'st.

 Wield'st thou thy sword for liberty?
 - If:—pelf, wolf, elf, gulf, self.

 You wronged *yourself* to write in such a case.
 - Ifs.—sylphs, elfs, gulfs, Guelphs, delfs.

 The sylph's cavern and the wolf's cave are side by side.
 - **Iff.**—engulf'd, ingulf'd. The fated ship is *engulf'd* by the angry waves.
- 1111h.—twelfth, twelfths. Twelve twelfths and a twelfth equals one and one twelfth.
- ldzh'd.-bilg'd, indulg'd, bulg'd.

 He indulg'd his wit and lost his friend.
 - **Ik.**—milk, bulk, elk, sulk, bilk.

 And the *silken*, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain.
 - Iks.—silks, elks, whelks, bilks.

 He was whipped till whelks rose crisscrossed upon his ebony back.

lkst.—sulk'st, milk'st. Thou *milk'st* the kine at early dawn.

lkt.—milk'd, mulct. He will *mulct* the poor man of his life-long earnings.

Im.—elm, film, helm, realm.

Up with the helm and pull for your lives.

lim(l.—whelm'd, film'd. He *overwhelm'd* me with his kindness.

Ims.—films, elms, realms, overwhelms.

He sought for rest in *realms* beyond the skies.

lmst.—overwhelm'st, film'st. Thou overwhelm'st them with the whirlwind.

· Im.—stol'n, fall'n, swoll'n.

A *stol'n* kiss the mother pressed on baby's cheek.

lp.—help, pulp, whelp.

The gods help those who help themselves.

Ips.—Alps, pulps, whelps, helps.

The fearless, faithful guide *helps* the traveler up the *Alps*.

lpst.—scalp'st, help'st. Thou help'st me now in vain.

lptst.—help'dst, holp'dst, scalp'dst.

Thou *scalp'dst* the scalper of his ill-gotten gains.

1s.—pulse, else, dulse, false.

Joy quickens the *pulse*, but sadness retards it.

1st .- fill'st, rul'st, fall'st, dwell'st.

Thou fill'st existence with thyself alone.

- **It.**—wilt, dwelt, moult, guilt.

 We try this quarrel, hilt to hilt.
- **th.**—stealth, filth, wealth.

 Wealth does not always bring happiness and health.
- **1ths.**—tilths, healths. He drank our *healths* from the crystal spring.
 - **Its.**—halts, melts, faults, bolts.

 A friendly eye could never see such faults.
- **ltst.**—bolt'st, melt'st, halt'st, stilt'st.

 Thou *melt'st* with pity at another's woes.
 - **Iv.**—delve, solve, valve, shelve.

 *Resolve to live a life that will not shame thy friends.
- **lvd.**—envolv'd, shelv'd, resolv'd.

 The miner *delv'd* for the hidden ore.
- **Ivs.**—elves, wolves, valves, shelves.

 Man *resolves*, and re-*resolves*, then dies the same.
- **Ivst.**—dissolv'st, involv'st, solv'st.

 Thou *involv'st* the firm, and then *dissolv'st* the partnership.
 - **lz.**—pulls, steals, palls, tolls, calls.
 Old age *steals* upon us unawares.
- mdst.—flam'dst, bloom'dst, illum'dst, nam'dst.

 Thou *doom'dst* thy lover to a life of misery.
 - **mfs.**—lymphs, triumphs, nymphs.

 The *nymphs* in triumph dance in festive glee.

- mps.—dumps, damps, lamps, bumps, limps.

 He stamps his mind upon the lettered page.
- **mpst.**—limpst, thumpst, stampst.

 Thou dampst their zeal and stampst defeat upon their cause.
 - •• Seems, psalms, gems, comes, tomes.

 Seems, madam! nay 'tis; I know not seems.
 - mst.—dream'st, tam'st, seem'st, doom'st.

 Thou seem'st to be an angel of light.
 - **mt.**—contempt, prompt, stamp'd. Be *prompt* on duty's call.
- mtst.—tempt'st, prompt'st, stamp'd'st.

 Thou prompt'st the warrior to a deed of fame.
 - **nd.**—plann'd, plan'd, end, mind, sound.

 With heart and hand together stand as a firm, united band.
- Indz.—bonds, blends, sands, finds, bounds.

 Fate binds him with iron bands.
- **ndst.**—send'st, ground'st, moan'd'st, tim'd'st.

 Thou *found'st* me an enemy, thou leavest me a friend.
 - ng.—singing, longing, swinging, ringing.

 Ding-dong dell! exulting, trembling swell the bells.
- **ngdst.**—wing'dst, hang'dst, twang'dst, wrong'dst.

 Thou wrong'dst me to think I had aught against thee.

ngw.—sings, songs, wings, lungs, fangs.

The Angel of Peace scatters blessings from her dewy wings.

ngst.—hang'st, long'st, bring'st, bang'st.

Thou *bring'st* me good tidings from over the sea.

ngths.—length, lengths, strength, strengths.

Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind.

ngks.—links, franks, sinks, danks, bunks.

My father! methinks I see my father.

ngkst.-think'st, thank'st, wink'st.

Oh, deeper than thou think'st, I have read thy heart.

ngkt.—thank'd, cincture, blank'd, flunk'd.

They *rank'd* me below my merits.

ngkts.-adjuncts, precincts.

He left the warm *precincts* of the cheerful day.

ndzh.—plunge, hinge, flange, range.
Possessions vanish and opinions *change*.

ndzhd. -plung'd, chang'd, reveng'd, fring'd.

If you would be *reveng'd* on your enemies, let your life be blameless.

In search of wit, some lose all common sense.

nst.—against, canst, fenc'd, winc'd.
Thou canst not? and a king!

ntsh.—lunch, bench, flinch, launch.

Flinch not from duty, though the task be hard.

ntsht.—blanch'd, lunch'd, trench'd, stanch'd.

He wrenched the chain, tho' all in vain, For the firm links held him fast.

mt.-plant, tent, fount, sent, blunt.

He went to the mint to see money made, not spent.

nths.-months, tenths, hyacinths, plinths.

Hyacinths bloom in the months of spring.

nts.—tents, wants, events, plants, flints.

Man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long.

ntst.-hunt'st, want'st, taunt'st.

Hunt'st thou the wild gazelle?

nz°-plains, moons, moans, lens, vanes.

Though slow of reward, merit wins in the

pl. -- pluck, plod, plumes, ample, ripple.

The plowman homeward plods his weary way.

pld.—trampl'd, tippl'd toppl'd, dappl'd.

The dimpted cheek of the child wore an angel's smile.

pldst.—rippl'dst, peopl'dst, rumpl'dst.

Thou trampl'dst the worm that harmed thee not.

plz.—mapl's, appl's, toppl's, stippl's, stapl's.

Age on their temples shed her silver frost.

- **plst.**—trampl'st, rippl'st, sampl'st, toppl'st, tippl'st.

 Thou sampl'st the tap, and then toppl'st to thy miserable home.
- pmd.—rip'n'd, op'n'd, deep'n'd, happ'n'd, sharp'n'd. Within this peaceful valley the golden ripples of the rip'n'd grain make glad the heart of the peasant.
- pns.—op'ns, happ'ns, rip'ns, cheap'ns.

 The combat *deep'ns*,—on, ye brave!
 - **pr.**—pride, proper, prune, print, prey.

 **Prompt to relieve, the prisoner sings his praise.
 - **ps.**—tips, tops, props, tapes, mops.

 Thought *droops* and *stops* as the eyes grow heavy with sleep.
 - pst.—top'st, prop'st, heap'st, shap'st, hoop'st. Thou slapp'st the child thou should'st have kissed.
 - **pt.**—wept, slipp'd, stop'd, supp'd, stopp'd.

 The little one wept itself to sleep.
 - **pts.**—intercepts, accepts, precepts.

 The father's *precepts*, the dutiful son obeyed.
- ptst.—hop'd'st, accept'st, intercept'st.
 - Accept'st thou the commission offered thee?
- **pths.**—depths. From the *depths* of despair, the sorrowing soul is lifted on the wings of love.
 - **Pb.**—herb, verb, orb, curb, garb.

 Curb thy tongue, for its barb'd words stick where they strike.

rbd.—orb'd, curb'd, garb'd, disturb'd.

No reveille *disturb'd* his slumbers; for he slept the sleep of death.

rbdst.-barb'dst, orb'dst, curb'dst, disturb'dst.

Thou curb'dst well the gallant steed thou strod'st.

rbz.—barbs, verbs, orbs, disturbs.

The *orbs* of night in the winter's sky shine clear and bright.

rbst.—absorb'st, barb'st, curb'st, disturb'st.

Thou absorb'st our precious time by trivial talk

Pdz.—words, birds, cards, chords, herbs.

The silver *cords* of friendship may unite many hearts which the golden *cords* of love dare not entwine.

rdst.—reward'st, herd'st, guard'st.

Thou regard'st whom thou reward'st.

rfs.—serfs, dwarfs, turfs, scarfs.

Dwarfs and pygmies shall to giants rise.

rgz.—bergs, icebergs, burgs.

The icebergs float from the Arctic seas.

rdzh.—surge, forge, enlarge, gorge, emerge.

From out the *gorge* sweeps the wild torrent to the verge of the precipice.

rdzhd.—urg'd, charg'd, merg'd, forg'd.

So they beat against the State House, So they surged against the door.

rks.—barks, corks, works, larks, storks.

He *marks* the tracks of the wounded by the crimson trails in the snow.

rkst.—mark'st, work'st, bark'st, cork'st. *Mark'st* thou the spot where the hero died?

rkt.—work'd, mark'd, lurk'd, fork'd, jerk'd.

He work'd his way to the topmost round of the ladder of fame.

rktst.—bark'dst, work'dst, fork'dst, lurk'dst.

Thou lurk'dst round our haunts like a mercenary spy.

Pld.—curl'd, snarl'd, whirl'd, furl'd, world.

Round the chieftain's head the war-cloud curl'd

rldst.—hurl'dst, snarl'dst, furl'dst, whirl'dst.

Thou furl'dst thy sails in the harbor of bliss.

rldz.—worlds. Worlds unseen, the eye of faith explores.

Plz.—hurls, pearls, snarls, twirls, churls.

The glittering *pearls* of the sea are not to be compared with the priceless *pearls* of thought.

rand.—arm'd, charm'd, form'd, harm'd.

Arm'd say you? Arm'd, my lord.

randst.—form'dst, storm'dst, charm'dst, worm'dst.

Thou *charm'dst* the maid whose ear was not proof against flattery's wiles.

PIDIZ.—charms, forms, storms, terms.

Truth *storms* the citadel of falsehood, and accepts no *terms* but unconditional surrender.

rmst.—form'st, charm'st, storm'st, alarm'st.

Thou *charm'st* me with thy silver-tongued speech.

renth. -warmth.

What warmth of feeling is in thy golden words.

rnd.-scorn'd, earn'd, burn'd, warn'd.

We were warn'd of our danger in time to escape.

Pridst.—burnd'st, turnd'st, scorn'd'st, warn'dst, learn'dst.

Thou *learn'dst* thy lesson well, though thou *scorn'dst* to confess it.

1º11 Z. - spurns, darns, morns, mourns, urns.

As the sun sets, the leaden cloud *turns* to burnished gold.

PPS.—carps, warps, sharps, thorps, harps.

We hanged our harps upon the willows.

rpt.—warp'd, usurp'd, harp'd.

Wealth usurp'd the throne where intellect long had ruled.

escarce, purse, fierce, source, farce.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy.

Psh.—marsh, Kershaw, harsh.

Kershaw's island is in San Francisco Bay.

rst.—verst, vers'd, pars'd, first, cours'd.

The Russian treads his weary versts o'er fields of snow.

rsts. -thirsts, worst's, bursts.

A flood of glory bursts from all the skies.

Pts.-marts, hurts, courts, parts, flirts.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole.

rtst .- smarts't, hurts't, parts't, girt'st, report'st.

O jealousy, thou part'st the hearts that should be ours.

P11.—worth, north, forth, birth, hearth.

From *north* and from south they came *forth*

From *north* and from south they came *forth* to defend their *hearths* and homes.

Pths. -- earths, worths, hearths, births, fourths.

The *earth's* productiveness is in excess of possible consumption.

rish .-- arch, perch, porch, search, larch.

Slowly the bright procession went down the gleaming *arch*,

And my soul discerned the music of the long triumphant *march*.

parch'd, parch'd, parch'd, perch'd.

Pygmies are pygmies still, though perch'd on Alps.

PV.--serve, carve, nerve, starve, swerve.

He who has the *nerve* never to *swerve* from duty, may *carve* his name high up on the pinnacle of fame.

PV(1.--preserv'd, nerv'd' starv'd, carv'd.

Had I but served my God with half the

I served my king, he would not in mine age Have left me naked to mine enemies.

PV4St. -- curv'dst, swerv'dst, carv'dst, preserv'dst.

Thou preserv'dst me from mine enemies.

PVZ.—nerves, starves, swerves.

The fool serves his body, but starves his mind.

rvst.—curv'st, carv'st, preserv'st.

Thou serv'st me well, thou nerv'st my arm for the fight.

Pz.—stars, wars, bars, tears, stores, starves.

His *fears* were the children of a violated conscience

sf.—sphinx, sphere.

Within my *sphere*, I am as secret as the Sphinx.

shr.—shrill, shriek, shrine, shrink, shrunk, shrank.

He *shrank* from the *shrill shriek* of the *un-shriven*, who wildly wailed and wept before the *shrine*.

sk.—skill, scald, scold, scamp, scull, scum.

The *scamp sculled* the boat away and left me to *scud* home on foot.

skr.—screams, scratch, scrawl, screen, scringe, scribe.

Across the *scraggy* edge he drew the *screeching* file.

sks1.—mask'st, frisk'st, bask'st, tusk'st.

Ask'st thou to whom belongs this valley fair?

skt.—task'd, frisk'd, ask'd, tusk'd, bask'd. He *risked* his own, another's life to save.

\$1.—whistle, slow, rustle, slick, bustle, slash.

The *thistle-down slowly* floats on the summer air.

sld.—whistl'd, wrestl'd, tussl'd, jostl'd, bustl'd.

Nestl'd in a quiet valley, the peaceful hamlet looked the home of the fairies.

- sls.—bristles, bustles, trestles, thistles, nestles.

 In our tussles with Fate, she often jostles our conceit out of us, and hustles common sense in.
- sist.—rustl'st, jostl'st, nestl'st, bristl'st, bustl'st.

 Thou wrestl'st bravely with thy faults.
- STM.—smote, smile, small, smash, smack.

 The *smooth* waters *smoother* grow,

 As the sunset *smiles* upon the lake.
- smd.—glist'n'd, moist'n'd, list'n'd, less'n'd. We listened to the mocking bird singing as the dew moistened the grass.
- MZ.—list'ns, moist'ns, glist'ns, pers'ns.
 "Farewell!" moist'ns many an eye.
- nst.—less'n'st, list'n'st, hast'n'st.
 Thou hast'n'st homeward without delay.
 - **sp.**—speed, span, spell, grasp, lisp, hasp.

 Then *clasp* me round the neck once more.
- **spl.**—splendid, splutter, spleen, split, splash.

 The full moon rides in *splendor* thro' the midnight sky.
- **spr.**—spring, sprung, sprain, spray, sprig.

 The cold *spray* turns to ice as it touches the colder *sprigs* of the overhanging branches.
- sps.—gasps, hasps, lisps, clasps, rasps. He shudders, gasps; Jove help him; so, he's dead.
- *pt.—lisp'd, clasp'd, grasp'd.

 He *lisp'd* the words he should have spoken.
 - st.—stay, still, stamp, list, last, lost.

 Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star?

- str.—strength, strut, stroll, strive, strown.

 They have *strewn* their beds with roses, but they will lie down on thorns.
- sts.—blasts, rusts, casts, mists, tastes, boasts.
 Wastes and deserts; not waste sand deserts.
- **stst.**—last'st, list'st, boast'st, tast'st, toast'st.

 Thou wast'st thy breath to no purpose.
- thn.—strength'n, length'n.

 Live temperately if you would length'n your days.
- **thnd.**—length'n'd, strength'n'd.

 Spend not thy *length'n'd* years in vain.
- thndst.-length'n'dst, strength'n'dst.
 Palsied is the arm thou strength'n'dst.
- thuz.—strength'ns, length'ns.

 He lengthens the hour in vain.
 - **ths.**—youths, faiths, truths, swaths, wreaths.

 He *sheaths* the sword that ne'er was drawn in vain.
 - **thr.**—thrum, thrill, throb, thrush, throttle.

 Soft is the *thrill* that memory *throws* across the soul.
 - **tht.**—betroth'd. She was early *betroth'd* to the man she loved.
 - **thd.**—seeth'd, sooth'd, bath'd, loath'd, breath'd.

 They bath'd his heated brain, and sooth'd his frantic fears.
 - **thz.**—breath's, bath's, tith's, scyth's, loath's. She *loath's* the very sight of him.

thst.--writh'st, smooth'st, breath'st, bath'st.
O guilt! thou bath'st the world in tears.

thdst.—breath'dst, writh'dst, smooth'dst.

Thou *smooth'dst* my pathway down the hill of life.

11.—rattle, whittle, bottle, title, cattle, throttle. *Rattle* his bones over the stones.

11d.—prattl'd, bottl'd, rattl'd, throttl'd.

The child *prattl'd* on while the mother's heart was torn with grief.

tldst.—startl'dst, bottl'dst, rattl'dst, throttl'dst.

Thou *startl'dst* the sleepers from their gentle slumbers.

tlz.—battl's, titl's, bottl's, turtl's, rattl's.

At the thought of her, how the blood mantles to his cheek.

tlst.—battl'st, throttl'st, startl'st.

Thou throttl'st the demon intemperance and savest thy life.

tm.—light'n, batt'n, kitt'n, rott'n, mitt'n.
Blessings bright n as they take their flight.

tnd.—sweet'n'd, whit'n'd, mitt'n'd, bright'n'd. His heart light'n'd at the thought of her he soon would see.

1nz.—whit'ns, kitt'ns, mitt'ns, light'ns.

The snow whit'ns all the trees and fields.

tr.—truth, trim, tread, glitter, brighter, theatre.

The *train* from out the castle drew.

tsh.—church, charm, chime, chubby, touch, wretch.

He heard the *chit-chat* of the *chubby chit-dren* dear.

1sht.—match'd, watch'd, touch'd, fetch'd.

He touch'd a chord that thrill'd all hearts

He *touch'd* a chord that thrill'd all hearts with joy.

tshtst.-touch'dst, parch'dst, snatch'dst.

Thou touch'dst his wounded heart.

ts.—huts, fates, bets, lots, lights.

Ten censure wrong, for one who writes amiss.

- **151.**—start'st, shout'st, sitt'st, sport'st, smart'st.

 Thou *start'st* at trifles.
- vd.—believ'd, liv'd' lov'd, brav'd, starv'd, sav'd. He *liv'd* the life his conscience approv'd.
- **vds1.**—deserv'dst, liv'dst, believ'dst, deceiv'dst. *Believ'dst* thou what the prophets told thee?
 - **v1.**—grov'l, shov'l, ev'l, shriv'l.

 Why *grov'l* in the darkness of *evil*, when the light of truth is so near?
 - vld.—shrivl'd, shovl'd, grovl'd.

The *shrivl'd* heart of the miser has no place for pity.

vldst.-grov'l'dst, shov'l'dst.

The worm that *grov'l'dst* in the earth, On fairy wings will cleave the sky.

vlst.—driv'l'st, shov'l'st, rav'l'st, shriv'l'st.

Thou *trav'l'st* a long journey to reach the Mecca of thy heart.

- **vlz.**—ev'ls, lev'ls, shov'ls, driv'ls, bev'ls.

 Love *lev'ls* all ranks.
- **VII.**—driv'n, ev'n, sev'n, shriv'n, crav'n, striv'n.

 The horse was *driv'n seventy-seven* miles.

VIIZ.—ov'ns, crav'ns, ev'ns, sev'ns, heav'ns.
The *heav'ns* declare the glory of God.

vnth.—sev'nth, elev'nth.

At the *elev'nth* hour you came, though called at the *sev'nth*.

- **VZ.**—sheaves, waves, gloves, groves, saves, lives.

 Leaves have their time to fall.
- Vs1.—liv'st, sav'st, prov'st, starv'st, shov'st.

 Thou prov'st thyself equal to the occasion.
- Zn.—crims'n, froz'n, emblaz'n.

 Look on that *crims'n* field which mocks the purple clouds above it.
- **Z11d.**—blazn'd, seas'n'd, reas'n'd, pris'n'd.

 The *emblaz'n'd* banners flaunted on the breeze.
- ZNZ.—seas'ns, pris'ns, reas'ns, impris'ns.

 Thou hast all *seas'ns* for thine own,

 O Death!
- **Z1181.**—seas'n'st, emblaz'n'st, impris'n'st.

 Thou *emblaz'n'st* his name high on the scroll of fame.

Table VI is a list of the Vowel Sounds, with the diacritical marks as used in Webster's Dictionary.

TABLE VI.

- I. ā, as in ale, may, fate, fame.
- 2. ă, " add, map, fat, back.
- 3. â, " air, fair, wear, tear.
- 4. ä, " arm, aunt, palm, laugh.
- 5. å, " ask, glass, ant, branch.
- 6. a, " all, swarthy, talk, law.
- 7. a, " what, wallet, was, yacht.
- 1 1 1
- 1. ē, as in eve, eke, mete, believe.
- 2. ĕ, " end, fetch, web, deck.
- 3. ê, " ere, there, where, ne'er.
- 4. e, " eight, prey, feign, heinous.
- 5. e, " earn, terse, pert, serve.
- I. ī, as in ire, bind, thrive, wise.
- I. 1, as in ire, bind, thrive, wise
- 2. ĭ, " ill, pity, fit, finish.
- 3. ï, " police, marine, pique, retrieve.
- 4. ĩ, " irksome, firm, bird, whirl.
- 1. ō, as in ode, note, hold, no.
- 2. ŏ, " odd, lock, docile, rob.
- 3. o, "other, won, son, brother.
- 4. ô, " order, storm, born, horse.
- 5. o, " move, prove, whom, lose.
- 6. o, "bosom, wolf, woman, Wolsey.
- I. ū, as in (y)use, lute, elude, presume.
- 2. ŭ, " us, hush, bud, muddle.
- 3. û, " urn, furl, lurk, murmur.
- 4. u, " rude, prune, rural, true.
- 5. u, " push, put, bullet, full.
- 1. y, as in my, fly, gyve, try.
- 2. y, " nymph, lily, lyric abyss.

There are several vowel sounds not recognized by the dictionaries in the "key to pronunciation," such as "a" in many, says, again and saith; "e" as in pretty, and "ee" in been; "o" in work, worth, worship, worse, &c., and "o" in women; "u" in busy and in bury; and "y" in myrrh, myrthe, &c. But these play such an insignificant part in pronunciation, that they are very properly regarded as exceptional sounds, and not entitled to recognition.

In the rapid enunciation of syllables and words, many of the long vowel sounds become obscure. The gliding movement, so important to the melody of speech, makes this necessary. The obscured vowel generally tends toward a corresponding short vowel. As, for example, ā obscured tends towards ě; ē, towards i; ä, towards å;

ō, towards ŭ, and oō, towards oŏ, &c.

In Table VI, it will be seen that there are different vowels representing the same sound. The following is a list of the exact equivalents:

 $\bar{a}=\underline{e}$; $\hat{a}=\hat{e}$; $\bar{a}=\check{o}$; $\bar{e}=\ddot{i}$; $\tilde{e}=\tilde{i}=\hat{u}$; $\bar{i}=\bar{y}$; $\bar{i}=\bar{y}$; $\hat{o}=\bar{u}$

 $\ddot{\mathbf{u}}$; $\mathbf{o} = \mathbf{u} = \ddot{\mathbf{o}}$ 0; $\mathbf{o} = \mathbf{u} = \ddot{\mathbf{o}}$ 0.

There are also many equivalents of the vowel sounds formed by vowel combinations, but as this is not a text-book on orthography, their tabulation is purposely omitted.

ANALYSIS OF WORDS.

[Analysis, Syllabication, Accent and Pronunciation.]

One of the best means for correcting a faulty articulation and improving a good one, is the exercise of the voice and the organs of articulation in the analysis of words, as follows:

- r. Divide the word into its syllables by pronouncing each syllable separately.
- 2. Divide each syllable into its elements, giving each element very distinctly three times; then combine the elements and pronounce the syllable thus formed with precision, proceeding with each syllable of the word in the same way.
- 3. Next, place the accent upon the syllable to which it belongs, and repeat the word several times, exaggerating the accent in order to counteract the too common fault of pronouncing words with too little accent. If there is a "secondary" accent, give it with the degree of emphasis which its relative importance demands. Accent is to the syllable in the word, what emphasis is to the word in the sentence.
- 4. Last, pronounce the word several times very distinctly and slowly, giving to each element its due amount of sound. Then repeat the pronunciation over and over with the same degree of accuracy, but increasing the rapidity at each repetition.

Whenever the student finds a word difficult to articulate or pronounce, it should be analyzed and practiced as directed above. The best readers will come across such words now and then, so that no one gets beyond the necessity—at least the possibility of benefit—of such thorough-going practices in articulation.

To the list given below, the student can add for himself such words as he may find most difficult to articulate or pronounce correctly.

A good practice is to write the word on the blackboard or on paper, and then write it underneath, separated into its syllables. The sounds of the yowels should then Personification.

Per-son-i-fi-ca-ti(sh)on

be indicated according to the markings given in Table VI.

An "obscure" vowel sound, (and there are many found in words,) may be marked with the sign of the vowel to which it most nearly corresponds in sound. The silent letters may be canceled by drawing a line diagonally across them.

The following analyses will serve as models for blackboard practice.

Boundary.

Boun-dā-rŏ

Though thōugh	Company com-pā-nỹ	Phthisic phthĭs-ĭc
bade which	wire	vehemence solicitously
been	history contempt	gradually
wrestled	really	etymologically

glass hospitable recapitulation again mischievous superciliousness truly allegorically accuracy laugh ignorant particularly evening anemone accompaniment iron regularly unintelligibility

VOWEL SOUND PRACTICE.

The following sentences, embodying words containing each of the vowel sounds, should be carefully studied, that they may be read with the significance and expression intended by the language. The words printed in *italies* and containing the vowel under consideration,

should be given with special accuracy and distinctness, but not, necessarily, with greater emphasis.

ā

- The spangled heavens, a shining frame, Their great original proclaim,
- 2. Incensed with indignation, Satan stood.
- 3. The strong-felt passion bolts into the *face*; The mind untouched, what is it but *grimace*?
- 4. Follow brave hearts!—This pile remains, Our refuge still from life and chains.
- 5. There was racing and chasing on cannobie Lee.
- 6. —All beggared, save in tears Wherewith I daily weep an old man's fate.
- 7. The cot *may* for the palace *change*—
 The palace for the cot.
- 8. From Hell *Gate* to Gold *Gate*And the Sabbath unbroken,
 A sweep continental
 And the Saxon yet spoken!
- No matter how well the track is laid,
 No matter how strong the engine is made,
 When you find you are running the downward
 grade,
 Put down the brakes.
- 10. Whatever day makes man a slave, takes half his worth away.

ă

 Cosmopolitan rivers, Mississippi, Missouri, That travel the planet like Jordan thro' Jewry.

- 2. It rests with me, here *brand* to *brand*, Worn *as* thou art, to bid thee *stand*.
- We hold our greyhound in our hand, Our falcon on our glove;
 But where shall we find leash or band For dame that loves to rove?
- 4. E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.
- 5. The traveler from his native land,
 The veriest wanderer 'neath the sun,
 When from his glass of life the sand,
 Has nearly its full volume run,
 Turns to the land that gave him birth,
 Though banished from his mind for years,
 And sighs to see that spot of earth
 That knew his childhood's smile and tears.
- 6. None but himself can be his parallel.
- 7. The *battle*, sir, is not to the strong alone. It is to the vigilant, the *active*, the brave.

8. Small feet were *pattering*,
Wooden shoes *clattering*,
Little *hands clapping*,

And little tongues *chattering*Like fowls in a farmyard when barley is *scattering*.

â.

- 1. He dares not touch a hair of Cataline!
- 2. The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new.
- 3. Comrade, enough! sit down and share A soldier's couch, a soldier's fare.
- 4. From her *fair* and unpolluted flesh May violets spring.

- 5. Flashed all their sabres *bare*, Flashed as they turned in *air*.
- 6. Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing *square*, The rattling chariots clash, the torches *glare*.
- 7. I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
- 8. The fashion wears out more apparel than the man.
 - 9. The monk, with unavailing cares Exhausted all the Church's prayers.
 - 10. "Fair, fair, and golden hair,"

 Sang a lone mother while weeping,
 "Fair, fair, with golden hair,
 My little one's quietly sleeping."
 - 11. Farewell! a long farewell to all my greatness.

ä.

. . Better be

Where the extinguished *Spartans* still *are* free, In their proud *charnel* of Thermopylæ, Than stagnate in our *marsh*.

- 2. How often have I paused on every *charm*, The sheltered cot, the cultivated *farm*.
- 3. Oh! pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth.
- 4. Hark! I hear the bugles of the enemy. They are on their march along the bank of the river.
 - 5. With fruitless labor, Clara bound And strove to *staunch* the gushing wound.
 - Where deserts lie down in the prairies' broad calms,

Where lake links to lake like the music of psalms.

- 7. The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
- 8. *Hearts*, like apples, *are hard* and sour, Till crushed by Pain's resistless power.
- 9. He laughs best who laughs last.
- 10. False wizard, avaunt! I have marshalled my clan, Their swords, are a thousand, their bosoms are one.

å.

- Then the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
 Hung round the bowers, and fondly looked their
 last.
- 2. The besieged city was at its last gasp.
- 3. On with the dance! Let joy be unconfined.
- 4. The oak-tree struggling with the *blast*,
 Devours its father tree,
 And sheds its leaves and drops its *mast*,
 That more may be.
- 5. The milk-haired heifer's life must pass
 That it may fill your own,
 As passed the sweet life of the grass
 She fed upon.
- From hand to hand life's cup is passed
 Up Being's piled gradation,
 Till men to angels yield at last
 The rich collation.
- 7. Distance lends enchantment to the view.
- 8. His shield is rent and his lance is broken.
- 9. The lantern gleamed through the *glancing* snow, On his fixed and *glassy* eye.

10. Forth from the pass in tumult driven Like chaff before the winds of heaven, The archery appear.

a

- All day and all night,
 It is rattle and clank,
 All night and all day,
 Smiting space in the flank.
- 2. The falcon preys upon the finch, The finch upon the fly.
- 3. Aurora, now, fair daughter of the dawn, Sprinkles with rosy light the upland lawn.
- 4. How *small*, of *all* that human hearts endure, That part which *laws* or kings can *cause* or cure.
- 5. And Nature made a pause, an awful pause, Prophetic of her end.
- 6. The Universal cause Acts not by partial, but by general laws.
- 7. It was not one *fault* alone, That brought him low.
- 8. To where the stage, the poor, degraded stage, Holds its *warped* mirror to a gaping age.
- 9. These taught us how to live; and (oh! too high The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.
- 10. Where the warbling waters flow.

a

- I. What! has the yacht sunk?
- -2. The warrior took that banner proud,
 And it was his martial cloak and shroud.

- 3. Into *Hiawatha's wigwam* Came two other guests.
- 4. Gentlemen, we are at the point of a century from the birth of *Washington*, and *what* a century it has been!
 - True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings; Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.
 - 6. A weary night she stood to watch The battle-dawn up-roll.
 - 7. Oh! what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
 - 8. The providence that's in a *watchful* state Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold.

ē

- The best laid schemes o' mice and men, Gang aft a-gley, And lea'e us naught but grief and pain, For promised joy.
- "Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!"
 I shrieked, upstarting.
- 3. Be what ye seem,—seem what is best.
- 4. There is a *reaper*, whose name is Death,
 And with his sickle *keen*,
 He reaps the bearded corn at a breath,
- And the flowers that grow between.

 5. When shall I, frail man, be pleading?
 Who for me be interceding,
- When the just are mercy needing?

 6. Oh, Thou that driest the mourner's tear,
 How dark this world would be,
 If, when deceived and wounded here,
 We could not fly to Thee.

- Cleon is a slave to grandeur— Free as thought am I;
 Cleon fees a score of doctors— Need of none have I.
- 8. Now the wild rose blossoms o'er her little green grave,

 'Neath the trees in the flow'ry vale.
- When she had passed it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.
- 10. From seeming evil still educing good.
- 11. "Sleep soft, beloved," we sometimes say; But have no power to charm away Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep.

ĕ

- But never doleful dream again
 Shall break the blessed slumber when
 He giveth His beloved sleep.
- 2. Lest men suspect your tale untrue, Keep probability in view.
- 3. The Grave, dread thing!

 Men shiver when thou'rt nam'd.
- 4. It was like a *message* from the *dead*. Mr. Owen took the *letter* but could not break the *envelope* on account of his *trembling* fingers. He *held* it towards Mr. Allen.
 - 5. The *chest* contriv'd a double *debt* to pay, A *bed* by night, a *chest* of drawers by day.
 - 6. Our steps tend homeward.
 - 7. Let us then with ourselves solemn conference hold, Ere sleep's silken fetters our senses enfold.

8. My conscience is my crown, Contented thoughts my rest; My heart is happy in itself, My bliss is in my breast.

9. Anon
His swift pursuers from *heaven's* gates discern
The advantage, and *descending*, *tread* us down.

The next night

It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had
blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

۵

- I. A form more fair, a face more sweet, Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.
- 2. Where are the mighty ones of ages past, Where are the dead?
- 3. The dead reign there alone.
- 4. *Howe'er* it be, it seems to me, 'Tis only noble to be good.
- And no man knows that sepulchre, And no man saw it e'er, For the angels of God upturned the sod, And laid the dead man there.
- Mad from life's history, Glad to death's mystery Swift to be hurl'd— Anywhere, anywhere, Out of the world.

7. Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered muse,

The place of fame and elegy supply.

 ϵ

1. The very horses knew his weight.

2. The snow-white signals, fluttering, blending, Round her like a *veil* descending.

3. They fell a prey, that unlucky day, to the eighth Wisconsin regiment.

4. Does the Bey of Algiers drink whey?

5. How, scanning each living temple,
For the place where the *veil* is thin,
We may gather, by beautiful glimpses,
Some form of the God within.

6. The undaunted, but baffled troops fell an easy prey to the enemy.

ê

1. The quality of mercy is not strained.

2. His early career was full of vicissitudes.

3. Life's a warning That only *serves* to make us grieve.

4. Earth to earth, and dust to dust.

5. Truth crushed to *earth* shall rise again; The *eternal* years of God are *hers*.

6. To err is human; to forgive, divine.

7. And she thinks through its swerve By the telegraph nerve.

- 8. The *pearl* that *worldling*'s covet, Is not the *pearl* for me.
- 9. Bertha bought herself a serge dress.
- 10. Doomed for a certain term to walk the night.
- 11. Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs.

ĩ

- I. Conscript Fathers,

 I do not rise to waste the night in words.
- And he has never written line,
 Nor sent you word, nor made you sign
 To say he was alive?
- 3. He once was kind!
 And I believed 'twould last—how mad!—how blind!
- 4. He knows *I* stay.

 Night after night in loneliness to pray
 For his return!
- There's a thrill in the air
 Like the tingle of wine,
 Like a bugle-blown blast
 When the scimiters shine,
 And the sky-line is broken
 By the Mountains Divine!
- 6. Idleness is a fruitful cause of vice and crime.
- Of all the vices that conspire to blind
 Man's erring judgment, and misguide his mind,
 What the weak head with strongest bias rules
 Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.
- 8. Ring out wild bells to the wild sky,
 The flying cloud, the frosty night;

The year is dying in the night; Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

- 9. He that by the plow would *thrive* Must either hold the plow or *drive*.
- 10. While life's dark maze I tread, Be Thou my guide.

ĭ.

- 1. There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip.
- 2. The sailor's eyes were dim with dew,—
 "Your little lad, your Elihu?"
 He said with trembling lip,—
 "What little lad? What ship?"
- 3. Aye, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans Mark him, and write his speeches in their books, "Alas!" it cried—" Give me some drink Titinius."
- 4. Still it whispered promised pleasure,
 And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail.
- 5. I found it in his closet; 'tis his will.
- 6. Around us are vineyards

 1Vith their jewels and gems,

 Living trinkets of wine

 Blushing warm on the stems.
- 7. \(\textit{\Psi} \) the name of truth, Are ye fantastical, or that indeed \(Which \) outwardly ye show?
- 8. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well,
 It were done quickly.

ï.

I. The *police* caught the *marine* just before he reached the boat.

- 2. The lady was piqued at her indifference.
- 3. With inward arms, the dire machine they load.
- 4. A deep ravine divided the opposing forces.
- 5. Piqued by Protozene's fame, From Cos to Rhodes Appelles came.
- 6. The *caprices* of pupils sometimes drive the patience of the teacher beyond the border-line of forbearance.
- 7. Coming from an infected port, the vessel was quarantined.
 - 8. I hear the *Florentine*, who from his palace Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din.

ĩ.

- I. His *mirth* was the joy of the *mirthful*, His *firmness* the pride of the *firm*.
- 2. A dirge swells through the cloudy sky.
- 3. Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come.
- 4. The broadest *mirth* unfeeling folly wears, Less pleasing far than *virtue's* very tears.
- 5. No! let us rise at once, gird on our swords.
- 6. "He does not love me for my birth, Nor for my lands so broad and fair: He loves me for my own true worth, And that is well," said Lady Clare.
- 7. First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.
 - The raven croaked, and hollow shrieks of owls Sung dirges at her funeral.

- Thou hast no shore, fair ocean, Thou hast no time, bright day.
- 2. One cold, bleak winter night, the snow fell fast.
- Out from the shore of the unknown sea, The unknown sea that reels and rolls, Specked with the barks of little souls.
- 4. We were as merry as crickets and as warm as toast, all but our noses, toes and finger-ends.
 - 5. The mind that broods o'er guilty woes,
 Is like the scorpion girt by fire;
 In circles narrowing as it glows,
 The flames around the captive close,
 Till inly searched by thousand throes,
 And maddening in her ire,
 One sad and sole relief she knows,
 The sting she nourished for her foes.
 - 6. How fell he—with his face to the foe, Upholding the flag he bore?
 - 7. The train majestically slow proceeds.
- 8. He is firm, self-denying, self-postponing, sacrificing everything to his aim—money, troops, generals and his own safety, also; not misled, like common adventurers, by the splendor of his own means.
 - To die or conquer proves a hero's heart, And knowing this, I know a soldier's part.
 - 10. Was poet ever so trusted before?

ŏ

 He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen, Let him not know it, and he's not robb'd at all.

- 2. Have you *not* heard it said full *oft*, A woman's nay doth stand for naught?
- Vainly the fowler's eye
 Might mark thy flight to do thee wrong,
 As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
 Thy figure floats along.
- 4. Absence of occupation is not rest.
- 5. For though his *body's* under hatches, His soul has *gone aloft*.
- 6. On their own merits modest men are dumb.
- 7. My tears must *stop*, for every *drop* Hinders needle and thread.
- 8. Give lettered pomp to teeth of time, So Bonny Doon but tarry;
 Blot out the epic's stately rhyme,
 But spare his Highland Mary.
- The mossy marbles rest
 On the lips that he has pressed
 In their bloom.
- 10. And though he *promise* to his *loss*, He makes his *promise* good.

ò

- 1. So much one man can do, That does but act and know.
- 2. Men my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new.
 - 3. Who dares do *one* thing, and *another* tell, My heart detests him as the gates of hell.
 - 4. But I sit above it all. I am alone with the stars.

- 5. When *other* lips and *other* hearts
 Their tales of *love* shall tell.
- 6. The young man was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow.
 - 7. Come, gentle hermit of the dale.
- 8. The prize was won by the son of the governor's cousin.
 - 9. Their blood be on their heads.
- 10. Hark, 'tis his knock! he comes! he comes once more!

ĉ

- 1. California is justly called the Golden State.
- That whisper over me like summer leaves.
- 3 I trow they did not part in scorn.
- 4. For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.
- 5. Stormed at with shot and shell While horse and hero fell,
- 6. All men think all men mortal but themselves.
- 7. I wish you all sorts of prosperity.
- 8. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse.

0

- I. Move not, or I shall move!
- 2. Softly sweet in Lydian measures, Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.
- 3. All in the downs the fleet was moored.
- 4. On this sad subject you inquire too much.

- 5. There's an old maxim in the schools, That flattery's the food of fools.
- 6. The heart whose softness harmonized the whole.
- Sleep and death—two twins of winged race, Of matchless swiftness, but of silent pace.
- 8. Know thy vain self, nor let their flattery move.
- 9. Whom but Maud should I meet?
- 10. So many worlds, so much to do.
- 11. The water *oozed* out from between the rocks, *proving* the truth of the old miner's statement.
 - 12. Prove all things; hold fast that which is good.

Ó

- 1. Happy he
 With such a mother! faith in womankind
 Beats with his blood.
- 2. But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,

And the yellow sunflower by the *brook* in autumn beauty *stood*.

- 3. I would that I could be A hermit in the crowd like thee.
- 4. Love, like Death, Levels all ranks, and lays the shepherd's *crook* Beside the sceptre.
- 5. The strokes of the *woodman's* axe resound, Through forest, hill and vale.
- 6. "All the better to see you with," said the wolf.
- 7. The girl took her woolen dress, and shook the dust out of it.

8. The *wolf's* stealthy tread along the *woodland* border was not heard by the boy, whose *bosom* heaved a sigh as he dreamed of his home so far away.

ñ.

- I. But since my oath was taken for public use, I broke the letter of it to keep the sense.
- 2. O for a lodge in some vast wilderness, Some boundless *contiguity* of shade.
- 3. Here the heart may give a useful lesson to the head.
 - 4. His very foot has *music* in't As he comes up the stairs.
 - 5. We *mutually* pledge to each other Our lives, our *fortunes*, and our sacred honour.
 - What constitutes a state? Men who their duties know, but know their rights.
 - 7. Do not *presume* too much upon my love, I may do that I shall be sorry for.
 - 8. Who can refute a sneer?
- 9. Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth is Mount Zion.
 - 10. Strange! that a harp of a thousand strings Should keep in tune so long.
 - II. 'Tis the same with common natures:

 Use 'em kindly, they rebel.

ĭĭ.

- I. The trumpet sounded, "Up! and to horse."
- 2. Minutes and mercies multiplied Have made up all this day.

- 3. War, he *sung*, is toil and *trouble*, Honour, *but* an empty *bubble*.
- 4. The sweet remembrance of the *just* Shall *flourish* when he sleeps in *dust*.
- 5. "Poor wretch," muttered his companion, you must go like the rest of us. When the death-watch is called, none can skulk from the muster.
 - 6. Stretch'd in the dust the unhappy warrior lies.
 - 7. Now shouts and tumults wake the tardy sun, And with the light the warriors toils begun.
 - 8. In arms the glittering squadron round Rush sudden.
 - 9. And once, but once she lifted her eyes, And suddenly, sweetly, strangely blushed.

û.

- 1. Hushed by the *murmurs* of the rolling deep, At length he sinks in the arms of sleep.
- 2. Rest! rest! perturbed spirit.
- 3. Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy.
- 4. He would frighten them with the alarming fact that the world did absolutely *turn* round, and that they were half the time topsy-*turvy*.
 - 5. I must finish my journey alone.
 - 6. Domestic happiness! thou only bliss Of Paradise that has *surviv'd* the fall.
 - 7. Through the ages, one increasing purpose runs.
- 8. The *further* edge of the mountain was of a deep *purple* color.

9. For murder, tho' it have no tongue, will speak.

The Sepulchre
Wherein we saw thee quietly *inurned*,
Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws.

u.

- Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.
- 2. Here at school we gather daily,
 And we learn the golden *rule*.
- 3. The man that blushes is not quite a brute.
- 4. Rude am I in speech,
 And little blessed with the set phrase of peace.
- 5. Not *rural* sights alone, but *rural* sounds exhilarate the spirit.
 - 6. Prudes are over prudent.
 - 7. Do you ever use rouge?
 - 8. It is a quiet glen as you may see, Shut out from all intrusion.
 - 9. Atoms or systems into *ruin* hurled,
 And now a bubble burst, and now a world.
 - 10. Give to our use the kindly fruits of the earth.
 - And you, brave Cobham, to the latest breath, Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death.
 - 12. You must wear your rue with a difference.

ų.

- The air is full of farewells to the dying, And mournings for the dead.
- 2. He putteth down one and setteth up another.

- 3. When in nice balance, truth with gold she weighs, And solid *pudding* against empty praise.
- 4. Pulling off his cap he ascended the pulpit.
- 5. Now push me in with all your might.
- 6. Put some sugar in my tea.
- 7. Good wine needs no bush.
- 8. Britannia needs no *bulwarks*, No towers along the steep.
- 9. Poor pussy was afraid of the big bull-dog.
- 10. We are fearfully and wonderfully made.

ÿ.

- Swifter than thought the wheels instinctive fly, Flame through the vast of air, and reach the sky.
- 2. Love is a boy by poets styl'd,

 Then spare the rod and spoil the child.
- 3. From the ships they saw the smoke of a funeral pyre.
 - 4. Ay, sweet Rosalind.
- 5. Why, cousin! why, Rosalind! thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs.
 - I could shake them off my coat; these burs are in my heart.
- 7. The *lyre's* soft music was heard beneath the cypress boughs.
 - 8. I would try, if I could cry "hem!" and have him.
 - 9. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.
 - 10. Whoe'er I woo, myself would be the wife.

ў.

- Myriads of daises have shone forth in flower, That none but the lark hath seen.
- 2. Have you seen the pyramids of Egypt?
- Pygmies are pygmies still, though perched on Alps, And pyramids are pyramids in vales.
- 4. This life of mortal breath, Is but the suburb of the life *elysian*.
- 5. He hadn't any sympathy for the poor.
- 6. Can you give the etymolgical analysis of the word "symphony?"
 - 7. The dove symbolizes purity.
- 8. The *mystery* is too deep for human intellect to fathom.
 - 9. The man in the moon is a myth.
 - To. I knew that bounding grace of step, That *symmetry* of mould.

oy.

- Heard ye the voice of Jove? Success and fame Await on Troy—on Greece, eternal shame.
- 2. In every *joy* that crowns my days, Thy ruling hand I see.
- 3. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey.
- 4. Shall we clap into 't roundly, without hawking or spitting or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad *voice*?
 - 5. My voice is ragged: I cannot please you.
- 6. What is one man's poison may be another man's meat.

- He left a name at which the world grew pale, To point a moral or adorn a tale.
- 8. What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
- 9. In every stage By *toys* our fancies are beguiled.
- O woman! in our hours of ease, Uncertain, coy, and hard to please.

ou.

- 1. Loud sounds the axe, redoubling strokes on strokes.
- 2. Flowers are lovely, love is flower-like; Friendship is a sheltering tree.
- 3. The ploughman homeward plods his weary way.
- 4. Confusion worse confounded.
- Not heaven itself upon the past has power, But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour.
- Ring out old shapes of foul disease, Ring out the narrowing lust of gold; Ring out the thousaud wars of old, Ring in the thousand years of peace.
- 7. Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge?
- 8 Death *found* strange beauty on that polished *brow*.
 - 9. Man's inhumanity to man
 Makes countless thousands mourn.
 - 10. Cold is thy *brow*, my son, and I am chill, As to my bosom I have tried to press thee.

READING BY VOWEL SOUNDS-

Is an excellent practice. The exercise may be given as follows:

Take some poem in which the accent is very pronounced—the "Psalm of Life," for example. Read the first line distinctly and with the required modulation and expression. Then drop the consonants, giving the vowels alone, as they were heard in the first reading, and with the same expression.

"Tell me not in mournful numbers."

ĕ ē ŏ ĭ ō u ŭ ẽ Thus proceed with the other lines.

After a little practice whole poems as well as prose selections may be read thus, with almost as much facility and expression as when the consonants are sounded. There is no better exercise for training the ear to catch the exact sound of the vowels, and the voice to the habit of bringing out their full value in the words. It is also an excellent practice for modulation.

SENTENCES OF DIFFICULT ARTICULATION.-

- 1. It fitteth for happiness and leadeth us thither.
 - 2. It was indubitably an abominable eccentricity.
 - 3. The invincible duplicity of inquisitive men.
 - 4. The listlessness and laziness of the frivolous.
 - 5. The consul should counsel with the councillors.
 - 6. Every government has its history.
- 7. The incomprehensibility of the article, etymologically considered, is evident.
 - 8. Truly rural, truly rural rationalist. [Repeat]

- 9. A big black bug bit a big black bear. [Repeat.]
- 10. February and June, February and June.
- 11. The miserable accompaniment is unnecessary and intolerable.
- 12. Black babbling brooks break brawling o'er their bounds.
 - 13. Shoes and socks shock Susan. [Repeat.]
 - 14. Sheep soup, shoat soup.
 - 15. Some shun sunshine. "
 - 16. She sells sea-shells. "
 - 17. Five wives weave withes. "
 - 18. Tie tight Dick's kite.
 - 19. Geese cackle, cattle low, crows caw, cocks crow.

66

- 20. She stood at the gate welcoming them in.
- 21. A great big brig's freight.
- 22. Three gray geese in a green field grazing,—gray were the geese, green was the grazing.
- 23. Execrable Xantippe exhibited extraordinary and excessive irritability.
 - 24. Bob beat Ben Brindle's bramble bushes.
- 25. Ducks, dogs, dandies and donkeys are depredators.
- 26. Grandmother's giggling girls have golden goggles got.
 - 27. Wanton wags with woful words the winds bewail.
- 28. Mr. Yew, did you say what Mr. Yew Yaw said you said?
- 29. I was charmed with the chit-chat of the chubby children dear.

- 30. Thrilling thunder thriftless throngs the Frith of Forth.
- 31. Whim-whams, whirligigs and whimpering whirl-winds whirled by.
- 32. He sweats and boasts, and twists his texts, to suit the several sects.
- 33. It was a positively and a provokingly pecuniary predicament.
- 34. Theophilus Thistle, the successful thistle-sifter, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust 3,000 thistles through the thick of his thumb; see that *thou*, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust not 3,000 thistles through the thick of thy *tongue*. Success to the successful thistle-sifter.
- 35. It is a shame, Sam; these are the same, Sam; 'tis all a sham, Sam; and a shame it is to sham so, Sam.
- 36. Like the bugle-blown blast where the scimitars shine.
- 37. They are confusing weak men's ideas, and making weak women's minds weaker.
 - 38. Good blood, bad blood. [Repeat.]
 - '39. Tho' my very heart it thrilleth,
 When from crimson-threaded lips,
 Silver-treble laughter trilleth,
 Prythee weep, May Lillian.
 - 40. And the columns that were scattered, round the colors that were tattered,
 - Toward the sullen, silent fortress, turned their belted breasts again.
 - To sit in solemn silence in a dull, dark dock,

In a pestilential prison, with a life-long lock, Awaiting the sensation of a short, sharp shock, From a cheap and chippy chopper on a big, black block.

42. Amidst the mists and frosts the coldest,
With wrists the barest and heart the boldest,
Thou thrust'st thy fists 'gainst posts the oldest,
And yet insist'st thou still beholdest
The ghastly ghosts in Sixth street.

43. Let the singing singers
With vocal voices, most vociferous,
In sweet vociferation, out-vociferize
Ev'n sound itself.

44. Genteel in personage, Conduct and equipage; Noble by heritage, Generous and free.

AN ALPHABETICAL ALLITERATION. -

An Austrian army awfully arrayed,
Boldly by battery besieged Belgrade.
Cossack commanders cannonading come,
Dealing destruction's devastating doom;
Every endeavor engineers essay
For fame, for fortune fighting—furious fray!
Generals 'gainst generals grapple—gracious God!
How honors Heaven heroic hardihood!
Infuriate, indiscriminate in ill,
Kindred kill kinsmen, kinsmen kindred kill.
Labor low levels longest, loftiest lines;
Men march 'mid mounds, 'mid moles, 'mid murd'rous mines.
Now noxious, noisy numbers, noting naught'

Of outward obstacles, opposing ought;
Poor patriots, partly purchased, partly pressed,
Quite quaking, quickly "Quarter! Quarter!" 'quest.
Reason returns, religious right redounds,
Suwarrow stops such sanguinary sounds.
Truce to thee, Turkey! Triumph to thy train,
Unwise, unjust, unmerciful Ukraine!
Vanish vain victory! Vanish victory vain!
Why wish we warfare? Wherefore welcome were
Xerxes, Ximines, Xanthus, Xavier?
Yield, yield, ye youths! ye yeomen, yield your yell!
Zeus's, Zarpater's, Zoroaster's zeal,
Attracting all arms against acts appeal.

PRONUNCIATION.

Pronunciation is more a matter of habit than of knowledge. The same is true of articulation. The mere knowledge of the right way will not correct a mispronunciation, or remove a faulty articulation.

The frequent repetition of the correct way must form the habit that will *crowd out* the wrong way. Knowledge, of course, is necessary, and must always *precede* practice. But it is PRACTICE that effects a reformation.

Standards of pronunciation are, perhaps, more dependent upon custom than upon etymological and accentual laws. As to a large majority of our words, the pronunciations are, no doubt, established; but with regard to a considerable minority, an irrepressible struggle seems to be going on between custom and law, with the former in the vantage ground.

As uniformity is desirable, conformity to some high standard becomes necessary. And since our best dictionaries constitute that standard, we should appeal to

them, and recognize their authority as final.

Every student should make a list of his own mispronounced words, putting down such, from time to time, as he finds that, (through ignorance or habit), he mispronounces or fails to articulate with sufficient distinctness. The teacher, too, should note such words as the pupil may fail to give correctly in his readings and recitations—not only criticising the pupil at the time, but giving him a list of the words with the vowels and accentuations carefully marked.

The student should practice his list of words daily, giving each word aloud three times with great distinctness, and increasing the rapidity at each pronunciation. A thorough analysis of the hardest words, according to to the directions already given, would be an excellent

and a profitable practice.

That no student may lay claim to infallibility, and that all may fully appreciate the difficulties in pronunciation, and the necessity of frequent appeals to the dictionary, the following literary curiosity is inserted for study and practice:

EXERCISE IN PRONUCIATION. --

One enervating morning, just after the rise of the sun, a youth, bearing the cognomen of Galileo, glided into his gondola over the legendary waters of the lethean Thames. He was accompanied by his allies and coadjutors, the polorous Pepys and the erudite Cholmondeley, the most combative aristocrat extant, and an epicurean who, for learned vagaries and revolting discrepancies of character, would take precedence of the most erudite of Areopagiæ literati.

These sacrilegious *dramatis persona* were discussing in detail a suggestive address, delivered from the proscenium box of the Calisthenic Lyceum by a notable financier, on obligatory hydropathy, as accessory to the irrevocable and irreparable doctrine of evolution which has been vehemently panegyrized by a splenetic professor of acoustics, and simultaneously denounced by a complaisant opponent as an undemonstrated romance of the last decade, amenable to no reasoning, however allopathic, outside of its own lamentable environs.

These peremptory tripartite brethren arrived at Greenwich, to aggrandize themselves by indulging in exemplary relaxation, indicatory of implacable detestation of integral tergiversation and exoteric intrigue. They fraternized with a phrenological harlequin who was a connoisseur in mezzo tint and falconry. This piquant person was heaping contumely and scathing raillery on an arrateur in jugular recitative, who held that the Pharaohs of Asia were conversant with his theory that morphine and quinine were exorcists of bronchitis.

Meanwhile, the leisurely Augustine of Cockburn drank from a tortoise shell wassail cup to the health of an apotheosized recusant, who was his supererogatory patron, and an assistant recognizance in the immobile nomenclature of interstitial molecular phonics. The contents of the vase proving soporific, a stolid plebeian took from its cerements a heraldic violincello, and assisted by a plethoric diocesan from Pall Mall, who performed on a sonorous piano-forte, proceeded to wake the clangorous echoes of the Empyrean. They bade the prolyx Caucasian gentleman not to misconstrue their inexorable demands, whilst they dined on acclimated anchovies and apricot truffles, and had for dessert a wiseacre's pharmacopocia.

Thus the truculent Pythagoreans had a novel repast fit for the gods. On the subsidence of the feast they alternated between soft languors and isolated scenes of squalor which followed mechanic's reconnoisance of the imagery of Uranus, the legend of whose incognito related to a poinard wound in the abdomen, received while cutting a swath in the interests of telegraphy and posthumous photography. Meantime, an unctuous orthoepist applied a homocopathic restorative to the retina of an objugatory spaniel, (named Daniel) and tried to perfect the construction of a behemoth, which had got mired in pygmean slough while listening to the elegiac soughing of the prehistoric wind.

MODULATION AND EXPRESSION.

'Tis not enough the voice be sound and clear 'Tis MODULATION that must charm the ear.

LLOYD.

Give me, of every language, first my yigorous English, Stored with imported wealth, rich in its natural mines.

How art thou freely obedient unto the poet or speaker, When, in a happy hour, thought into speech he translates! Caught on the word's sharp angles flash the bright hues of his fancy; Grandly the thought rides the words, as a good horseman his steed.

W. W. STORY.

The principal elements of Modulation are pitch, force and stress; while Expression is an inclusive term, comprehending all physical and vocal means for the communication of thought and feeling.

Pitch has already been defined as the elevation and

depression of the voice on the musical scale.

Force relates to the loudness of sound, or more properly to the *degree* of *energy*; and Stress to the different

ways in which the energy is applied.

It is a common fault to confound Pitch with Force. High and low implies change of key, having no reference to degree of force. Loud and soft refer to the latter and denote different degrees of energy, volume or power of

voice on the same key, and correspond to *forte* and *piano* in music. The actor gives his "asides" in *low pitch* and in aspirated quality to indicate secresy, yet the words are given with sufficient *loudness* to be heard by all. The roar of heavy artillery is very low pitch, and the sound of the Æolian harp very high; but the former, though *low*, is *loud*, and the latter, though *high* is *soft*. Yet, as a general rule, an elevation in pitch calls for a corresponding increase in force.

PITCH.

The degrees of pitch range from the lowest to the highest note within the compass of the voice. For practice, five degrees are usually recognized in elocution, namely: very low, low, middle, high and very high. These include all the intermediate degrees.

After the exercises given under Voice Culture are mastered, the following will be found an excellent practice to increase the *availability* of the voice, for purposes of speech, throughout its compass.

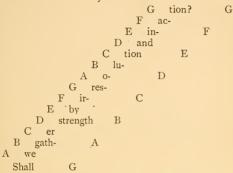
Give the first sentence below with a gradually ascending pitch, from the lowest to the highest note within the

compass of the voice, as indicated.

Voices that can command two octaves may give each syllable in the sentence on a successively higher note—running, say, from "G," below middle "C," to the second "G" above. Those having a more limited compass can run up by half tones, or, if that is too difficult, they may give two syllables to each note; this will require but one octave. The commencing tone (key note) may be "G," "A," "B" or "C."

The practice should be, first, in a half musical voice,

gradually changing to the colloquial, and giving the interrogative slide on the last syllable.



The following additional sentences should be given first, as in the foregoing exercise, and then in the speaking voice and with proper expression.

- I. Would you wrest the wreath of fame
 From the hand of fate?
- 2. Would you write a deathless name With the good and great?
- 3. He that formed the eye, shall He not see?
- 4. He that teacheth man knowledge, shall He not know?
- 5. Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely upon our backs, and hugging the delusive phanton of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot?

A similar practice on the descending scale is indicated below.

All gloom— all si- lence- all des- pair!

ADDITIONAL SENTENCES .--

- How jocund did they drive their team afield!
- 2. Ah me! those days—those days!
- 3. How the wild winds howl around my desolate home!
 - 4. Oh, what a fall was there my countrymen!
 - O, horrible! horrible! most horrible!

ASCENDING AND DESCENDING COMBINED .-

- I. Came I not forth upon thy pledge, my father's hand to kiss?
 Be still, and gaze thou on, false king, and tell me what is this?
- 2. Would ye give it up to slaves?

 Would ye look for greener graves?

 Hope ye mercy still?—

 What's the mercy despots feel?
- When this fiery mass
 Of living valor, rolling on the foe,
 And burning with high hope,—
 Shall moulder cold and low!

In unimpassioned styles, such as ordinary conversation, the didactic, the narrative, etc., the Middle Pitch predominates.

In impassioned utterance, as in exultation, anxiety, joy, hailing, and in most of the livelier emotions of excitation, High, and Very High Pitch is employed.

While in solemnity, awe, reverence, and generally in doubt, dread, scorn and sorrow, a Low and Very Low

pitch of voice are used.

The degree of pitch depends largely upon the earnestness with which the emotion is expressed,—an increase in earnestness calling for a higher pitch and usually for an increase in force. This makes many of the examples under High and Very High pitch interchangeable; also those under Low and Very Low.

MIDDLE PITCH .-

- 1. Next to the originator of a good sentence, is the first quoter of it.
- 2. Thought engenders thought. Place one idea upon paper, another immediately follows, and still another until you have written a page. You cannot fathom your mind. There is a well of thought there that has no bottom. The more you draw from it, the more clear and abounding will it be. Learn to think and you will learn to write. The more you think, the better you will express your ideas.

 Anon.
 - A Sensitive Plant in a garden grew;
 And the young winds fed it with silver dew,
 And it opened its fan-like leaves to the light,
 And closed them beneath the kisses of night.

Shelley.

- 4. There is a river in the ocean. In the severest droughts it never fails, and in the inightiest floods it never overflows. Its banks and its bottom are of cold water, while its current is of warm. The Gulf of Mexico is its fountain, and its mouth is in the Arctic Ocean. It is the Gulf Stream.
 - More potent far may be the look,
 Through which the soul to soul conveys
 The subtler thought with import clear,
 Than spoken words,
 Which different meanings may express.
 - Our deeds still travel with us from afar;
 And what we have been, makes us what we are.
- 7. There is no more interesting spectacle than to see the effects of wit upon the different characters of men; than to observe it expanding caution, relaxing dignity, unfreezing coldness, teaching age and care and pain to smile, -extorting reluctant gleams of pleasure from melancholy, and charming even the pangs of grief. It is pleasant to observe how it penetrates through the coldness and awkwardness of society, gradually bringing men nearer together, and, like the combined force of wine and oil, giving every man a glad heart and a shining countenance. Genuine and innocent wit like this is surely the flavor of the mind. Man could direct his ways by plain reason, and support his life by tasteless food; but God has given us wit, and flavor, and laughter, and perfumes, to enliven the days of man's pilgrimage, and to "charm his painful steps over the burning marle." Sydney Smith.

HIGH.-

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
 The flying cloud, the frosty light;
 The year is dying in the night,
 Ring out wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new, Ring, happy bells, across the snow; The year is going, let him go; Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Tennyson.

2. Bring flowers, young flowers, for the festal board, To wreathe the cup ere the wine is poured! Bring flowers, they are springing in wood and vale; Their breath floats out on the southern gale, And the touch of the sunbeam hath waked the rose To deck the hall where the bright wine flows.

Mrs. Hemans.

3. You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear; To-morrow'll be the happiest time of all the glad New-year; Of all the glad New-year, mother, the maddest, merriest day; For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

Tennyson.

News of battle! news of battle!
 Hark! 'tis ringing down the street;
 And the archways and the pavements
 Bear the clang of hurrying feet.
 News of battle! Who hath brought it?
 All are thronging to the gate;

"Warder, --warder! open quickly!
Man, --is this a time to wait?"

Aytoun.

- 5. Hold! for your lives:—
 Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth this?
- For the strength of the hills we bless thee
 Our God! our father's God!
 Thou hast made our children mighty
 By the touch of the mountain sod.

Mrs. Hemans.

VERY HIGH .-

- I. Boat, ahoy! Boat, ahoy! Boat, ahoy!
- 2. Hurrah! hurrah! a single field has turned the chance of war! Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry, and Henry of Navarre!
- 3. Bursts the storm on Phocis' walls!
 Rise!—or Greece forever falls.
- 4. Awake! awake!
 Ring the alarum bell!—Murder! and treason!
 Banquo, and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
 Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
 And look on death itself!—up, up and see
 The great doom's image!—Malcolm! Banquo!
 As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites
 To countenance this horror!

Shakespeare.

Up draw-bridge, grooms! what, warder, ho!
 Let the portcullis fall.

6. The Rhine! the Rhine! our own imperial river! Be glory on thy track! We left thy shores to die or to deliver— We bring thee freedom back!

Go tell the seas, that chain shall bind thee never! Sound on by hearth and shrine! Sing through the hills that thou art free forever— Lift up thy voice, O Rhine!

Mrs. Hemans.

LOW.-

'Tis midnight's holy hour, -and silence now Ι. Is brooding like a gentle spirit o'er The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds The bell's deep tones are swelling, - 'tis the knell Of the departed year. No funeral train Is sweeping past; yet, on the stream and wood, With melancholy light, the moonbeams rest Like a pale, spotless shroud; the air is stirred As by a mourner's sigh; and on you cloud That floats so still and placidly through heaven. The spirits of the seasons seem to stand,-Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's solemn form. And Winter with his aged locks, -and breathe In mournful cadences that come abroad Like the far wind-harps wild and touching wail. A melancholy dirge o'er the dead year, Gone from the earth forever.

Geo. D. Prentice.

2. Bring flowers, pale flowers, o'er the bier to shed, A crown for the brow of the early dead! For this, through its leaves, hath the white rose burst, For this, in the woods, was the violet nursed. Though they smile in vain for what once was ours, They are love's last gift. Bring flowers, pale flowers! Mrs. Hemans.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow, 3. Creeps in this petty pace from day to day, To the last syllable of recorded time: And all our yesterdays have lighted fools, The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle! Life's but a walking shadow: a poor player. That struts and frets his hour upon the stage. And then is heard no more: it is a tale Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, Signifying nothing.

Shakespeare.

4. Hush! the Dead March wails in the people's ears: The dark crowd moves, and there are sobs and tears; The black earth yawns; the mortal disappears; Ashes to ashes! dust to dust!

Tennyson,

- Then he gave the riven banner 5. To the old man's shaking hand, Saying, "That is all I bring ye From the bravest of the land!
 - " Aye! ye well may look upon it-There is more than honor there. Else, be sure, I had not brought it From the field of dark despair !
 - "Sirs! I charge you, keep it holy," Keep it as a sacred thing,

For the stain you see upon it
Was the life-blood of your king!"

Aytoun.

VERY LOW .--

Night, sable goddess, from her ebon throne
 In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
 Her leaden scepter o'er a slumbering world.
 Silence, how dead! and darkness, how protound!
 Nor eye, nor listening ear, an object finds;
 Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
 Of life stood still, and Nature made a pause,
 An awful pause, prophetic of her end.

Young.

Eternity!—thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
 Through what variety of untried being,
 Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!
 The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me;
 But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.

Adison.

- How ghastly the visage of death doth appear!
 How frightful the thought of the shroud and the bier!
 And the blood-crested worm—how vile!
- 4. Now o'er the one half world
 Nature seems dead; and wicked dreams abuse
 The curtained sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
 Pale Hecate's offerings; and withered murder,
 Alarumed by his sentinel, the wolf,
 Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
 Toward his design
 Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth!
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk; for fear

The very stones prate of my whereabout, And take the present horror from the time, Which now suits with it.

Shakespeare.

5. Thou breathest;—and the obedient storm is still, Thou speakest;—silent, the submissive wave: Man's shattered ship the rushing waters fill; And the hushed billows roll across his grave. Sourceless and endless God! compared with Thee, Life is a shadowy, momentary dream, And time, when viewed through Thy eternity, Less than the mote of morning's golden beam.

FORCE.

Force relates to the *degree* of *energy*, not to the *manner* of *applying* it; the latter is the province of STRESS, under which head the principal examples will be given.

The degrees of force are, *subdued*, *moderate*, *energetic* and *vehement*. These include the intermediate degrees.

LOUD AND ABRUPT FORCE.-

I. Dost thou come here to whine?
To outface me by leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I;
And, if thou prate of mountains, let them
Throw millions of acres on us, till our ground,
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.

Shakespeare.

2. Ho! cravens, do ye fear him?Slaves, traitors! have ye flown?Ho, cowards! have ye left meTo meet him here alone?

A. G. Greene.

SMOOTH AND SUBDUED FORCE .-

I. Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath
And stars to set;—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!
We know when moons shall wane,
When summer birds from far shall cross the sea,
When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain:
But who shall teach us when to look for thee?

Mrs. Hemans.

- 2. She gets her answer from the child: soft fall the words from him:
- "Mother, the angels do so smile, and beckon little Jim; I have no pain, dear mother, now, but O! I am so dry, Just moisten poor Jim's lips again, and, mother, don't you cry." With gentle, trembling haste she held the liquid to his lips; He smiled to thank her, as he took each little, tiny sip.

IN SUSTAINED FORCE,

The energy is kept up, or *sustained*, throughout the entire sentence or paragraph. The examples under Thorough Stress will be found good practice in sustained force.

Force is the principal element in Emphasis. And since emphasis is so important a factor in the expression of thought and feeling, it will be best, before proceeding further, to give the following general rules:

RULES FOR EMPHASIS .-

- I. NEW and SIGNIFICANT ideas should be emphasized.
- II. CONTRASTED ideas should be emphasized.

EXAMPLES UNDER FIRST RULE.

- 1. Honor is the subject of my story.
- 2. If Mr. A. is pronounced a religious man, the Cynic will reply:—"Yes, on Sundays." Mr. B. has just joined the church:—"Certainly, the elections are coming on." The minister of the gospel is called an example of diligence:—"It is his trade." Such a man is generous:—"Of other men's money." This man is obliging:—"To lull suspicion and cheat you." That man is upright:—"Because he is green." H. W. Beecher.
 - 3. The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap, The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep, The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread, Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint, who enjoyed the communion of Heaven, The sinner, who dared to remain unforgiven, The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just, Have quietly mingled their bones with the dust.

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold; They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold; They grieved, but no wail from their slumbers will come; They joyed, the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

Wllliam Knox.

4. I'm thinking just now of Nobody,
And all that Nobody's done,
For I've a passion for Nobody,
That nobody else would own;
I bear the name of Nobody,
For from Nobody I sprung;
And I sing the praise of Nobody,
As nobody mine has sung.

Anon.

EXAMPLES UNDER SECOND RULE. -

- I. Who dotes, yet doubts, suspects, yet strongly loves.
- 2. Each morning sees some task begin, Each evening sees it close.
- Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
 We mingle together in sunshine and rain;
 And the smiles and the tears, the song and the dirge,
 Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

William Knox.

4. I will evert my endeavors, at whatever hazard, to repel the aggressor, and drag the thief to justice—what power soever may protect the villainy, and whoever may partake of the plunder.

Wm. Pitt.

MISCELLANEOUS. -

1. The Cynic is one who never sees a good quality in a man, and never fails to see a bad one. He is the human owl, vigilant in darkness and blind to light,—mousing for vermin, and never seeing noble game.

H. W. Beecher.

2. The meaning of an extraordinary man is, that he is eight men, not one man. That he has as much wit as if he had no sense, and as much sense as if he had no wit. That his conduct is as judicious as if he were the dullest of human beings, and his imagination as brilliant as if he were irretrievably ruined.

Sidney Smith.

3. Good-by to Flattery's fawning face;
To Grandeur with his wise grimace;
To upstart Wealth's averted eye;
To supple Office, low and high;
To crowded halls, to court and street,
To frozen hearts, and hasting feet,
To those who go and those who come,
Good-by, proud world, I'm going home.

Emerson.

4. If Napoleon's fortune was great, his genius was transcendent; decision flashed upon his counsels; and it was the same to decide and to perform. To inferior intellects, his combinations appeared perfectly impossible, his plans perfectly impracticable; but, in his hands, simplicity marked their development, and success vindicated their adoption.

Phillips.

STRESS.

Stress always falls upon the accented syllable of emphatic words,

When the greatest energy of voice is applied to the first part of the sound, it is called Radical Stress, (from radix, root): to the middle, the Median Stress: to the end, or terminus of the sound, the Terminal Stress.

While, practically, the different stresses gradually shade into each other, yet for purposes of explanation and practice they are treated as distinct.

MONOTONE. — O

In Music, the monotone means a tone in which the pitch and force remain the same from commencement to close.

In Elocution, it is to be taken in a modified sense; the pitch and force *varying*—but slightly.

The Monotone predominates in solemnity; and is employed to a limited degree in kindred emotions, such as awe, adoration and sublimity.

- Toll! toll! toll!

 Thou bell by billows swung.
- When thoughts

 Of the last bitter hour come like a blight

 Over thy spirit, and sad images

 Of the stern agony, and shroud and pall,

 And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,

 Make thee shudder and grow sick at heart,

 Go forth under the open sky, and list

 To Nature's teachings.

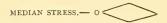
Bryant.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
 The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
 The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Gray.

- 4. Thou shalt not bear false witness—and thou hast! Thou shall not break thine oath—and thou hast! Thou shalt not steal—and thou hast stolen my heart! Thou shalt do no murder—and thou hast killed my virgin love!

 "Deborah;" tr. by Cheltnam.
 - 5. The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
 - 6. I am thy father's spirit: Doomed for a certain term to walk the night, And for the day confined to fast in fires, Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature, Are burnt and purged away.
- 7. As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.



In the Median stress, the tone is gradually increased to the middle, and as gradually diminished into silence. As employed in Elocution, the greatest force is nearer the close.

This is the stress of sorrow. It is also used in joy and grief, if the joy be not too ecstatic nor the grief too poignant. It is also employed to a limited degree in the expression of sentiments of tenderness, and in pleasantry. In this form, it gives a rhythmical or undulating movement to the modulation.

We have an exceptional use of this stress in revenge, in which the guttural quality of voice is employed.

Toll! Roland, toll;
 Bell never yet was hung,
 Between whose lips there swung
 So grand a tongue!

Theo. Tilton.

- 2. O the long and dreary winter!
 - O the cold and cruel winter!
 - O the famine and the fever!
 - O the wasting of the famine!
 - O the blasting of the fever!

Longfellow.

- 3. Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness!
- 4. AH! why will Kings forget that they are men!
 And men, that they are brethren!
- OH, my soud's joy!

 If after every tempest come such calms,

 May the winds blow till they have wakened death.

 Shakespeare.
- 6. Oh, soldier! how sweetly sounds thy lady's lute! how fragrant are the dew-sprinkled flowers that twine round the casement from which she leans! That lute shall enchant thee, those flowers shall delight thee—no more!
 - Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
 Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
 And save his good broad sword he weapon had none,
 He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.

Scott.

8. O, the magnanimity of Rome!

EXPULSIVE RADICAL STRESS.—A

In this the voice is *pushed* out on the "radical" or first part of the emphatic element. This stress is employed in strong affirmation, in dignified oration, in command, etc.

In the practice of the following examples, the student should LET THE VOICE OUT FREELY upon the emphatic words, and in *full*, *pure* and *resonant tone*,—neither *checking* the *sound* nor *cramping* the *throat*. The same directions should be observed in the practice of all the stresses.

- Arm! warriors, ARM! for the fight.
- 2. This is my OWN, my native land!
- 3. Forth he came with a martial tread, Firm was his step, erect his head.
- 4. What was Cæsar that stood upon the bank of that stream? A traitor, bringing war and pestilence into the heart of that country.

 Knowles.
 - 5. Cowards die many times before their deaths, The valiant never taste of death but once!
 - Rise, fathers, RISE! 'tis ROME demands your help;
 Rise, and revenge her slaughtered citizens,
 Or share their fate!

Addison.

7. O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome! Knew ye not Pompey?

- 8. And do we owe all this to the succor of the mother country? No! we owe it to the *tyranny* that drove us from her, to the pelting *storms* that invigorated our helpless infancy.

 Otis.
 - 9. Rise! RISE! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight.
- To. Lay the proud usurper low!
 Tyrants fall in every foe!
 Liberty's in every blow!
 Forward! let us do or die!

Burns.

- II. BLOW ON! This is the land of LIBERTY!
- 12. Away! the bow is bent, make from the shaft.
- 13. On, on to Rome we come! The gladiators come! Let Opulence tremble in all his palaces! Let Oppression shudder to think the oppressed may have their turn! Let Cruelty turn pale at thought of redder hands than his! O! we shall not forget Rome's many lessons. She shall not find her training was all wasted upon indocile pupils. Now begone! Prepare the Eternal City for our games!

EXPLOSIVE RADICAL STRESS.— A

This stress, as the name indicates, is an abrupt attack of the voice on the first part of the vocal element in emphatic words, the sound usually diminishing to the close.

The "radical" is not prolonged, however, when the emphatic element is a *short* vocal, or a *long* vocal *short-ened* to give greater intensity to expression.

In the extreme use of this stress the student must carefully control his voice in accordance with the directions on page 56, or a straining of the muscles of the throat may ensue.

- 1. Go, call the people! OBEY! I charge thee.
- "O, haste thee, haste!" the lady cries, "though tempests round us gather,

I'll meet the raging of the skies, but not an angry father."

- 3. Behold! these are the tribunes of the people.

 The TONGUES of the common mouth. I do DESPISE them!
- 4. As a Roman, here in your very capital I do DEFY you!
- 5. Avaunt! BEGONE! thou'st set me on the rack.
- 6. Land! LAND! cry the sailors.
- 7. "Try not the Pass!" the old man said,
 - "Dark lowers the tempest overhead;
 - The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"

 And loud that clarion voice replied,
 - "Excelsior!"

Longfellow.

- My LIFE upon her faith.
- Unmannered dog! stand thou when I command:
 Advance thy halberd higher than thy breast,
 Or, by St. Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,
 And spurn upon thee, beggar for thy boldness,

Shakespeare.

I loathe you with my bosom!
I scorn you with mine eye!
And I'll taunt you with my latest breath,
And fight you till I die!
I ne'er will ask for quarter,
And I ne'er will be your slave;
But I'll swim the sea of slaughter
Till I sink beneath the wave.

G. W. Patten.

- II. Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide; Hold hard the breath and bend up every spirit To his full height!
- 12. Hence, horrible shadow! unreal mockery, HENCE!
- 13. With sudden start the miser wakes.
- 14. Thou wretch !-despite o'erwhelm thee.
- 15. You common cry of curs! whose breath I hate As reek o' the rotten fens,—whose loves I prize As the dead carcasses of unburied men, That do corrupt my air,—I banish you!

TERMINAL STRESS.— A

The Terminal Stress is the reverse of the Explosive Radical. As its name implies, the greatest energy is upon the terminus of the emphatic element. It is employed in emotions of surprise, fright, peevishness and impatience.

- I. WHAT! Is it Possible?
- 2. AH!—Mercy on my soul! What is that? My old friend's GHOST?

- 3. I, an itching PALM?
- 4. OUT of my sight!
- 5. Why, look you, I am whipped and scourged with rods, Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear Of this vile politician Bolingbroke!
- 6. I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak: I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more. I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool, To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield To Christian intercessors.

Shakespeare.

COMPOUND STRESS.— A

This stress is a union of the Radical and Terminal. It is used in intense forms of surprise, sarcasm, contempt, mockery, impatience, pain, hatred, wrath and revenge.

This stress is as difficult to analyze, as the passions that employ it are difficult to express. The time is so brief between the Radical and the Terminal, that a little lengthening of the tone is generally necessary to enable the ear to distinguish the separate impulses of the voice.

- I. Gone to be married! Gone to swear a PEACE! False blood to false blood joined! Gone to be FRIENDS!
- BACK slaves! I will return!
- 3. "Traitor"! I go; but I return. This—trial!
 Here I devote your senate!
- 4. O kill me and put me out of my pain!
- 5. Gods! if I could only paint a dying groan!

- 6. "Tried and convicted traitor!"—WHO says this? Who'll prove it at his peril on my head?
- 7. And do you now strew flowers in his way, That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
- For them?—I cannot do it to the gods;
 Must I then do't to THEM?
- 9. "My father's trade! Bless me, that's too bad! My father's trade? Why, blockhead, are you mad? My father, sir, did never stoop so low— He was a gentleman, I'd have you know."

Anon.

- 10 O, ye gods, ye gods! Must I endure all THIS?
- II. Must I go show them my unbarb'd sconce? Must I, With my base tongue give to my noble heart A LIE, that I must bear?
- MEND, and CHARGE HOME!
 Or by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the FOE,
 And make my wars on YOU: Look to it: COME ON!

THOROUGH	STRESS A	

This stress is an application of force in which the energy is sustained equally throughout the emphatic element. It is used in rapture, triumph, command, shouting, calling, &c.

In passages of Sustained Force, this stress continues throughout.

1. "Forward, the Light Brigade! Charge for the guns!" he said. 2. Ho! sound the tocsin from the tower,

And fire the culverin!—

Bid each retainer arm with speed—

Call every vassal in!

A. G. Greene.

- 3. "Ring!" he shouts, "Ring! grandpapa, Ring! oh, ring for Liberty!"
- 4. Io! they come, they come! garlands for every shrine! Strike lyres to greet them home! bring roses, pour ye wine! Swell, swell the Dorian flute, through the blue, triumphant sky!

Let the Cittern's tone salute the song of victory.

With the offering of bright blood, they have ransomed hearth and tomb,

Vineyard, and field, and flood;—Io! they come!

Mrs. Hemans.

- Blow, wind! come, wrack!
 At least we'll die with harness on our back.
- 6. List to your tribunes; audience! Peace, I say!
- 7. To the rock; to the rock with him!
- 8. A voice came down the wild wind,—
 "Ho! ship ahoy!" its cry:
 "Our stout 'Three Bells of Glasgow'
 Shall stand till daylight by!"

Whittier.

9. The sea, the sea!—the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round!

Barry Cornwall.

10. " Jump! far out, boy, into the wave, Jump, or I fire!" he said; "This chance alone your life can save, Jump! jump! "the boy obeyed.

Geo. P. Morris.

Let every Highland glen II. Send our shout back again. " Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

INTERMITTENT STRESS .- 0

The Intermittent Stress is a trembling of the voice caused by intense feeling. In music, it is known as the "tremor" and the "tremolo." It is employed in grief, pity, weakness, tenderness, ecstasy, and in excessive degrees of malignant passions.

Ah! life is a journey of wearisome hours, That the rose of enjoyment but seldom adorns; And the heart that is soonest alive to the flowers, Is always the first to be touched by the thorns.

Anon.

2. Pity the sorrows of a poor old man, Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door, Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span; Oh! give relief, and Heav'n will bless your store. Thos. Moss.

3. Dear master, I can go no further, O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

Shakespeare.

4.

O.

My God! can it be possible I have
To die so suddenly? So young to go
Under the obscure, cold, rotting, wormy ground!
To be nailed down into a narrow place;
To see no more sweet sunshine; hear no more
Blithe voice of living thing; muse not again
Upon familiar thoughts, sad, yet thus lost,—
How fearful!

Shelley.

- 5. "Oh, master! make my father free!"—
 "Him and thyself, my noble boy!"
 - Warmly the painter cried.

Susan Wilson.

- 6. "Why wouldst thou leave me, O gentle child? Thy home on the mountain is bleak and wild."
 - "O green is the turf where my brothers play,
 Through the long, bright hours of the summer day;
 They find the red cup-moss where they climb,
 And they chase the bee o'er the scented thyme,
 And the rocks where the heath-flower blooms they know—
 Lady, kind lady, oh, let me go!"

Mrs. Hemans.

7. O the banks of the Lee, the banks of the Lee, And love in a cottage for Mary and me! I know not how love is happy elsewhere, I know not how any but lovers are there.

Burns.

Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue! Oh, farewell!

Shakespeare.

- 9. Oh! this spleen swells upwards to my heart, And heaves for passage! Down, thou climbing rage, Thy element's below. Where is my daughter? Shakespeare.
- Call me their traitor! Thou injurious tribune! Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths, In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say, Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free As I do pray the gods.

Shakespeare.

11. Happy! Very, very happy! You see I weep, I am so happy! Tears Are signs you know, of naught but happiness! When first I saw you, little did I look To be so happy!——Clifford!

I. Sheridan Knowles.

The clear blue eyes, the tender smile,
The sovereign sweetness, the gentle grace,
The woman's soul, and the angel's face
That are beaming on me all the while,
I need not speak these foolish words:
Yet one word tells you all I would say,—
She is my mother: You will agree
That all the rest may be thrown away.

Alice Cary.

LAUGHTER.

Laughter employs the *abrupt* stresses. It is as capable of development and culture as the other means of expression. Not only may individual laughter be encouraged and improved, but through practice different kinds may be learned for purposes of *personation*. Laughter—earnest, hearty laughter—is a health-promoting exercise, and one of the best means for strengthening the lungs.

As a preparatory practice, review exercise "8," page 62.

A tabulated arrangement of the different kinds of laughter is given below, and may be practiced as follows:

First, simply as a vocal drill, then with full expression of hearty laughter. The opening vowel should be prolonged obscurely, and the syllable repeated six or more times in quick succession, as shown in the table below.

TABLE VII.

- ı. ē hǐ hǐ hǐ hǐ hǐ!
- 2. ā hĕ hĕ hĕ hĕ hĕ hĕ!
- 3. â hà hà hà hà hà hà!
- 4. ä hå hå hå hå hå!
- 5. a hŏ hŏ hŏ hŏ hŏ hŏ lŏ !
- 6. ö hŭ hŭ hŭ hŭ hŭ!
- 7. o họ họ họ họ họ!

No. 1, in the above table, represents the "giggle." The syllables in this laughter should be given in a high pitch and a light quality of voice.

Nos. 2, 3, 4, and 6, may be called models, of which No. 4 is especially open and hearty.

No. 5, represents a coarse, uncultured laugh that is known as the "horse laugh," or boorish laugh.

No. 7, when given in a close, contracted, husky voice,

represents the laugh of the miser.

When given in the aspirated orotund quality and on a low or very low pitch, it is the sepulchral or ghostly

laugh.

Laughter, however, depends largely upon the quality of voice for significance and expression, and it is by no means limited to the above syllables, but it sometimes accompanies the syllables and words of an entire sentence.

The following selections should be read with the animation and laughing expression which the sense requires.

I. Sir Harcourt fallen desperately in love with me? With me! That is delicious! Ah—ha! ha! ha! I see my cue. I'll cross his scent—I'll draw him after me. Ho! ho! won't I make love to him? Ha!—Here they come to dinner. I'll commence my operations on the governor immediately. Hā! ha! ha! how I will enjoy it!

Boucicault,

2. Ye'll be nowt but skeen and boans, if you stophere long eneaf. Haw! haw! haw!

Dickens.

3. 'Twas but last week I rode a day's sport after twenty couple of hounds—staunch tartars as ever barked or run a course—took a flying leap across a stream—dashed through two quicksets, and leaped three five-barred gates! We started Reynard before eight—had a view-halloo by ten—tallyho! ho, ho! At eleven we took to the water—we plunged after—crossed the Thames—up the hill—

5.

down the valley—over hedge, ditch, and gate we go, helter, skelter! At twelve the whole pack close in with him—you might cover them with a tablecloth—and we killed him exactly at nineteen minutes, three seconds after one!

R. J. Raymond.

4. When lads and lasses merry be,
With possets and with junkets fine;
Unseen of all the company,
I eat their cakes and sip their wine!
And, to make sport,
I puff and snort:
And out the candles I do blow:
The maids I kiss,
They shriek—Who's this?
I answer nought but ho, ho, ho!

There's not a hag
Or ghost shall wag,
Or cry, 'ware goblins! where I go;
But Robin I
Their feats will spy,
And send them home with hoo, hoo, hoo!

6. "What are you looking at Oliver? At all those handkerchiefs?—There are a good many of 'em, ain't there? We've just looked 'em out ready for the wash. Ho, ho, ho;—ōo hoo, hoo, hoo!"

Dickens.

INFLECTION.

Changes in pitch are made in two ways, by *skip* and by *slide*. The former is technically called the *discrete*,

the latter the *concrete* movement of the voice. The discrete predominates in Music, the concrete in Speech. In elocution, the slides of the voice are called *inflections*, and are the principal means by which the lights and shades of thought and feeling are expressed.

The rising and falling slides are capable of innumerable combinations.

The rising inflection appeals, the falling asserts. The rising defers to the judgment of the person addressed, the falling declares the judgment of the speaker.

The rising inflection is marked thus ('), the falling, thus ('). The union of these two gives the falling circumflex; the union of the falling and the rising inflections gives the rising circumflex. The union of the falling and the rising circumflexes gives the compound rising circumflex; the union of the rising circumflex and the falling circumflex gives the compound falling circumflex.

It will be noticed that the final direction of the slide determines the name of the inflection.

The slides of voice vary in length from a half tone to an octave or more, depending on the degree of energy.

No absolute or infallible directions can be given for the employment of inflection, but the following may serve as

GENERAL RULES. -

- I. Positive ideas take the falling slide.
- II. NEGATIVE and CONDITIONAL ideas take the rising slide.

EXAMPLES UNDER FIRST RULE, --

- False Wizard, avaunt'! I have marshaled my clan';
 Their swords are a thousand', their bosoms are one'!
- Silence that dreadful bell! it frights the isle From her propriety.
- 3. "Strike'!---till the last armed foe expires'; Strike'!--for your altars' and your fires'; Strike'!--for the green graves of your sires; God', and your native land'!

Halleck.

4. Be just' and fear not'. Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's', Thy God's', and truth's'; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell, Thou fall'st a blessed martyr'.

Shakespeare.

EXAMPLES UNDER SECOND RULE. -

Not from the grand old masters',
 Not from the bards sublime',
 Whose distant footsteps echo
 Through the corridors of Time'.

Longfellow.

2. I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind'. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty, when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder.' I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below'; nor could I regard him as a safe counselor in

the affairs of this government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the union should be preserved', but how tolerable might be the condition of the people, when it shall be broken up and destroyed.

Webster.

- 3. If we fail, it can be no worse for us'.
- 4. I will wait for you in the corridor, if you do not stay too long'.

MISCELLANEOUS EXAMPLES .--

- I. It is in studying as in eating,—he that does it gets the benefit', and not he that sees it done'.
 - 2. Not that I loved Cæsar less', but Rome more'.
 - Not enjoyment', and not sorrow',
 Is our destined end or way',
 But to act, that each to-morrow
 Find us farther than to-day'.

Longfellow.

4. Whence the wind blows, where the wind goes, Hither and thither and whither—who knows?

Who knows'?

Hither and thither but whither who knows?

J. F. Waller.

5. Who was her father`?
Who was her mother`?
Had she a sister'?
Had she a brother'?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other`?

Hood.

We? Ha! ha! you hear,

My liege! What page, man, in the last court grammar Made you a plural? Count, you have seized the *hireling*:—Sire, shall I name the master?

Bulwer.

7. How many waste their lives and fritter away their manhood and womanhood in the everlasting query, "What'll they think?" It arranges all their household, fashions their drawing-rooms, their feasts, their equipage, their garments, their sociality, their religion, their everything! Poor hampered souls!

Society abounds in such. Men are often enough of the lot, but women oftener. They have lost all desire to be independent. It is how will the Priggses look at it, that determines them. They must do just as the Priggses do. Out upon the Priggses and all their retinue. Let us have done with "What'll they think?" and bury it with the corpses of the bowing, scraping, cringing, and fawning of feudal days and universal slave ages.

Anon.

CADENCE .--

Cadence is a fall of the voice in reading or speaking made either by skip or slide, generally by the latter. The term is usually applied to that descent of the voice at the end of a sentence which denotes completeness of sense. The length of the skip or slide in cadence is determined (as with the other inflections) by the nature of the thought and the energy and earnestness of the expression.

The cadence or "full stop" in reading is not limited to the grammatical sentence, but when the sense is suf-

ficiently complete is often made at the end of a clause or an auxiliary sentence.

- 1. One, two, three, four, five. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven.
- 2. Heaped upon the floor, to form a kind of throne, were turkeys, geese, game, brawn, great joints of meat, sucking pigs, long wreaths of sausages, mince-pies, plumpuddings, barrels of oysters, red-hot chestnuts, cherrycheeked apples, juicy oranges, luscious pears, immense twelfth-cakes, and great bowls of punch.

Dickens

- 3. The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.
 - 4. He shudders—gasps—Jove help him—so he's dead!
 - 5. One Country, one Constitution, one Destiny.
- 6. I was born an American, I live an American, I shall die an American.
 - 7. But oh, what damnéd minutes tells he o'er,
 Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly loves!
 - He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
 Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffin'd, and unknown.
 - Give thy thoughts no tongue,
 Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
 Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
 The friends thou hast and their adoption tried,
 Grapple them to tby soul with hoops of steel.

TIME.

As already defined, Time relates to *duration*. Its elements are Quantity, Movement and Pause.

QUANTITY .-

Quantity relates to the duration of voice upon an element, syllable, or word.

Practice the following words in different degrees of pitch and with varied force and inflection.

I. Long Quantity.—

eve	serene	meteor
tame	nature	favorite
care	staircase	parentage
palm	plaza	armament
awe	always	awkwardly
home	homeward	potato
prove	toothache	voodooism
tide	tyro	iodine
poise	jointure	voyager
thou	coward	outlawry
new	future	utilize

2. Short Quantity.—

*.		
it	pretty	pitying
pen	revel	fretfulness
earth	perfect	terminal
ant	cattle	canvassing
task	fasten	craftily
fop	folly	pottery
cup	dusty	buttercup
foot	brooklet	womanly

MOVEMENT. -

Movement relates to the degree of rapidity with which the successive words in the sentence are delivered. It is dependent upon Quantity and Pause.

Slow .-

- Some, o'er the tongue the labored measures roll, Slow and deliberate as the parting toll; Point every stop, mark every pause so strong, Their words, like stage processions, stalk along.
 Lloyd.
- 2. Thou unrelenting Past!

 Strong are the barriers round thy dark domain,
 And fetters, sure and fast,
 Hold all that enter thy unbreathing reign.
 Thou hast my better years,
 Thou hast my earlier friends—the good—the kind,
 Vielded to thee with tears—
 The venerable form—the exalted mind.

Bryant.

3. O thou Eternal One! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide—
Unchanged through time's all-devastating flight!
Thou only God—there is no God beside!
Being above all beings! Mighty one,
Whom none can comprehend, and none explore!
Who fill'st existence with Thyself alone—
Embracing all, supporting, ruling o'er,—
Being whom we call God,—and know no more.
Thy word created all, and doth create;
Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine;

Thou art, and wert, and shall be! Glorious! Great! Light-giving, life-sustaining Potentate!

God! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar,

Thus seek Thy presence—Being wise and good!

Midst Thy vast works admire, obey, adore;

The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

Derzhavin.

4. Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.

Psalms.

Moderate.

Lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
 Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
 But when he once attains the upmost round,
 He then unto the ladder turns his back,
 Looks in the 'clouds, scorning the base degrees
 By which he did ascend.

Shakespeare.

In the lexicon of youth, which fate reserves
For a bright manhood, there is no such word
As—fail.

Bulwer.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
 Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
 Omitted, all the voyage of their life
 Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.

Shakespeare.

4. Because half a dozen grasshoppers under a fern make the field ring with their importunate chink, whilst thousands of great cattle, reposed beneath the shadow of the British oak, chew the cud and are silent, pray do not imagine that those who make the noise are the only inhabitants of the field.

Burke.

Quick.-

- Quick! man the life-boat! See yon bark
 That drives before the blast!
 There's a rock ahead, the night is dark,
 And the storm comes thick and fast.
 Can human power in such an hour,
 Avert the doom that's o'er her?
 Her mainmast's gone, but she still drives on
 To the fatal reef before her,
 The life-boat! Man the life-boat!
- 2. Now you see the water foaming all around. See how fast you pass that point! Up with the helm? Now turn! Pull hard! quick! quick! quick! pull for your lives! pull till the blood starts from your nostrils, and the veins stand like whip-cords upon your brow! Set the mast in the socket! hoist the sail! ah! ah! it is too late! Shrieking, cursing, howling, blaspheming; over they go. Gough.
 - 3. Hear the sledges with the bells— Silver bells— What a world of merriment their melody foretells! How they tinkle tinkle, tinkle, In the icy air of night!

While the stars that oversprinkle All the heavens, seem to twinkle With a crystalline delight.

Poe.

Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee 4. Jest and youthful jollity, Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles, Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles, Such as hang on Hebe's cheek, And love to live in dimple sleek; Sport, that wrinkled care derides, And Laughter holding both his sides. Come, and trip it as ye go On the light fantastic toe.

Milton.

- A hurry of hoofs in a village street, 5. A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark, And beneath from the pebbles in passing, a spark Struck out by a steed that flies fearless and fleet. Longfellow.
- 6. Away !-away ! and on we dash ! Torrents less rapid and less rash. Away, away, my steed and I, Upon the pinions of the wind, All human dwellings left behind; We speed like meteors through the sky, When with its crackling sound the night Is chequer'd with the northern light.

Byron.

PAUSE.

Pause is the rest or cessation of voice, separating words, clauses, and sentences in reading and speaking, to render thought and feeling more intelligible and more impressive.

The grammatical construction of language is indicated by marks of punctuation; the rhetorical construction by pauses. Between these is a correspondence which makes the punctuation marks a *general*, but not an *absolute* guide in reading. The longer pauses are usually made where these marks occur; but pauses are often made where they do not occur, though generally of shorter duration.

Since Pause and Movement are elements of Time, the *length* of the pause is determined by the rate of the movement: Slow movement calling for long pauses, and rapid movement for short pauses.

RHETORICAL PAUSE. --

The Rhetorical Pause is a term applied to those pauses which generally occur where there are no grammatical separations. The more important of them are made,

First, where there is a sudden interruption or change in the thought or emotion;

Second, where words are omitted to avoid repetition, to give terseness to the expression, or to shorten the line in metrical composition: and.

Fourth, where the pause is made before the utterance of important thought to excite curiosity or expectancy; or after to give the hearer time to grasp the full meaning of the emphatic idea.

r. If it live in your memory, begin at this line: let me see; let me see,—

The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast,—
'Tis not so;—it begins with "Pyrrhus."

Shakespeare.

- 2. Ay, sir, but while the grass grows,—the proverb is something musty.
- 3. And those who rode foremost in its field at morning—where are they now?
- 4. Unpleasant!—well, I should smile—I mean I should weep.
 - 5. Some—place the bliss in action, some—in ease;
 Those call it pleasure, and—contentment, these.
- 6. He plunged, he crossed, and Rome was free—no more!
 - 7. Hush !--silence along the lines there.
- 8. The scarf on his breast—she who placed it there would shrink but to touch it now.
 - 9. Thou art thyself thine enemy:
 The great!—what better they than thou?
 As theirs, is not thy will as free?
 Has God with equal favors thee
 Neglected to endow?

True, wealth thou hast not—'tis but dust:
Nor place—uncertain as the wind;
But that thou hast, which with thy crust
And water may despise the lust
Of both—a noble mind.

10. Her neck is bared—the blow is struck—the soul is passed away!

The bright—the beautiful, is now a piece of bleeding clay!

- II. Low, murmuring sounds along their banners fly, "Revenge or death!"—their watchword and reply.
- 12. O God! what emotions the speaker awoke;
 A mortal he seemed—yet a deity spoke;
 A man—yet so far from humanity riven;
 On earth—yet so closely connected with heaven.

 Mrs. Welby.
- 13. Put out the light, and then—put out the light? If I quench thee, thou flaming munister, I can again thy former light restore, Should I repent me; but once put out thine, Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature, I know not where is that Promethean heat That can thy light relume.

Shakespeare.

There is a cessation or rest of the voice that sometimes occurs in poetic verse called the

CESURAL PAUSE. --

- I. Hope springs eternal | in the human breast.
- 2. Pealed their first notes | to sound the march of time.
- On beds of green sea-flowers | thy limbs shall be laid,
 Around thy white bones | the red coral shall grow;
 Of thy fair yellow locks | threads of amber be made,
 And every part suit | to thy mansion below.

Dimond,

In the reading of metrical composition, avoid a singsong movement of the voice. While there is a rhythm in poetry that should be observed, the *sense* should never be sacrificed to the measure.

GROUPING. --

Grouping of thought is a vocal analysis that holds about the same relation to spoken language as grammatical analysis does to written.

The elements with which Grouping is chiefly concerned are Pitch, Pause, Time and Stress. By means of these, the leading and subordinate ideas of the sentence may be given their relative value. The leading thought or statement should be placed, as it were, in the foreground of the rhetorical perspective; the less important in the more remote or middle-ground; and the least important or "parenthetic" ideas in the background of the rhetorical perspective.

To show the value of this principle, and the importance of "rhetorical analysis" to correct reading and speaking, read the following sentence, first, with uniform emphasis, pitch and time, and without pause, and note the confusion of ideas. Then read it with the required emphasis, pause, &c., as indicated.

It was the owl that shrieked the fatal bell-man Which gives the stern'st good-night.

IT WAS THE OWL THAT SHRIEKED, the fatal bell-man, Which gives the stern'st good-night.

Practice the following examples until every shade in the expression of the thought and feeling is clearly brought out. Perhaps you may have seen, some day, Roses crowding the self-same way, Out of a wilding, way-side bush.

Alice Cary.

The oak one day addressed the reed:—
 To you ungenerous indeed
 Has nature been, my humble friend,
 With weakness are obliged to bend.

La Fontaine.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
 Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er enroll;
 Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul.

Grav.

Yet, by your gracious patience,
 I will a round, unvarnished tale deliver
 Of my whole course of love.

Shakespeare.

Yet this is Rome,
That sat on her seven hills, and, from her throne
Of beauty, ruled the world! Yet we are Romans!
Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman,
Was greater than a king!

Shakespeare.

6. The atrocious crime of being a young man, which, with so much spirit and decency, the honorable gentleman has charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny.

Pitt.

 Forth march'd the chief, and, distant from the crowd, High on the rampart raised his voice aloud.

As the loud trumpet's brazen mouth from far,
With shrilling clangor sounds th' alarm of war;
So high his dreadful voice the hero rear'd;
Hosts dropp'd their arms, and trembled as they heard.

Pope's Homer,

8. She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek.

Shakespeare.

Nature to each allots his proper sphere,
 But that forsaken, we like comets err,
 Toss'd through the void, by some rude shock we're broke,
 And all our boasted fire is lost in smoke.

Congreve.

10. Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt;
And every laugh so merry draws one out.

11. In Macbeth, for the sake of gratifying his own enormous and teeming faculty of creation, Shakespeare has introduced two murderers; and, as usual in his hands, they are remarkably discriminated; but, though in Macbeth the strife of mind is greater than in his wife, the tiger spirit not so awake, and his feeling caught chiefly by contagion from her—yet, as both are finally involved in the guilt of murder, the murderous mind of necessity is finally to be presumed in both.

De Quincey.

12. And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,
Even in thy pitch of pride,
Here, in thy hold, thy vassals near,
(Nay, never look upon your lord,
And lay your hand upon your sword,)
I tell thee, thou 'rt defied!

Scott.

13. Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer, Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear, Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight, This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

Campbell.

EMPHASIS.

Emphasis, in its widest signification, comprehends the various vocal means by which thought and emotion are made significant and impressive. Emphasis is given in the following three ways:

I. BY FORCE.

BACK to thy punishment.

II. BY TIME. -

He gave one long lingering look behind.

III. BY SLIDE. -

- I. I come to bu'ry' Cæsar, not to prai'se him'.
- 2. O', cer'tainly', the elec'tions' are coming on'.
- Thou for 'tune's' champion, thou dost never fight' But when her humorous lady'ship' is by To teach thee safe'ty'!

The above means for giving emphasis are generally used in conjunction, and when so used, one of them usually predominates and characterizes the emphasis.

Force predominates in impassioned thought.

TIME, in the expression of solemnity, awe, sublimity, reverence, endearment, &c., and to denote long time and great distance.

SLIDE predominates in contrasted ideas, in irony, ridicule, &c., and generally in scorn.

The practical application of the foregoing rules and principles will be found in the following sentences.

- I. Rouse, ye Romans! ROUSE, ye slaves!
- From every hill, by every sea,
 In shouts proclaim the great decree,
 '' All chains are burst, all men are free!
 Hurrah, HURRAH! "
- 3. The war is inevitable, and let it come! I repeat it, sir, LET IT COME!
 - 4. Come, consecrated Lictors, from your thrones; Fling down your scepters; take the rod and axe, And make the murder, as you make the law!
 - 5. Cry "Havock!" and let slip the dogs of war.
 - 6. Arm, gentlemen, to arms! for I have thrown A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth. Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats; I'll murder all his wardrobe piece by piece, Until I meet the king.

Shakes peare.

- 7. Up, and away;
 Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day.
- He loosed the steed—his slack hand fell—upon the silent face

He cast one long deep troubled look, then turned from that sad place!

Mrs. Hemans.

9. Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er, Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking; Dream of battle-fields no more, Days of danger, nights of waking. In our isle's enchanted hall, Hands unseen thy couch are strewing, Fairy strains of music fall, Every sense in slumber dewing.

Scott.

O, that I were a glove upon that hand,

That I might touch that cheek!

Shakespeare.

- 11. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
- 12. Thou glorious mirror! where the Almighty's form Glasses itself in tempests; in all time, Calm or convulsed,—in breeze, or gale, or storm,— Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime Dark-heaving:—boundless, endless, and sublime!

 Byron.

- 13. And louder yet into Winchester rolled
 The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
 Making the blood of the listener cold,
 As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
 And Sheridan twenty miles a way!

 T. B. Read,
- 14. The time is long past, and the scene is afar, Yet, when my head rests on its pillow, Will memory sometimes rekindle the star That blazed on the breast of the billow.

Moore.

- 15. We live in deeds', not years'; in thought', not breath'; In feelings', not in figures on a dial'. We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best. Bailey's Festus.
- They come, and to my beard they dare
 To tell me now, that I,
 Their own liege lord and master born—
 That I—ha! ha!—must die!

A. G. Greene.

To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds—heaven save the mark—
And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was spermaceti—for an inward bruise.

Shakespeare.

18. "Thou art a cobbler', art thou'?"

"Truly, sir, all" that I live by is with the awl"."

19, "Very well, ma'am, very well! So a husband is to have no influence—no authority!"

"Authority"? No", to be sure! If you wanted authority" over me, you should have adopted" me, and not married" me; I am sure you were old" enough."

R. B. Sheridan.

ANTITHESIS .--

Antithesis relates to words and sentiments contrasted

or opposed in meaning.

The antithesis of ideas is brought out by emphasis, according to the rule already given for "contrasted ideas." Emphasis by modulation or slide characterizes the expression of antithetic thought. A change of inflection generally occurs in the emphasis of ideas opposed in meaning. The contrasted idea is sometimes *implied*.

- Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.
- 2. The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our *stars*, But in *ourselves*, that we are underlings.
- 3. Give it an understanding, but no tongue.
- 4. I must be cruel, only to be kind:
 Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.
- 5. Our new heraldry is—hands, not hearts.
- Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind, And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind.
- 7. They jest at scars who never felt a wound.

- 8. Friendship was in their looks, but in their hearts there was hatred.
- 9. There is misery in want, and danger in excess.
- " In God's name, what art thou?" 10.
 - "A man, as you are."
 - "But not, as I am, royal."
 - "Nor you, as we are, loval."
- II. "Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble."
 - "My voice is now the king's, my looks mine own."
- 12. " If you are hired for meed, go back again, And I will send you to my brother Gloster; Who will reward you better for my life, Than Edward will for tidings of my death."

Shakespeare.

- 13. You will find it less easy to uproot faults than to choke them by gaining virtues.
- 14. A maiden's wrath has two eyes—one blind, the other keener than a falcon's.
 - The storm that rends the oak, uproots the flower. 15.
 - 16. My stupor was almost a heaven; My waking, almost a hell.
 - Man cannot make-but may ennoble fate, 17. By nobly bearing it. So let us trust, Not to ourselves, but God, and calmly wait Love's orient out of darkness and of dust.

Owen Meredith.

т8. Love lights more fires than hate extinguishes, And men grow better as the world grows old.

- 19. When I was out of society, I was paid light for being seen; when I went into society, I paid heavy for being seen.
- 20. They follow an adventurer whom they fear, and obey a power which they hate; we serve a monarch whom we love, a God whom we adore.

R. B. Sheridan.

21. I feel the impulse—yet I do not plunge; I see the peril—yet do not recede; And my brain reels—and yet my foot is firm.

Byron.

22. It was midnight when I listened,
And I heard two voices speak;
One was harsh, and stern, and cruel,
And the other soft and weak.

Adelaide A. Proctor.

EMPHATIC REPETITION .-

When words are repeated for the sake of emphasis, they should be given with increased energy at each repetition.

- I. Seize, SEIZE the traitor!
- 2. Weapons, weapons, WEAPONS!
- 3. Help, Marcus, HELP!

 You would be noble: help him, young and old!
 - 4. Peace, peace, PEACE; stay, hold PEACE!
- 5. Rise! oh RISE!
 Sound, SOUND, that all the universe may hear!

VOICE CULTURE AND ELOCUTION.

6. O horror! horror! HORROR!

Tongue cannot conceive, nor name thee!

Shakespeare.

7. Alas! I know not:
Friend and foe together fall,
O'er the dying rush the living:
Pray, my sisters, pray for all!

Whittier.

8. Vain, vain! give o'er.

192

 Half a league, half a league, Half a league onward,
 All in the valley of Death Rode the six hundred.

Tennyson,

IO. Rise, rise! even now thy father comes, a ransomed man, this day!

Mount thy good horse; and thou and I will meet him on his way.

Mrs. Hemans.

 I tell you that which you yourselves do know— Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths, And bid them speak for me.

Shakespeare.

12. Off, off, you base and hireling pack!

13. Room, my lords, room! The minister of France
Can need no intercession with the king.

Bulwer.

O! base, base!
This pardons Herod in the eye of heaven.
Sir, I won't hear a word, not a word! not one word!

- 15. Gentlemen may cry peace, peace, but there is no peace.
- 16. If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms!—never! never! never!

CLIMAX.-

Climax is an arrangement of thought in which the successive ideas rise in importance towards the close of the sentence.

The members of the series which compose the climax, may be words, phrases, or sentences. Each successive member should be given with increased energy and earnestness, the last member of the series receiving the greatest emphasis, when the "climax" is said to be reached.

The rule for climax applies, to a certain extent, to Amplification and Enumeration, illustrations of which are included in the following examples:

DARE NOT

must not,

grant

I will not,

your

wich

I. We have yet many forced marches to make; enemies to vanquish; LAURELS TO GATHER; and INJURIES TO AVENGE!

Napoleon.

- 2. Each hour dark fraud,
 Or OPEN RAPINE, Or PROTECTED MURDER,
 Cry out against them.
- 3. Friendship was its inhabitant; love was its inhabitant; domestic affection was its inhabitant; liberty was its inhabitant!—all bounded by the stream of the Rubicon.

Knowles.

 Then came a cloud of smoke, and out of the cloud came the lightning,

Out of the lightning thunder; and death unseen ran before it.

Longfellow.

- 5. Your dearest interests, your own liberties, the Constitution itself, totter to the foundation.
 - Patricians! They have pushed me to the gulph:—
 I have worn down my heart, wasted my means,
 Humbled my birth, bartered my ancient name,
 For the rank favor of the senseless mass.

Croly.

7. I have no ancient birth, no heraldry,— No motley coat is daubed upon my shield; I cheat no rabble, like your charlatans, By flinging dead men's dust in idiot's eyes; I work no miracles with buried bones; Yet, if I stooped to talk of ancestry, I had an ancestor,—mine was Adam.

Croly.

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art;
 To raise the genius, and to mend the heart;
 To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,

Live o'er the scene, and be what they behold: For this the tragic muse first trod the stage,— Commanding tears to stream through every age.

9. Thus, by his genius and his jack-knife driven
Ere long he'll solve you any problem given;
Make any jim-crack, musical or mute,
A plough, a coach, an organ or a flute;
Make anything, in short, for sea or shore,
From a child's rattle to a seventy-four;
Make it, said I?—Ay, when he undertakes it,
He'll make the thing and the machine that makes it.

Pierpont.

10. What! attribute the sacred sanction of God and Nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife,—to the cannibal savage, torturing, murdering, devouring, drinking the blood of his mangled victims. Such borrible notions shock every precept of religion, every sentiment of honor, every generous feeling of humanity!

Lord Chatham.

11. The cloud capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces, The solemn temples, the great globe itself, Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve, And like this insubstantial pageant faded, Leave not a rack behind.

Shakespeare.

12. Call me their traitor!—Thou injurious tribune! Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths, In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free As I do pray the gods.

Shakespeare.

13. Days, months, years, and ages shall circle away, And still the vast waters above thee shall roll; Earth loses thy pattern, forever and aye; O, sailor boy! sailor boy! peace to thy soul.

Dimond.

14. The gases gather to the solid firmament, the chemic lump arrives at the plant, and grows; arrives at the quadruped, and walks; arrives at the man, and thinks.

Emerson.

15. I found France rent asunder;
The rich men despots, and the poor banditti;
Sloth in the market and schism in the temple;
Brawls festering to rebellion; and weak laws
Rotting away with rust in antique sheaths.
I have recreated France; and, from the ash
Of the old feudal and decrepit carcass,
Civilization, on her luminous wings,
Soars, phenix-like, to Jove!

Sir E. Bulwer Lytton.

SIGNIFICANCE OF MODULATION AND EM-PHASIS.

The study of the following sentences will show the importance of proper modulation and the correct placing of emphasis. Many of the punctuation marks are purposely omitted.

r. The man who is in the daily use of alcoholic liquors if he does not become a drunkard is in danger of losing his health and character.

- 2. She wished she had not heard it, yet she wished That heaven had made her such a man.
- 3. The dog would have died if you hadn't cut his head off.
- 4. Your honor is right and I am wrong as your honor usually is.
- 5. Where is the man? There he is madam drunk as you behold.
 - 6. Yet all said he was an excellent man.
 - Hang out the banners on the outward wall the cry is still they come.
- 8. If Moses was the son of Pharaoh's daughter then Moses was the daughter of Pharaoh's son.
 - 9. There is a divinity that shapes our ends Rough-hew them how we may.
 - 10. I give to you sir a puppy the one you asked for.
 - II. Thou foundest me an enemy, thou leavest me a friend.
- 12. The wicked flee when no man pursueth but the righteous is bold as a lion.
 - 13. He moves a god resistless in his course,
 And seems a match for more than mortal force.
 - 14. A fellow in a market town

 Most musical cries razors up and down.
 - 15. My hand will rather The multitudinous seas incarnadine Making the green one red.

- 198 VOICE CULTURE AND ELOCUTION.
 - 16. How fleet is a glance of the mind Compared with the speed of its flight The tempest itself lags behind And the swift winged arrows of light.
 - 17. The king himself has followed her When she has walked before.
- 18. But this circumstance averted the dangers that threatened him and made him sad.
- 19. The judge in passing sentence on John said that he was not guilty.
 - 20. Pain has not caused him thus to feel but sorrow.
 - He had a patient lying at Death's door
 Some three miles from the town; it might be four.
 - 22. Thersites calls Ajax the idol of idiot worshipers.
 - 23. He tenderly led from the court-room
 Himself the guilty child.

TRANSITION.

Transition is the name given to those abrupt changes in pitch, force, time and quality, employed for expression in reading and speaking.

An important application of Transition, is in the passing from one character to another in personation. Its effective use implies proper control of voice in all the essentials of elocution.

So stately her bearing, so proud her array,
 The main she will traverse forever and aye.

Many ports will exult at the gleam of her mast!—
Hush! hush! thou vain dreamer! this hour is her last!

Mrs. Browning.

 At first a universal shriek there rushed, Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash Of echoing thunder;—then all was hushed, Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash Of billows.

Byron.

- 3. The combat deepens.—On, ye brave, Who rush to glory or the grave!
- 4. Lo! anointed by heaven with vials of wrath, Behold, where he flies on his desolate path! Now, in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my sight; Rise! rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight! 'Tis finished. Their thunders are hushed on the moors; Culloden is lost, and my country deplores!

Campbell.

- 5. "Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast; "Fire!"—out blazed the rifle-blast. It shivered the window, pane and sash, It rent the banner with seam and gash. Quick, as it fell from the broken staff, Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf; She leaned far out on the window-sill, And shook it forth with a royal will. "Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
 - "Shoot, if you must, this old gray head, But spare your country's flag," she said. A shade of sadness, a blush of shame, Over the face of the leader came; The nobler nature within him stirred

To life at that woman's deed and word. "Who touches a hair of yon gray head Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

Whittier.

6. They fought like brave men, long and well, They piled the ground with Moslem slain, They conquered-but Bozzaris fell, Bleeding at every vein.

Halleck.

A light on Marmion's visage spread, 7. And fired his glazing eye: With dying hand above his head He shook the fragment of his blade. And shouted "Victory!-Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!" Were the last words of Marmion.

Scott.

8. "Accursed be the faggots, that blaze at his feet, Where his heart shall be thrown, e'er it ceases to beat, With the smoke of the ashes to poison the gale "--"Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale; For never shall Albion a destiny meet So black with dishonor-so foul with retreat,"

Campbell.

"By the God that made thee, Randolph, 9. Tell us what mischance hath come!" Then he lifts his riven banner, And the asker's voice is dumb.

Avtoun.

10. When Venice and Rome keep their new jubilee, When your flag takes all heaven for its green, white and red, When you have a country from mountain to sea, When King Victor has Italy's crown on his head, (And I have my dead.)

What then? Do not mock me. Ah! ring your bells low, And burn your lights faintly. My country is there, Above the star pricked by the last peak of snow, My Italy's there, with my brave civic pair, To disfranchise despair.

Mrs. Browning.

LI. If you should transfer the amount of your reading day by day from the newspapers to the standard authors—But who dare speak of such a thing.

Emerson.

QUALITY.

For definitions of the different qualities of voice, see pages 57 and 58. Examples for practice are given below.

PURE. --

I. How sweet the chime of the Sabbath bells!
Each one its creed in music tells,
In tones that float upon the air,
As soft as song, and pure as prayer;
And I will put in simple rhyme
The language of the golden chime.
My happy heart with rapture swells
Responsive to the bells—sweet bells.

Bungay.

2. How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit and let the sound of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica: look how the floor of Heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb which thou beholdest
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

Shakespeare.

3, Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!

Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;

Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore, upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into the depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

Byron.

4. O thou that roll'st above, round as the shield of my fathers! Whence are thy beams, O sun! thy everlasting light?

IMPURE.-

I. "Hush! silence along the lines there!" he muttered, in that wild, absent tone, as though speaking to the dead; "silence along the lines! not a word—not a word, on peril of your lives! Hark you, Montgomery! we will

meet in the center of the town :--we will meet there in victory, or die!" *

Geo. Lippard.

- 2. Lo! now the night is coming. The mist is gathering on the hill. The fox steals forth to seek his quarry, and the gray owl sweeps whirling by, rejoicing in the stillness.
 - 3. A-ha! the veil! the veil, -it was empoisoned!
 - 4. Ah, we creep round a ledge
 On the world's very edge,
 On a shelf of the rock
 Where an eagle might nest,
 And the heart's double knock
 Dies away in the breast—

We have rounded Cape Horn! Grand Pacific, good morn!

B. F. Taylor.

5. My dream was lengthened after life:—
Oh! then began the tempest to my soul!——

With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends Environed me, and howled in mine ears Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise, I trembling waked, and, for a season after, Could not believe but that I was in hell; Such terrible impressions made my dream!

Shakespeare.

- 6. And not in vain he listened: "Hush!—what's that? I see—I see: Ah no! 'tis not—yet 'tis— Ye powers! It is the—the—the:—Pooh! the cat.
- Yet half I hear the parting spirit sigh,
 "It is a dread and awful thing to die!" —

Mysterious worlds untraveled by the sun. -Where Time's far-wandering tide has never run.— From your unfathomed shades, and viewless spheres, A warning comes, unheard by other ears.

8. How like a fawning publican he looks! I hate him, for he is a Christian; But more, for that, in low simplicity, He lends out money gratis, and brings down The rate of usance with us here in Venice. If I can catch him once upon the hip, I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him!

Shakespeare.

IMITATIVE MODULATION.

The correspondence between sound and sense is, perhaps, more marked in the English Language than in any The sound and modulation of the words—the elements themselves—have a significance that every orator and actor appreciates, and seeks to make effective in the communication of thought and feeling.

Give each of the following words in that quality suggested by its meaning.

Rough, smooth, light, thin, heavy, tough, brittle, husky, harsh, chuckle, quick, slow, cluck, crash, splash, whiz; boom, patter, rumble, groans, tinkle, bellow, buzz, bubble, bells, tolls.

The following sentences are good illustrations of Imiitative Modulation, and will be found excellent for practice.

Down the rough slope the ponderous wagon rings; Through rustling corn the hare astonished springs; Slow tolls the village clock the drowsy hour; The partridge bursts away on whirring wings.

- 2. Hark! how the sign-board creaks! The blast howls by! Moan! moan! A dirge swells through the cloudy sky!
- The shard-borne beetle with its drowsy hums Hath rung night's yawning peal.
- 4. On a sudden open fly

 The infernal gates, and on their hinges grate
 Harsh thunder!
- There crept
 A little, noiseless noise among the leaves,
 Born of the very sigh that silence heaves.
- 6. And her step was light and airy
 As the tripping of a fairy;
 When she spoke, you thought each minute,
 'Twas the trilling of a linnet;
 When she sang, you heard a gush
 Of full-voiced sweetness like a thrush.

I. F. Waller.

7. Ay de mi !—Like echoes falling
Sweet and sad and low,
Voices come at night, recalling
Years and years ago.

Idem.

8. Through moss and through brake
It runs and it creeps,
For a while, till it sleeps
In its own little lake.
And thence at departing,
Awakening and starting,
It runs through the reeds,
And away it proceeds,

Through meadow and glade, In sun and in shade, And through the wood-shelter, Among crags in its flurry, Helter skelter, Hurry-skurry.

Southey.

9. Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows, And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows; But when loud surges lash the sounding shore, The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar. When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw, The line too labors, and the rocks move slow; Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain, Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the main.

RHYTHMUS AND MELODY.

Rhythmus and Melody are important factors in the expressive rendering of poetry and well written prose.

Rhythmus is mainly dependent upon accent; Melody, upon modulation.

Rhythmus is not "sing song"—a common fault in the reading of poetry that should be avoided. It is that gliding movement noticeable in well spoken language, that gives melody to speech.

Rhythmus and Melody are further explained and illustrated under their more practical heading.

MEASURES OF SPEECH .---

The alternate heavy and light action of the voice running through all speech, is caused by a regular action

and reaction of the larynx, a phenomenon peculiar to all muscular effort. In the case of the larynx, it is produced "by a slight but decided action between the thyroid and cricoid cartilages, which occasions an alternate tension and relaxation of the vocal cords." In words, we recognize it in the accented and unaccented syllables; in sentences, in the percussive and remiss action of the voice in what may be called speech-words. A speech-word may be one word or several words over which the voice is carried by a single impulse.

The percussive action of the voice corresponds to accent; the remiss action to unaccent, as illustrated in the words and sentences below.

The former is marked thus (*); the latter thus (-).

- 2. Land-of-the | west.
- 3. Down in the | valley the | distant lights | quiver, |

 " Gilding the | hard frozen | face of the | river.

Measure of Speech reveals the close analogy existing between speech and song.

Rhythmus, as seen, divides language into speechwords of about equal lengths, corresponding to measure

in music. The percussive action of the voice, as with accent in music, falls upon the first syllable of the speechword or measure. The *pauses* in speech correspond to the *rests* in music.

The practice of exercises in Measure of Speech will encourage and develop a *gliding movement*, that will counteract the tendency toward pronouncing the words of a sentence as though they were separate and of equal importance.

In the following exercises, the rests are represented thus (7), and the measures are separated by the "bar"

(), as in music.

- 7 And | dark was the | sycamore's | shade to be- | hold, |
- 7 And the | oak's tender | leaves | 7 were of | em'rald and * - * - * - | gold.
- 3. 7 I | sift the | snow | 7 on the | mountain be- | low |
 - 7 And the | great | pines | groan a- | ghast; 77 |
 - 7 And | all the | night | 7 'tis my | pillow | white, | 7 While I | sleep in the | arms of the | blast.
- 4. 7 But | here's a | parchment | 7 with the | seal of | Cæsar;
 - 7 I | found it | 7 in his | closet; | 77 | 7 'tis his | will; | 77
 - Let but the | commons | hear | 7 this | testament, | 77 |
 - 7 (Which, | pardon me, | 7 I | do not | mean to | read)—
 - 77 | And they would | go | 7 and | kiss | dead 7 | Cæsar's | wounds, | 77 |
 - 7 And | dip their | napkins | 7 in his | sacred | blood; |
 - 77 | Yea, | 77 | beg a | hair of him | 7 for | memory, | 77 |
 - 7 And | dying, | 77 | mention it within their | wills, |
 - 77 | 7 Be- | queathing it | 7 as a | rich 7 | legacy, | Unto their | issue.
- 5. O, | 7 that my | heart must for- | ever | 7 be | sighing! | 77 |
 - O, | 7 that the | hopes of my | youth | 7 must be | dying! | 77 | 77 |
 - Sunshine and | shadow | 7 with | shadows in- | creasing; | 77 |
 - Joy mixed with | sorrow | 7 the | sorrows ne'er , | ceasing.

Why will the | clouds in my | sky | 7 be so | lowering? | 77 |
Why will the | skies not be | clear | 7 after | showering?
| 77 | 77 |

Echoes | 7 my | soul | 7 not a | hint to these | queries; | 77 |
Questions on | questions | 7 my | troubled 7 | heart 7 |
wearies. | 77 | 77 |

- O, | 7 that the | clouds | 7 from my | heaven | 7 would | open! | 77 |
- O, | 7 for some | love-laden | dove | 7 with | love's 7 | token!
- 6. 7 My | ancestors | came from old | Sparta, | 7 and | settled a- | mong the | vine-clad | rocks | 7 and citron | groves of | Cyra- | sella. | 77 | 77 | 7 My | early | life | 7 ran | quiet as the | brooks | 7 by | which I | sported; | 77 | 7 and | when | 7 at | noon, | 7 I | gathered the | sheep | 7 be- | neath the | shade, | 7 and | played upon the | shepherd's | flute, | 7 there was a | friend, | 7 the | son of a | neighbor, | 7 to | join me in the | pastime. | 77 | 77 | 7 We | led our | flocks to the | same | pasture | 7 and par- | took to- | gether | 7 our | rustic | meal.
- 7. 7 And he | showed me a | pure | river of | water of | life, | 77 | clear as | crystal, | 7 pro- | ceeding | out of the | throne of | God and of the | Lamb. | 77 | 77 | 7 In the | midst of the | street of it, | 7 and on | either | side of the | river, | 7 was | there the | tree of | life, | 7 which | bare | twelve | manner of | fruits, | 7 and | yielded her | fruit | every | month: | 77 | 7 and the | leaves of the | tree | 7 were for the | healing of the | nations.

Then read from the treasured volume 8. The poem of thy choice. And lend to the rhyme of the poet The beauty of thy voice.

> And the night shall be filled with music, And the cares, that infest the day, Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs, And as silently steal away.

> > Longfellow.

Gone, art thou, Marion, Marion Moore! 9. Gone, like the breeze o'er the billow that bloweth; Gone, like the rill to the ocean that floweth; Gone, as the day from the gray mountain goeth, Darkness behind thee, but glory before.

Fas. G. Clark.

10. Now the world slopes away to the afternoon sun-Steady one! Steady all! The down grade has begun. Let the engines take breath, they have nothing to do, For the law that swings worlds will whirl the train through.

> Steams of fire from the wheels, Like flashes from the fountains: And the dizzy train reels As it swoops down the mountains: And fiercer and faster As if demons drove tandem Engines "Death" and "Disaster!"

From dumb Winter to Spring in one wonderful hour; From Nevada's white wing to Creation in flower! December at morning tossing wild in its might-A June without warning and blown roses at night! Benj. F. Taylor,

STYLE.

The Colloquial constitutes the basis of all other styles. It is the golden thread that runs through the warp and woof of speech. It is to this that the attention of the student should first be called.

More practice is needed in the colloquial style of reading and speaking than in any other. There is far too much declaiming in the declamatory, too much of the dramatic in drama, and not enough talking anywhere. In impassioned expression, the colloquial may be lost for awhile, like some of the streams of California, to reappear farther down the channel of thought.

In many of the paragraphs given below, in which the colloquial predominates, other styles that contribute to the mixed emotions frequently appear, and should not be

ignored.

The Colloquial prevails in the Narrative, the Descriptive, the Didactic, and in Dialogue and Drama.

The Parliamentary and Declamatory styles predominate in Deliberative Address, in Recitation and in Oratory.

In the portrayal of the Passions, the Dramatic style prevails, and is largely characterized by "Action."

Personation is the representing of different characters. Its scope comprises and utilizes all the different styles

employed in vocal and physical expression.

In exemplifying the various styles, the student should first study each selection until the general spirit—the pervading thought and emotion of the passage—is well understood and *felt*, and then he should endeavor to render it in the most natural manner consistent with the required expression.

These directions should be followed in the study and

practice of all the exercises given for elocutionary drill.

The different emotions embodied in language should be studied and practiced by the student until the words—and the emotions, if possible—become his own, and will prompt to the same expression as would similar passions uncoerced by the will. This is the highest attainment in the art, and one which every student of elocution should aim to reach.

That this ideal standard may be attained, is clearly shown in the following lines from Hamlet after his interview with the players:

Is it not monstrous, that this player here, But in a fiction, in a dream of passion, Could force his soul so to his own conceit, That from her workings, all his visage wan'd; Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspéct, A broken voice, and his whole function suiting With forms to his conceit?

From As You Like It.

- Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
 Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
 Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
 More free from peril than the envious count?
 Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
 The season's difference,—as, the icy fang,
 The churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
 Which when it bites and blows upon my body,
 Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say
 - "This is no flattery,—these are counselors
 That feelingly persuade me what I am:"
 Sweet are the uses of adversity;

Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

Shakespeare.

From Bitter Sweet.

2. Laugh, if you like to! Laugh till you're grey; But I guess you'd laugh another way If you'd hit your toe, and fallen like me, And cut a bloody gash in your knee, And bumped your nose and bruised your shin, Tumbled over the rolling pin That rolled to the floor in the awful din That followed the fall of the row of tin That stood upon the dresser.

Holland.

From Rip Van Winkle.

3. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush you little fool; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. "What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since,—his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice:--

"Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she too had died but a short time since; she broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New Englishment Head and Head."

land peddler."

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he—"Young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now!—Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

Irving.

From Sheriff Thorne.

4. That I should be sheriff, and keep the jail, And that yonder stately old fellow you see Marching across the yard, should be My prisoner,—well, 'tis a curious tale, As you'll agree.

For he, you must know, was sheriff then,
And he guarded me, as I guard him!
(The fetter I wore now fits his limb!)—

Just one of your high-flown, straight-laced men,
Pompous and grim.

What fault? 'Twas not one fault alone
That brought him low, but a treacherous train
Of vices, sapping the heart and brain.
Then came his turn at breaking stone,
With a ball and chain.

Trowbridge.

From Tom.

5. Oh! you'd admire

To see Robin now, he's as bright as a dime,
Deep in some mischief, too, most of the time.
Tom, it was, saved him. Now isn't it true,
Tom's the best fellow that ever you knew?
There's Robin now—see, he's strong as a log—
And there comes Tom, too—
Yes. Tom was our dog.

C. F. Woolson.

From Christmas Carol.

6. Running to the window, he opened it, and put out his head. No fog, no mist, no night; clear, bright, stirring, golden day.

"What's to-day?" cried Scrooge, calling downward to a boy in Sunday clothes, who perhaps had loitered to

look about him.

"Eh?"

"What's to-day, my fine fellow?" -

"To-day! Why, CHRISTMAS DAY."
"It's Christmas day! I haven't missed it. Hello, my fine fellow!"

"Hello!"

"Do you know the Poulterer's in the next street but one, at the corner?"

"I should hope I did."

"An intelligent boy! A remarkable boy!"

Dickens.

From Wreck of the Hesperus.

7. "Oh, father! I hear the sound of guns,
Oh, say, what may it be?"

"Some ship in distress that cannot live In such an angry sea!"

Longfellow.

From Essays of Truth.

8. The poet that beautifies the sect that was otherwise inferior to the rest, saith yet excellently well: "It is a pleasure to stand upon the shore, and to see ships upon the sea: a pleasure to stand in the window of a castle, and to see a battle, and the adventures thereof below: but no pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage-ground of truth," (a hill not to be commanded; and where the air is always clear and serene:) "and to see the errors, and wanderings, and mists, and tempests, in the vale below:" so always, that this prospect be with pity, and not with swelling or pride. Certainly, it is a heaven upon earth to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in providence, and turn upon the poles of truth.

Bacon.

From Darius Green,

9.

Hush!
He's up in the shed!
He's opened the winder,—I see his head
He stretches it out,
And pokes it about,
Looking to see if the coast is clear,
An' anybody near;—
Guess he don'o who's hid in here!"

Trowbridge.

From The Wife.

"You think because my life is rude,
 I take no note of sweetness;
 I tell you love has naught to do
 With meetness or unmeetness.

Itself its best excuse, it asks

No leave of pride or fashion,

When silken gown or homespun frock

It stirs with throbs of passion.

I dare your pity or your scorn,
With pride your own exceeding;
I fling my heart into your lap
Without a word of pleading."

Whittier.

From Essay on Domestic Life.

II. The perfection of the providence for childhood is easily acknowledged. Welcome to the parents the puny struggler, strong in his weakness, his little arms more irresistible than the soldiers, his lips touched with persuasion which Chatham and Pericles in manhood had not. His unaffected lamentations when he lifts up his voice on high, or, more beautiful, the sobbing child,—the face all liquid grief, as he tries to swallow his vexation,—soften all hearts to pity, and to mirthful and clamorous compasion. The small despot asks so little that all reason and all nature are on his side. All day, between his three or four sleeps, he coos like a pigeon-house, sputters, and spurs, and puts on his faces of importance; and when he fasts, the little Pharisee fails not to sound his trumpet before him.

Emerson.

Brvant.

From Sella.

So spoke the maiden Sella, with large tears 12. Standing in her mild blue eyes, and in the porch Replaced the slippers. Autumn came and went: The winter passed; another summer warmed The quiet pools: another autumn tinged The grape with red, yet, while it hung unplucked, The mother ere her time was carried forth To sleep among the solitary hills. A long still sadness settled on that home Among the mountains. The stern father there Wept with his children, and grew soft of heart, And Sella, and the brothers twain, and one Younger than they, a sister fair and shy, Strewed the new grave with flowers, and round it set Shrubs that all winter held their lively green.

From Caudle Lectures.

13. Now, Caudle, you hear me, it isn't often I speak. Pray, do you know what month it is? And did you see how the children looked at church to-day?—like nobody else's children!

"What was the matter with them?" Oh, Caudle! how can you ask? Weren't they all in their thick merinos and beaver bonnets?

"I'm always wanting money for clothes?" How can you say that? I'm sure there are no children in the world that cost their father so little; but that's it, the less a poor woman does upon, the less she may.

Now, Caudle dear! What a man you are! I know you will give me the money, because, after all, I think you love your children, and like to see 'em well dressed. It's only natural that a father should.

Douglas W. Jerrold.

From Pyramus and Thisbe.

14. This tragical tale, which, they say, is a true one, Is old; but the manner is wholly a new one. One Ovid, a writer of some reputation, Has told it before in a tedious narration; In a style, to be sure, of remarkable fullness, But which nobody reads on account of its dullness.

From The Planting of the Apple Tree.

Come, let us plant the apple tree!
Cleave the tough greensward with the spade;
Wide let its hollow bed be made;
There gently lay the roots, and there
Sift the dark mold with kindly care,
And press it o'er them tenderly,
As round the sleeping infant's feet
We softly fold the cradle-sheet;
So plant we the apple-tree.

"Who planted this old apple-tree?"
The children of that distant day
Thus to some aged man shall say;
And, gazing on its mossy stem,
The gray-haired man shall answer them:
"A poet of the land was he,
Born in the rude but good old times;
'Tis said he made some quaint old rhymes

On planting the apple-tree."

Bryant.

From Grandmother's Story of Bunker Hill.

16. Then the corporal, our old cripple (he would swear sometimes and tipple),— .

He had heard the bullets whistle (in the old French war) before.— Calls out in words of jeering, just as if they all were hearing—
And his wooden leg thumps fiercely on the dusty belfry
floor:—

"Oh! fire away, ye villains, and earn King George's shillin's,
But ye'll waste a ton of powder afore a 'rebel' falls;
You may bang the dirt and welcome, they're as safe as
Dan'l Malcolm

Ten foot beneath the gravestone that you've splintered with your balls!"

Holmes.

From The Monitions of The Unseen.

17. Now, in an ancient town, that had sunk low,— Trade having drifted from it, while there stayed Too many, that it erst had fed, behind,— There walked a curate once at early day.

It was summer time; but summer air Came never, in its sweetness, down that dark And crowded alley,—never reached the door Whereat he stopped,—the sordid, shattered door.

He paused, and, looking right and left, beheld Dirt and decay, the lowering tenements That leaned toward each other; broken panes Bulging with rags, and grim with old neglect; And reeking hills of formless refuse, heaped To fade and fester in a stagmant air.

Jean Ingelow.

From Lucile.

It was then that Matilda herself seized the hand Of Lucile in her own, and uplifted her; and Thus together they entered the house.
'Twas the room

Of Matilda.

The languid and delicate gloom
Of a lamp of pure white alabaster, aloft
From the ceiling suspended, around it slept soft.
The casement oped into the garden. The pale,
Cool moonlight stream'd through it. One lone
Nightingale sung aloof in the laurels.

And here, side by side, Hand in hand, the two women sat down undescried, Save by guardian angels.

They

Look'd indeed, like two flowers upon one drooping stem, In the soft light that tenderly rested on them. All that soul said to soul in that chamber, who knows? All that heart gained from heart?

Leave the lily, the rose,
Undisturbed with their secret within them. For who
To the heart of the floweret can follow the dew?
You heard

Pass'd from earth up to heaven the happy watch-word, "All is well! all is well!"

Owen Meredith.

From Merchant of Venice.

19. The quality of mercy is not strain'd; It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven Upon the place beneath; it is twice blest;— It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes; 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes The thronéd menarch better than his crown; His scepter shows the force of temporal power,

The attribute to awe and majesty. Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings: But mercy is above this sceptered sway, It is enthroned in the hearts of kings. It is an attribute to God himself; And earthly power doth then show likest God's When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew. Though justice be thy plea, consider this-That, in the course of justice, none of us Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy: And that same prayer doth teach us all to render The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much To mitigate the justice of thy plea; Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there. Shakespeare.

From Othello.

Oh, my soul's joy!—

If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have wakened death!
And let the laboring bark climb hills of seas,
Olympus-high; and duck again as low
As hell's from heaven. If it were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy; for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Shakespeare.

From Speech of Sempronius.

21. My voice is still for war.

Gods! can a Roman senate long debate,
Which of the two to choose—slavery or death?
No! let us rise at once, gird on our swords,

And, at the head of our remaining troops,
Attack the foe; break through the thick array
Of his thronged legions, and charge home upon him.
Perhaps some arm, more lucky than the rest,
May reach his heart, and free the world from bondage.
Rise, fathers, rise! 'tis Rome demands your help;
Rise, and revenge her slaughtered citizens,
Or share their fate! The slain of half her senate

Rise, and revenge her slaughtered citizens,
Or share their fate! The slain of half her senate
Enrich the fields of Thessaly, while we
Sit here deliberating in cold debates,
If we should sacrifice our lives to honor,
Or wear then out in servitude and chains.
Rouse up, for shame! Our brothers of Pharsalia
Point at their wounds, and cry aloud, "To battle!"

Addison.

From King John.

From Tragedy of Catiline.

23. What is 't to me, it all have stooped in turn! Does fellowship in chains make bondage proud? Does the plague lose its venom if it taint My brother with thyself? Is 't victory, If I but find stretched by my bleeding side All who came with me in the golden morn, And shouted as my banner met the sun? I can not think on't. There's no faith in earth! The very men with whom I walked through life, Nay, till within this hour, in all the bonds Of courtesy and high companionship, They all deserted me; Metellus, Scipio, Æmilius, Cato, even my kinsman, Cæsar. All the chief names and senators of Rome, This day, as if the heavens had stamped me black, Turned on their heel, just at the point of fate; Left me a mockery, in the rabble's midst, And followed their plebeian consul, Cicero! This was the day to which I looked through life; And it has failed me—vanished from my grasp, Like air.

Crolv.

From Coriolanus.

You souls of geese

That bear the shapes of men, how have you run

From slaves that apes would beat! * * * *

* * * * * * * Mend, and charge home,

Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,

And make my wars on you! look to 't: come on!

Shakespeare.

From Thalaba the Destroyer.

25. Begone then, insolent! Why dost thou stand and gaze upon me thus? Aye! watch the features well that threaten thee With fraud and danger! In the wilderness They shall avenge me—in the hour of want Rise on thy view, and make thee feel How innocent! I am: 26.

And this remembered cowardice and insult With a more painful shame will burn thy cheek Than now heats mine with anger,

Alas! how light a cause may move

Southey.

From The Light of the Harem.

Dissension between hearts that love !-Hearts that the world in vain had tried. And sorrow but more closely tied! That stood the storm-when waves were rough-Yet, in a sunny hour fall off ;-Like ships that have gone down at sea, When heaven was all tranquility! A something, light as air-a look, A word unkind, or wrongly taken-Oh! Love, that tempests never shook, A breath, a touch like this, hath shaken. And ruder words will soon rush in. To spread the breach that words begin :-And eyes forget the gentle ray They wore in courtship's smiling day :-And voices lose the tone that shed A tenderness round all they said Till,-fast declining-one by one, The sweetnesses of Love are gone :-And hearts so lately mingled, seem Like broken clouds,—or like the stream, That smiling left the mountain's brow, As though its waters ne'er could sever. Yet-ere it reach the plains below-Breaks into floods that part forever.

Moore.

From Julius Casar.

27. How ill this taper burns!—Ha! who comes here? I think it is the weakness of my eyes,
That shapes this monstrous apparition—
It comes upon me:—art thou any thing?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stand,—
Speak to me, what thou art.

Shakespeare.

Jealousy.

28. I DO mistrust thee, woman! and each word Of thine stamps truth on all suspicion heard. Borne in his arms through fire from yon Serai-Say, wert thou lingering there with him to fly? Thou need'st not answer, thy confession speaks, Already reddening on thy guilty cheeks! Then, lovely dame, bethink thee! and beware; 'T is not his life alone may claim such care; Another word-and-nay-I need no more. Accursed was the moment when he bore Thee from the flames, which better far-but-no-I then had mourned thee with lover's woe-Now 't is thy lord that warns, deceitful thing! Know'st thou that I can clip thy wanton wing? In words alone I am not wont to chafe: Look to thyself, nor deem thy falsehood safe!

Byron.

From The Village.

29. What cutting blast! and he can scarcely crawl: He freezes as he moves,—he dies if he should fall! With cruel fierceness drives this icy sleet, And must a Christian perish in the street, In sight of Christians?—There! at last, he lies,— Nor, unsupported can he ever rise.

Crabbe.

30. Ah! mercy on my soul! What is that? My old friend's ghost? They say none but wicked folks walk; I wish I were at the bottom of a coal-pit. See! how long and pale his face has grown since his death: he never was handsome; and death has improved him very much the wrong way. Pray do not come near me! I wish'd you very well when you were alive; but I could never abide a dead man, cheek by jowl with me.

Ah, ah, mercy on us! No nearer pray! Ah!—ah!

From Merchant of Venice.

I How like a fawning publican he looks!

I hate him, for he is a Christian:

But more, for that, in low simplicity,

He lends out money gratis, and brings down

The rates of usance, here with us in Venice.

If I can catch him once upon the hip,

I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.

He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,

Even there where merchants most do congregate,

On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,

Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe

If I forgive him.

Shakespeare.

MISCELLANEOUS HINTS TO THE STUDENT OF ELOCUTION.

- —Study the text of what you read, that you may not be confined too closely to the book.
- -Never read to others what you do not thoroughly understand.
- —Hold book in left hand at best distance for the eyes. Top of book on level with the chin—which keep slightly elevated to prevent cramping the throat.
- —"Think the *thought*" intently and clearly when reading or speaking.
- —In description, form in the mind well defined pictures of the things or scenes described. What you would have others see, you must yourself see; what feel, you must feel.
- -Read to, and not at or over the audience.
- -Cultivate direct address. Speak to the individual, not to the multitude.
- —Regulate the voice to the size of the auditorium. Commence in a low pitch, speaking slowly and distinctly, and gradually elevate the voice without undue effort until conscious of being heard and understood by all in the house. Generally, the larger the auditorium, the higher must be the pitch and the slower the time.
- —In halls that echo badly, speak slowly, distinctly, and with moderate force, always giving the sound time to return. You can neither run away from echo nor beat it back. As your shadow, it will follow at your heels, and like a hungry wolf, howl in your ears.

- —The experienced speaker can judge of the ability of his voice to reach the more distant points, by the degree of exertion required to fill the auditorium; and he may estimate the interest of his hearers, by the degree of attention given.
- —In the use of the voice, let the rule be, *economy*, consistent with *efficiency*.
- -Endeavor to liberate, as well as develop.
- —Do not seek for power in the *throat*, but in the *dia-phragm* and the other muscles of the waist. The respiratory muscles are the "handles" to the "voice-bellows," and upon them the speaker should depend for power.
- —The directions given in the division on "Voice Culture," may be repeated with emphasis here: Speak THROUGH the throat and not with it,—letting the tone lay hold of the throat, and not the throat hold of the tone.
- -Do not let "the vowels swallow up the consonants."
- —The vowel elements of speech are the soul of language; the consonants, the intellect. The former are the vehicles of emotion; the latter, of thought.
- "Raftered by firm-laid consonants, windowed by opening vowels."
- —Upon the vowels depend the musical and carrying qualities of the voice; upon the consonants, distinctness.
- —The voice should be allowed to "play around the middle pitch," modulating with freedom above and below this line as a common level.
- —Form the tone well forward in the mouth, giving a generous separation of the teeth and lips.

- —Control that unruly member, the tongue, by letting it lie flat in the lower jaw when not in use.
- —Do not "mouth" the words, "as many of our players" and other speakers do, but let them drop from the tongue and lips like new coin from the mint, each worth the amount stamped on the face. And, when the language or occasion calls for it, let the words roll from the tongue, like the waters down the rocky gorge, in a torrent terrible and strong, or burst from the mouth like shot from the cannon, thundering and crashing their way into the mind and heart of the hearer.
- —Do not *practice* before an audience. The practice should precede the public effort.
- —Have the mind occupied by the matter, not the manner. He who labors for words, either in recitation or in oratory, speaks at a disadvantage. Facile thought, facile speech.
- —From mental poise or self-possession, come vocal poise and physical freedom. Natural respiration, an easy and free attitude, grace of movement, and a calm, clearand well-balanced mind, are some of the conditions essential to success in oratory.
- —The province of elocution is to clear away the obstructions and open up the channels through which thought and feeling, by means of Voice and Action, seek to express themselves.
- -Let your aim be to create-not to imitate.

"One good thought,
But known to be thine own,
Is better than a thousand, gleaned
From fields by others sown."

- —Emphasis is the most important means for rendering articulate language intelligible. The following questions and answers, with change in the emphasis, are given to exemplify this fact, and to show the importance of having the emphasis properly placed.
 - 1. "Do you study elocution?"

"Really, I do not."

- 2. "Do you study elocution?"
- "No, but my brother does."
 3. "Do you study elocution?"
- "I am trying to learn without."
- 4. "Do you study elocution?"

" No, I prefer medicine."

And thus the changes may be rung on most questions and answers.

- —Do not speak the lungs empty, but keep them comfortably filled. Acquire the habit of taking in a little breath at the short pauses as well as at the long.
- —Quintillian says,—"It is useful to get by heart what is designed for the exercise of the voice." Thorough memorization facilitates fluency of speech.
- —Daily physical and vocal exercises are essential to the best and quickest results in the study of elocution.
- —More fail from lack of study than from lack of talent. The student of ordinary ability, with industry, will succeed where the indolent genius (and geniuses are proverbially lazy) will fail. Even serious impediments in speech are not serious impediments to success where there is is indomitable will and perseverance. Demosthenes, Jack Curran, Canon Kingsley, and a host of others could be mentioned, who were not more distin-

guished for their attainments in oratory, than they were remarkable for the physical and vocal defects they were required to overcome.

- —For strengthening the lungs, the following is a good exercise: Let one person whisper a sentence in abrupt stress to another person a short distance away. If heard, let the person so addressed whisper it back. From day to day, increase the distance. If the exercise rasps the throat or causes much fatigue, stop and rest.
- —Persons disposed to any "heart trouble" (other than that common to some young people) should practice *all* breathing exercises moderately.
- —Do not use the voice under an hour after eating.
- -Avoid vigorous vocal exercises when suffering from a cold.
- -Hot and very cold drinks injurious.
- —Tobacco and alcoholic liquors also considered detrimental to the voice.
- -Let your motto be, Temperance in all things.
- -Never force the voice beyond its normal strength.
- —A frequent change of pitch and force in speaking is restful,—to speaker and hearer alike.
- -Avoid the more vigorous exercises of the gymnasium.
- —Any physical exercise that puts you "out of breath" is bad. Practice, mostly, those movements that are accompanied with grace. Such exercises, if given with energy, will develop strength as well.
- --Avoid over-heated, damp, and dusty rooms. Bad ventilation is as ruinous to the voice as to the health. Seek fresh air, but not *drafts*.

-Take plenty of out-door exercise, -look upon the bright side of things-keep your dyspepsia out of your face and voice-practice the "Laughing Exercise," in earnest—be not annoyed at trifles—work, not worry wait not for opportunity, but make it---what you understand, endeavor to do well; if you fail, "forget the Past in the reformation of the Future,"-shun shams and charlatans-encourage modesty and worth-be self-reliant, but not conceited, remembering that others know something as well as yourself, and that none know it all—climb to position on Merit's ladder, that no adverse storms may shake you from your place and purpose-pay heed to these, and many other things that were better said than printed in an "elocutionary work of dignity," (as is honestly, but facetiously suggested by a friend and critic,) and you will be more successful as a student of elocution, and will thank the author for "making the opportunity" for giving these few homely hints, which the straightjacket of textual composition would not permit.

In conclusion, I would commend to the student, as a fitting climax of all elocutionary instruction, the study of

HAMLET'S ADVICE TO THE PLAYERS.

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier had spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus: but use all gently: for in the very torent, tempest, and (as I may say) the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustuous periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters,

to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noise: I could have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termigant: it out-herods Herod:

pray you avoid it.

Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature; for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his

form and pressure.

Now this, overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskillful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of the which one, must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players, that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted, and bellowed, that I have thought some of Nature's journeymenhad made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

ADVICE TO SPEAKERS.

Be brief, be pointed; let your matter stand Lucid, in order, solid, and at hand: Spend not your words on trifles, but condense: Strike with mass of thoughts, not drops of sense: Press to the close with vigor, once begun. And leave (how hard the task!) leave off when done; Who draws a labored length of reasoning out, Puts straw in lines for winds to whirl about; Who draws a tedious tale of learning o'er, Counts but the sands on ocean's boundless shore ; Victory, if gained, is gained by battles fought, Not by the numbers, but the forces brought, What boots success in skirmish or in fray, If rout or ruin, following, close the day? What worth a hundred posts, maintained with skill, If, these all held, the foe is victor still? He who would win his cause, with power must frame Points of support, and look with steady aim: Attack the weak, defend the strong with art, Strike but few blows, but strike them to the heart; All scattered fires but end in smoke and noise,-The scorn of men, the idle play of boys. Keep, then, this first great precept, ever near; Short be your speech, your matter strong and clear; Earnest your manner, warm and rich your style, Severe in taste, yet full of grace the while; So may you reach the loftiest heights of fame, And leave, when life is past, a deathless name.

Judge Story.

SELECTIONS.

THE HERO OF LAKE ERIE.

(This poem and two others by the same author appear in print for the first time, having been purchased and copyrighted for VOICE CULTURE and ELOCUTION, with rights reserved by the author.]

John Maynard stood at the steamer's wheel; A common sailor, but true as steel. Looking for heroes, you'd pass him by Unless you happened to catch his eye, That lens of the soul where one looks through To find if, or not, a man will do To leave at a post when danger is rife, And stand there firm at the cost of his life,—And then you'd agree, with Captain "Dan," That rough John Maynard was just the man.

Lake Erie was calm, the sky was clear:
The steamer sped, as the fallow deer
Darts through the grass on the prairie old:
'Twas life on deck, but death in the hold.
Little the joyful passengers knew,
As song rolled out o'er the water blue,
The echo sent back from the distant shore
Was grief's applause and death's encore.

The captain stood by the engineer; His face turned pale with a sudden fear: A burst of smoke—no need to inquire, That crackling noise—"The steamer's on fire!" Full quickly now his firm orders came:

"Do all you can to keep back the flame! Give all the steam the engine will stand: Our only hope is to make for land!

John Maynard!" "Aye, aye!" "To the nearest shore!
Stand firm by the wheel as never before!
The steamer's afire! On you I depend
To save these souls!—Will you stand to the end?"

"Ave, aye, sir!" John's words were ever few—
'Tis always the case with men that do.

And still the captain's commands came loud, And rang out clear o er the wailing crowd:

"All passengers out on the for'a'd deck!
We'll do our best to keep it in check,—
Shut passages up, all hatchways close:
Stand by, my good men, and man the hose!"

The passengers rush to the figure-head, As if in flight from some terrible dread— Close crowding up where there's little room: Clinging despair on the neck of doom.

All hands have come up from down below; Their battle short, a moment or so.

"The engine runs without engineer,"
The captain said, "but some one must steer:
Will you stand firm?" John made no reply:
He would not speak without his "Aye, aye!"
He thought of home that held all his joy;

His fond wife holding her bright-eyed boy, With fat arms clinging to mother's neck, But ready for romps at his father's beck:

Two loves outweighing the world to him;— What need to die? 'Twas an easy swim; He'd not be missed in the thick, black smoke;— His hand e'en slipped from the tiller spoke:

- "Shall I stand here and give up my life,
 And leave to want, my baby and wife,—
 Far worse to me than to stand and burn?"
 But some voice whispered: "'Tis now your turn."
 Through rifts in the smoke those faces plead;
 He thinks of Him once willing to bleed;
 The voice of the captain pleads once more:
- "Will you stand firm till we reach the shore?"
 All breathless wait his final reply—
 It comes at last, sailor-like: "Aye, aye!"
- "Be calm!" said the captain, "wail no more!
 A hero stands there—yonder the shore;
 Have faith in him, though you can't see through
 The thick, black smoke, yet he'll die for you!
 There's no greater faith beneath the sky
 Than that I place in Maynard's 'aye, aye."

Beneath the deck 'twas a fiery maze, Like some great furnace all ablaze; While hot smoke rose in its awful gloom, As if to conceal that pilot's doom. With one spot free where passengers stand, The fiery demon rushes for land.

The tiller-house like a furnace grew;—
The smoke gives way, as the flames burst through
The upper deck and go roaring aft,

Then slowly creep up against the draft, Like unbent sails crawling up the mast, Till pulot house is enveloped at last.

The wheel and engine stop at the shore, That hero's "Aye, aye!"—hushed evermore.

He stood there firm at the heated wheel,
He stood there firm till he felt the keel
Grate in the sand of the shallow shore—
Till human flesh could stand it no more;
And falling down on his funeral pyre,
His soul went up in chariot of fire.
Jehovah, the Captain, called him on high;—
John Maynard obeyed with his last, "Aye, aye!"

Fred Emerson Brooks.

THE TELL-TALE EYE.

A main fact in the history of manners is the wonderful expressiveness of the human body. If it were made of glass, or of air, and the thoughts were written on steel tablets within, it could not publish more truly its meaning than now. Wise men read very sharply all your private history in your look and gait and behavior. The whole economy of nature is bent on expression. The tell-tale body is all tongues. Men are like Geneva watches with crystal faces which expose the whole movement. The face and eyes reveal what the spirit is doing, how old it is, what aims it has. The eyes indicate the antiquity of the soul, or, through how many forms it has already ascended.

Man cannot fix his eye on the sun, and so far seems

imperfect. In some respects, the animals excel us. The birds have a longer sight, beside the advantage by their wings of a higher observatory. A cow can bid her calf, by secret signal, probably of the eye, to run along, or to lie down and hide itself. The jockeys say of certain horses, that "they look over the whole ground." The outdoor life, and hunting, and labor, give equal vigor to the human eye. A farmer looks out at you as strong as the horse; his eye-beam is like the stroke of a staff. An eye can threaten like a loaded and leveled gun, or can insult like hissing or kicking; or, in its altered mood, by beams of kindness, it can make the heart dance with joy.

The eye obeys exactly the action of the mind. When a thought strikes us, the eyes fix, and remain gazing at a distance. There is no nicety of learning sought by the mind which the eyes do not vie in acquiring. "An artist," said Michael Angelo, "must have his measuring tools not in the hand, but in the eye;" and there is no end to the catalogue of its performances, whether in indolent vision, that of health and beauty, or in strained

vision, that of art and labor.

Eyes are bold as lions,—roving, running, leaping, here and there, far and near. They speak all languages. They wait for no introduction; they are no Englishmen; ask no leave of age or rank; they respect neither poverty nor riches, neither learning nor power, nor virtue, nor sex, but intrude, and come again, and go through and through you, in a moment of time. What inundation of life and thought is discharged from one soul into another, through them! The glance is natural magic. The mysterious communication established across à house between two entire strangers, moves all the springs of wonder. The communication of the glance is in the greatest part not

subject to the control of the will. It is the bodily symbol of identity of nature. We look into the eyes to know if this other forms another self, and the eyes will not lie, but make a faithful confession what inhabitant is there. The revelations are sometimes terrific. The confession of a low, usurping devil is there made, and the observer shall seem to feel the stirring of owls, and bats, and horned hoofs, where he looked for innocence and simblicity.

The eyes of men converse as much as their tongues, with the advantage, that the ocular dialect needs no dictionary, but is understood all the world over. When the eyes say one thing, and the tongue another, a practiced man relies on the language of the first. If a man is off his center, the eyes show it. You can read in the eyes of your companion, whether your argument hits him, though his tongue will not confess it. There is a look by which a man shows he is going to say a good thing, and a look when he has said it. Vain and forgotten are all the fine offers and offices of hospitality, if there is no holiday in the eye. How many furtive inclinations are avowed by the eye, though dissembled by the lips. There are eyes, to be sure, that give no more admission into the man than blueberries. Others are liquid and deep,wells that a man might fall into; -others are aggressive and devouring, seem to call out the police, take all too much notice, and require crowded Broadways, and the security of millions, to protect individuals against them. The military eye I meet, now darkly sparkling under clerical, now under rustic brows. 'Tis the city of Lacedæmon; 'tis a stack of bayonets. There are asking eves, asserting eyes, prowling eyes; and eyes full of fate,some of good, and some of sinister, omen. The alleged

power to charm down insanity, or ferocity in beasts, is a power behind the eye. It must be a victory achieved in the will, before it can be signified in the eye. 'Tis very certain that each man carries in his eye the exact indication of his rank in the immense scale of men, and we are always learning to read it. A complete man should need no auxiliaries to his personal presence. Whoever looked on him would consent to his will, being certified that his aims were generous and universal.

R. W. Emerson.

THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

STOP!—for thy tread is on an empire's dust!
An earthquake's spoil is sepulchered below!
Is the spot marked with no colossal bust?
Nor column, trophied for triumphal show?
None: but the moral's truth tells simpler so.
As the ground was before, thus let it be,—
How that red rain hath made the harvest grow!
And is this all the world hath gained by thee,
Thou first and last of fields! king-making victory?

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry: and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ve not hear it ?-No :- 'twas but the wind. Or the car rattling o'er the stony street: On with the dance! let joy be unconfined, No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet To chase the glowing hours with flying feet-But hark !- that heavy sound breaks in once more. As if the clouds its echo would repeat: And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!

Arm! arm! it is!-it is the cannon's opening roar!

Within a windowed niche of that high hall Sat Brunswick's fated chieftain: he did hear That sound the first amidst the festival. And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear; And when they smiled because he deemed it near, His heart more truly knew that peal too well Which stretched his father on a bloody bier. And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell:

He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell!

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro, And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress. And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness: And there were sudden partings, such as press The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,

Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise?

And there was mounting in hot haste; the steed, The mustering squadron, and the clattering car, Went pouring forward with impetuous speed, And swiftly forming in the ranks of war; And the deep thunder, peal on peal, afar;

And near, the beat of the alarming drum

Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;

While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,

Or whispering with white lips, "The foe! they come, they come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose!
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard—and heard too have her Saxon foes:—
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring, which instills
The stirring memory of a thousand years;
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears.

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving—if aught inanimate e'er grieves—
Over the unreturning brave—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass,
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valor, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low!

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay;
The midnight brought the signal sound of strife;
The morn the marshaling in arms; the day
Battle's magnificently stern array;
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which, when rent,
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover—heaped and pent,
Rider and horse—friend, foe—in one red burial blent!

Byron.

THE SUNSET OF BATTLE.

The shadows of evening are thickening. Twilight closes, and the thin mists are rising in the valley. The last charging squadron yet thunders in the distance; but it presses only on the foiled and scattered foe. For this day the fight is over! And those who rode foremost in its field at morning-where are they now? On the bank of yon little stream, there lies a knight, his life-blood is ebbing faster than its tide. His shield is rent, and his lance is broken. Soldier, why faintest thou? The blood that swells from that deep wound will answer.

It was this morning that the sun rose bright upon his hopes—it sets upon his grave. This day he led the foremost rank of spears, that in their long row leveled when they had crossed their foe's dark line—then death shouted in the onset! It was the last blow that reached him. He has conquered, though he shall not triumph in the victory. His breastplate is dinted. His helmet has the traces of well-dealt blows. The scarf on his breast —she would shrink but to touch it now who placed it there. Soldier, what will thy mistress say? She will say that the knight died worthily.

Aye, rouse thee, for the fight yet charges in the distance! Thy friends are shouting—thy pennon floats on high. Look on you crimsoned field that seems to mock the purple clouds above it! Prostrate they lie, drenched in their dark red pool: thy friends and enemies; the dead and dving! The veteran, with the stripling of a day. The nameless trooper, and the leader of a hundred hosts. Friend lies by friend. The steed with his rider. And foes, linked in their long embrace—their first and lastthe gripe of death. Far o'er the field they lie, a gorgeous prey to ruin! White plume and steel morion; saber and yataghan; crescent and cross; rich vest and bright corselet:—we came to the fight, as we had come to a feasting; glorious and glittering, even in death, each shining warrior lies!

His last glance still seeks that Christian banner! The cry that shall never be repeated, cheers on its last charge! "Oh, but for strength to reach the field once more! to die in the foe's front!" Peace, dreamer! Thou hast done well. Thy place in the close rank is filled;

and yet another waits for his who holds it.

Knight, hast thou yet a thought? bend it on Heaven! The past is gone: the future lies before thee. Gaze on you gorgeous sky; thy home should be beyond it! Life, honor, love—they pass to Him that gave them. Pride, that came on like ocean's billows—see round thee how it lies mute and passive. The wealthy here are poor. The high-born have no precedence. The strong are powerless; the mean, content. The fair and lovely have no followers. Soldier! she who sped thee on thy course to-day, her blue eyes shall seek thee in the conquering ranks to-morrow; but they shall seek thee in vain! Well! thus it is thou shouldst have died!-worth all to live for. Wouldst thou be base to have thy death a blessing? Proud necks shall mourn for thee. Bright eyes shall weep for thee. They that live envy thee. Death ! glory takes out thy sting.

Warrior! aye, the stream of that rill flows cool; but thy lip no more shall taste it. The moonlight that silvers its white foam, shall glitter on thy corselet, when thy eye is closed and dim. Lo! now the night is coming. The mist is gathering on the hill. The fox steals forth to seek his quarry, and the gray owl sweeps whirling by, rejoicing in the stillness. Oh, soldier! how sweetly sounds thy lady's lute! how fragrant are the dew-sprinkled flowers that twine round the casement from which she leans! that lute shall enchant thee, those flowers shall delight thee—no more.

One other charge! Soldier, it may not be. To thy saint and thy lady commend thee! Hark to the low trumpet that sounds the recall! Hark to its long note; sweet is that sound in the ears of the spent and routed foe! The victor hears it not. When the breath rose that blew that note, he lived; its peal has rung, and his spirit has departed. Heath! thou shouldst be the soldier's pillow! Moon! let thy cold light this night fall upon him! But, Morning! thy soft dews shall tempt him not! the soldier must wake no more. He sleeps the sleep of honor. His cause was his country's freedom, and her faith. He is dead! The cross of a Christian knight is on his breast; his lips are pressed to his lady's token.

Soldier, farewell!

RAIN ON THE ROOF.

WHEN the humid shadows gather over all the starry spheres, And the melancholy darkness gently weeps in rainy tears, 'Tis a joy to press the pillow of a cottage chamber bed, And listen to the patter of the soft rain overhead.

Every tinkle on the shingles has an echo in the heart, And a thousand dreamy fancies into busy being start; And a thousand recollections weave their bright hues into woof, As I listen to the patter of the soft rain on the roof. There in fancy comes my mother, as she used to years agone, To survey the infant sleepers ere she left them till the dawn. I can see her bending o'er me, as I listen to the strain Which is played upon the shingles by the patter of the rain.

Then my little seraph sister, with her wings and waving hair, And her bright-eyed, cherub brother—a serene, angelic pair— Glide around my wakeful pillow with their praise or mild reproof, As I listen to the murmur of the soft rain on the roof.

And another comes to thrill me with her eyes' delicious blue, I forget, as gazing on her, that her heart was all untrue; I remember that I loved her as I ne'er may love again, And my heart's quick pulses vibrate to the patter of the rain.

There is naught in art's bravuras that can work with such a spell, In the spirit's pure, deep fountains, whence the holy passions well, As that melody of nature—that subdued, subduing strain, Which is played upon the shingles by the patter of the rain.

Coates Kinney.

CÆSAR CROSSING THE RUBICON.

A gentleman, Mr President, speaking of Cæsar's benevolent disposition, and of the reluctance with which he had entered into the civil war, observes, "How long did he pause upon the brink of the Rubicon?" How came he to the brink of that river! How dared he cross it! Shall private men respect the boundaries of private property and shall a man pay no respect to the boundaries of his country's rights? How dared he cross that river! Oh, but he paused upon the brink! He should have perished upon the brink ere he had crossed it! Why did he pause? Why does a man's heart palpitate when he is on the point

of committing an unlawful deed? Why does the very murderer, his victim sleeping before him, and his glaring eye taking the measure of the blow, strike wide of the mortal part? Because of conscience! Twas that made Cæsar pause upon the brink of the Rubicon. Compassion! What compassion? The compassion of an assassin, that feels a momentary shudder as his weapon begins to cut!

Cæsar paused upon the brink of the Rubicon! What was the Rubicon? The boundary of Cæsar's province. From what did it separate his province? From his country. Was that country a desert? No; it was cultivated and fertile, rich and populous! Its sons were men of genius, spirit and generosity! Its daughters were lovely, susceptible, and chaste! Friendship was its inhabitant! Love was its inhabitant! Domestic affection was its inhabitant! Liberty was its inhabitant! All bounded by the stream of the Rubicon! What was Cæsar, that stood upon the bank of that stream? A traitor, bringing war and pestilence into the heart of that country. No wonder that he paused—no wonder if, his imagination wrought upon by his conscience, he had beheld blood instead of water, and heard groans instead of murmurs! No wonder, if some gorgon horror had turned him into stone upon the spot! But, no!—he cried, "The die is cast!" He plunged !-he crossed !-and Rome was free no more!

Knowles.

THE LIFE-BOAT.

Quick! man the life-boat! See yon bark
That drives before the blast!
There's a rock ahead, the night is dark,
And the storm comes thick and fast.
Can human power in such an hour,
Avert the storm that's o'er her?
Her mainmast's gone, but she still drives on
To the fatal reef before her.
The life-boat! Man the life-boat!

Quick! man the life-boat! hark! the gun Booms through the vapory air;
And see! the signal flags are on,
And speak the ship's despair.
That forked flash, that pealing crash,
Seemed from the wave to sweep her:
She's on the rock, with a terrible shock,
And the wail comes louder and deeper.
The life-boat! Man the life-boat!

Quick! man the life-boat! See—the crew Gaze on their watery grave:
Already, some, a gallant few,
Are battling with the wave;
And one there stands, and wrings his hands,
As thoughts of home come o'er him;
For his wife and child, through the tempest wild,
He sees on the hights before him.
The life-boat! Man the life-boat!

Speed, speed the life-boat! Off she goes!
And, as they pulled the oar,
From shore and ship a cheer arose,

That rang from ship to shore.
Life-saving ark! yon fated bark
Has human lives within her;
And dearer than gold is the wealth untold,
Thou'lt save, if thou canst win her.
On, life-boat! Speed thee, life-boat!

Hurrah! the life-boat dashes on,

Though darkly the reef may frown;

The rock is there—the ship is gone

Full twenty fathoms down.

But, cheered by hope, the seamen cope

With the billows single-handed:

They are all in the boat;—hurrah! they're afloat!

And now they are safely landed

By the life-boat! Cheer the life-boat!

THE MINER'S REVERIE.

Where the rocks were gray and the mountains steep, And the gulch below was dark and deep, Where the gnarled pines in their rugged pride Loomed gloomily up on either side; Where the manzanitas lay crooked and thick, Where once was heard the shovel and pick; Where the shadows lay heavy upon the rocks,—There lies half-buried the old sluice-box.

While lazily through, the water glides, Gently washing its mouldering sides, Sides that once were muddy and dim, From the yellow dirt that was cast within. Across the stream on the gravel-heaps, The agile squirrel silently leaps, And the crested quail, twittering drops For his evening drink, in the old sluice-box.

Oh, many a day with weary hand
Have I tossed in its bed the glittering sand,
And dreamed, as I leaned on its rotting side,
Raking the depths of its turbid tide,
Of father's gray hairs and dear mother's smile,
And loved ones at home who were waiting, the while,
The wanderer's return; but Time sneeringly mocks
At the days I toiled at the old sluice-box.

From the moss-grown rock on which I lean, I gaze down into the sluggish stream—
The face that I see has graver grown,
And my voice, it seems, has a soberer tone,
And the wanton winds with my hair at play,
Show to me now that my locks are gray.
But my spirits were light, my hopes were high,
In those happy days,—alas! gone by,
And I could welcome again the rough hard knocks
At mining once more at the old sluice-box.

USE AND MISUSE OF WORDS.

Rhetoric is not a knack, and fluency is not expression. The crop of ready writers, of correct writers, of elegant writers, of writers capable of using words in every mode but the right one, is already sufficiently large to meet the current demands for intellectual husk, chaff and stubble. The tendency of the time to divorce the body of words from the soul of expression, and to shrivel up lan-

guage into a mummy of thought, would seem to need the rein rather than the whip. The most cursory glance over much of the "literature" of the day, so called, will indicate the peculiar form of marasmus under which the life of language is in danger of being slowly consumed. The first condition of true expression is an effort of mind, which restrains rather than stimulates fluency. with which accredited maxims derived through the ear can be attached to words which have been decoyed through the same populous thoroughfare, offers a desperate temptation to avoid the trouble equally of thinking

and expressing.

All moralizing and all preaching are ineffective which do not thus strike through the understanding directly at the will, and purify and invigorate the sources of moral and religious action. But to do this requires a face-toface knowledge of the truth to be driven home, -vivid inward experience poured out in living, breathing, palpitating words. What is really wanted, therefore, "to facilitate the expression of ideas," is something which will facilitate the conception of ideas. What is really wanted "to assist in literary composition," is a true philosophy of expression, founded on a knowledge of the nature and operation of the mind, and of the vital processes by which thought incarnates itself in words. Expression, direct or suggestive, is thought in the words or through the words, and not thought and the words. Thought implies two elements, the subject thinking and the object thought. When the process of thinking reaches that degree of intensity in which the object of thought is seen in clear vision,—when the thinking mind comes into direct contact with the objective thing or idea it has "felt after" and found, the words which it then weaves into the visible garment of its mingled emotion and conception are words surcharged and flooded with life,—words which are living things, endowed with the power, not only to communicate ideas, but convey, as by spiritual conductors, the shock and thrill which attends their conception. Instead of being mere barren signs of abstract notions, they become media through which the life of one mind is radiated into other minds.

They inspire as well as inform; invigorate as well as enlighten.

Such language is the spiritual body of the thinker, which never dies or grows old, but has a relative immortality on earth, and makes him a contemporary with all succeeding generations; for in such language not only are thoughts embodied, but words are ensouled.

Every writer whose aim is not to appear, but to be, and who directs his powers to the expression of what he really is, succeeds, at least, in making himself readable; for such a writer urges no opinions which have not been domesticated in his own understanding, testifies to no facts which are not realities to his own consciousness, and uses no words which he has not earned the right to use by testing their conformity to his own impressions or insight. And it is curious how flexible language becomes when a writer's vocabulary is thus limited by his intellectual character, and with what ease a few words do the whole business of expression.

A presiding personality, indeed, acts as a magnet; all related words come tripping to it, as if eager and glad to leave their limbo of generality and to form part of a new organism; to feel through their shrunken veins the flow and throb of fresh, warm blood, and to partake in the rapture of individual existence. The language really be-

comes alive, and thus, too, books attain the power to live.

All others, after a few convulsive efforts, die and are forgotten, or are known only to the antiquary who prowls among the cemeteries of letters, reading inscriptions on tombstones.

E. P. Whipple.

THE COURTSHIP OF LARRY O'DEE.

Now the widow McGhee
And Larry O'Dee
Had two little cottages out on the green,
With just enough room for two pig pens between.
The widow was young and the widow was fair,
With the brightest of eyes, and the brownest of hair;
And it frequently chanced when she came in the morn
With the swill for the pig, Larry came with the corn;
And some of the ears that he tossed with his hand,
In the pen of the widow was certain to land.

One morning, said he,

"Och! Misthress McGhee, It's a waste of good lumber, this running two rigs, Wid a fancy petition betwane our two pigs."

"Indade, sure it is!" answered Widow McGhee,
With the sweetest of smiles upon Larry O'Dee,

"And thin it looks kind o' hard-hearted and mane, Raisin' two friendly pigs so exsaidingly near, That whinever one grunts, thin the other can hear, And yet kape a cruel petition betwane."

"Shwate Misthress McGhee," Answered Larry O'Dee,

" If ye fale in yer heart we are mane to the pigs,

Ain't we mane to oursilves to be running two rigs?

Och, it made me heart ache when I paked thro' the cracks

Of me shanty lasht March at yez swingin' yer ax,

Wid yer purty white hands just as red as a bate,

(Though I really must say that yez handled it nate)

A sphlitten yer kindlin' wood out in the shtorm,

Whin one little stove it would kape us both warm."

- " Now piggy," said she,
- "Larry's courtin' o' me,
 Wid his delicate, tender allusions to you:
 So now yez must tell me just what I must do;
 For, if I'm to say 'yes,' shtir the swill wid yer shnout,
 But if I'm to say 'no, 'yez must kape yer nose out.
 Now Larry for shame! to be bribin' a pig,
 By a tossin' a handful o' corn in his shwig!"
- "Me darlint, the piggy says yes!" answered he,—
 And that was the courtship of Larry O'Dee.

Tell's Apostrophe to the Alps.

Ve crags and peaks, I'm with you once again! I hold to you the hands you first beheld,
To show they still are free. Methinks I hear
A spirit in your echoes answer me,
And bid your tenant welcome to his home
Again!—O sacred forms, how proud you look!
How high you lift your heads into the sky!
How huge you are! How mighty, and how free!
Ye are the things that tower, that shine,—whose smile
Makes glad, whose from is terrible, whose forms,
Robed or unrobed, do all the impress wear
Of awe divine. Ye guards of liberty,

I'm with you once again!-I call to you With all my voice!-I hold my hands to you, To show they still are free. I rush to you As though I could embrace you! Scaling vonder peak I saw an eagle wheeling near its brow O'er the abyss:-his broad-expanded wings Lay calm and motionless upon the air. As if he floated there without their aid. By the sole act of his unlorded will, That buoyed him proudly up. Instinctively I bent my bow; yet kept he rounding still His airy circle, as in the delight Of measuring the ample range beneath And round about; absorbed, he heeded not The death that threatened him. I could not shoot-

Knowles.

Napoleon Bonaparte.

'Twas liberty!-I turned my bow aside,

And let him soar away!

If Napoleon's fortune was great, his genius was transcendent; decision flashed upon his counsels; and it was the same to decide and to perform. To inferior intellects, his combinations appeared perfectly impossible, his plans perfectly impracticable; but, in his hands, simplicity marked their development, and success vindicated their adoption.

His person partook the character of his mind—if the one never yielded in the cabinet, the other never bent in the field. Nature had no obstacles that he did not surmount—space no opposition that he did not spurn:

and, whether amid Alpine rocks, Arabian sands, or polar snows, he seemed proof against peril, and empowered with ubiquity! The whole continent of Europe trembled at beholding the audacity of his designs, and the miracle of their execution. Skepticism bowed to the prodigies of his performance; romance assumed the air of history; nor was there aught too incredible for belief, or too fanciful for expectation, when the world saw a subaltern of Corsica waving his imperial flag over her most ancient capitals. All the visions of antiquity became common places in his contemplation; kings were his people—nations were his outposts; and he disposed of courts, and crowns, and camps, and churches, and cabinets, as if they were the titular dignitaries of the chess-board!

Through the pantomime of his policy, fortune played the clown to his caprices. At his touch, crowns crumbled, beggars reigned, systems vanished, the wildest theories took the color of his whim, and all that was venerable, and all that was novel, changed places with the rapidity of a drama. Even apparent defeat assumed the appearance of victory—his flight from Egypt confirmed his destiny—ruin itself only elevated him to empire. Amid all these changes he stood immutable as adamant. It mattered little whether in the field or the drawing-room, with the mob or the levee, wearing the Jacobin bonnet or the iron crown—banishing a Braganza, or espousing a Hapsburg—dictating peace on a raft to the czar of Russia, or contemplating defeat at the gallows of Leipsic—he was still the same military despot!

PHILLIPS.

RIENZI'S ADDRESS TO THE ROMANS.

I come not here to talk. You know too well
The story of our thralldom. We are slaves!
The bright sun rises to his course and lights
A race of slaves! He sets, and his last beams
Fall on a slave; not such as swept along
By the full tide of power, the conqueror led
To crimson glory and undying fame:
But base, ignoble slaves; slaves to a horde
Of petty tyrants, feudal despots, lords,
Rich in some dozen paltry villages;
Strong in some hundred spearmen; only great
In that strange spell—a name.

Each hour, dark fraud, Or open rapine, or protected murder, Cry out against them. But this very day An honest man, my neighbor-there he stands-Was struck-struck like a dog, by one who wore The badge of Ursini; because, forsooth, He tossed not high his ready cap in air, Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts, At sight of that great ruffian! Be we men, And suffer such dishonor? men, and wash not The stain away in blood? Such shames are common: I have known deeper wrongs; I, that speak to ye, I had a brother once—a gracious boy, Full of gentleness, of calmest hope, Of sweet and quiet joy: there was the look Of heaven upon his face, which limners give To the beloved disciple.

How I loved

That gracious boy! Younger by fifteen years, Brother at once, and son! He left my side, A summer bloom on his fair cheek, a smile Parting his innocent lips. In one short hour, That pretty, harmless boy was slain! I saw The corse, the mangled corse, and then I cried For vengeance! Rouse, ye Romans! rouse, ye slaves! Have ye brave sons? Look in the next fierce brawl To see them die. Have ye fair daughters? Look To see them live, torn from your arms, distained, Dishonored; and if ye dare call for justice, Be answered by the lash!

Yet this is Rome,

That sat on her seven hills, and, from her throne Of beauty, ruled the world! Yet we are Romans! Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman, Was greater than a king! and once again—Hear me, ye walls, that echoed to the tread Of either Brutus! once, again, I swear, The eternal city shall be free.

Miss Mitford.

Women All at Sea.

There is no subject on which woman is more hopelessly afloat than on matters relating to marine architecture. Such knowledge doesn't stick in her brain. The captain who attempted to teach nauticalism to a party of ladies on a yacht, not long since, fared as follows:

LADY No. 1.—Now, Captain, what is a sloop? CAPTAIN.—A sloop has but one mast.

L.—(Pointing to a schooner) —Is that a sloop?

C.—No; that is a schooner. A sloop has but one mast; a schooner has two, as you see. Now, remember sloop, one mast; schooner, two.

L.—Certainly. How many masts has a ship?

C.—Three.

L.—How many masts did you say a sloop has?

C.—One. Sloop, one mast; Schooner, two; ship, three.

L.—(Pointing to a sloop)—Is that a schooner?

C.—No; that's a sloop. Sloop, one mast; schooner, two; ship, three.

L.—Oh yes, I remember. Isn't that a pretty schooner? C.—That's not a schooner. That's a ship. Don't you see it has three masts?

L.—Oh, yes. Isn't that a big schooner lying at the wharf, there?

C.—Schooner? Now, how many masts has that vessel?

L.—Three.

C.-Well, what has three masts?

L.—A sloop.

C.—Sloop! Sloop has one mast, I tell you; schooner, two; ship, three.

LADY No. 2.—Why, Jane, how stupid you are. A schooner always has one mast.

L.—(Chatty, and quite oblivious of stupidity)—What is a brig?

C.—A brig has two masts and is rigged like a ship, with square sails.

LADY No. 2.—Jane, look at this brig coming along. C.—That's a schooner; don't you see two masts. Sloop,

one mast; schooner, two masts; ship, three masts.

L.—Are those schooners there with three masts?

C.—Yes.

L.—I thought you said a schooner had but one mast? C.—Two! two masts! Sloop, one mast; schooner, two; ship, three.

L.—But that schooner has three masts. C.—Well, it is a three-masted schooner.

L.—Then a schooner can have any number of masts?
C.—No; sloop, one mast; schooner, two, sometimes

three masts; and a ship, three masts.

L.—I'm sure I can't make it out. It's awfully puzzling.

What is a barque?

C.—(Unable any longer to popularize nautical science, falls back on technical expression.) Vessel with two masts, ship-rigged, and one mast sloop-rigged; square sails on the fore and main-mast, and fore and aft sails on the mizzen.

L.—Mizzen! What is a mizzen?

C.-Last mast aft.

L.—Aft! What's the aft?

C.—The stern, madam.

L.—Oh, I'm sure I can't make it out. Is that a sloop there? (Pointing again to a schooner.)

C.—No; it's a schooner. Sloop, one mast; schooner, two; ship, three.

L.-How many masts has a man-o'-war?

C.—Three.

L.—Well, what's the difference between a man-of-war and a smack?

C.—(Groans and is silent.)

L.—What are those sticks across the masts of that schooner, Captain?

C.—That's not a schooner; schooner, two masts;

ship, three; sloop, one. That's a ship. Those are the yards which hold the sails.

L.—Oh!

C.—(Encouraged.) Now the first yard on the foremast is the fore yard. The second is the fore topsail yard; the third is the fore gallant yard.

L.—What is that yard sticking straight out of that little

schooner?

C.—Great Scott! That's not a schooner, it's a sloop. Sloop, one mast; schooner, two; ship, three. What you called her yard is her mast.

Lady No. 2.—Certainly, Jane. How stupid you are! Captain, what are the names of the other masts on that schooner's yards you were pointing out to us?

LADY No. 2.—Captain where are the lubbers?

C.—(Wishes he could tell her.) Up there on that ships masts near the tops.

L.—(Looking attentively at a schooner.)—Near the

top of the masts of that sloop?

C.—No, no; further down. Where the futtock shrouds are fastened. No, no; not that vessel. A schooner has no lubbers, (mentally) except this one, and they're on deck.

L.—(Whose interest in the locating of lubbers suddenly

ceases.)—Isn't that a pretty ship sailing along?

C.—Ship! That's an old tub of a schooner ma'am. Schooner, two masts; ship, three; sloop, one; I tell you.

L.—Can a sloop have two masts?

C.—Sloop, one mast; schooner, two; ship, three.

LADY No. 2.—How many masts has a ship, Captain? C.—Ship, three masts; schooner, two; sloop, one.

L.—Yes. I know. Schooner, one—no, two masts; sloop, two—no, three; ship one. There!—

N. Y. Graphic.

Cassius Against Cæsar.

Honor is the subject of my story.—
I can not tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born as free as Cæsar; so were you;
We have both ted as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he.

For, once upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber, chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me—Darest thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me, into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?—Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow: so, indeed he did.
The torrent roared; and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews; throwing it aside
And stemming it, with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Cæsar cried—Help me, Cassius, or I sink.

I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar: and this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.

He had a fever when he was in Spain, And, when the fit was on him, I did mark How he did shake; 'tis true, this god did shake; His coward lips did from their color fly; And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world, Did lose his luster; I did hear him groan; Aye, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans Mark him, and write his speeches in their books, Alas! it cried—Give me some drink, Titinius, As a sick girl.

Ye gods! it doth amaze me,
A man of such teeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone.
Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world,
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about,
To find ourselves dishonorable graves.

Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus, and Casar! What should be in that Casar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with them,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Casar.

Now in the name of all the gods at once, Upon what meats doth this our Cæsar feed, That he hath grown so great? Age, thou art shamed! Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods! When went there by an age, since the great flood, But it was famed with more than with one man? Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough, When there is in it but one only man. -Oh! you, and I have heard our fathers say, There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome, As easily as a king.

Shakespeare.

MARULLUS TO THE ROMAN POPULACE.

Wherefore rejoice, that Cæsar comes in triumph? What conquest brings he home? What tributaries follow him to Rome, To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels? You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!

O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome! Knew ye not Pompey? Many a time and oft Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements, To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops, Your infants in your arms, and there have sat The live-long day, with patient expectation, To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome; And when you saw his chariot but appear, Have you not made a universal shout, That Tiber trembled underneath her banks, To hear the replication of your sounds, Made in her concave shores?

And do you now put on your best attire? And do you now cull out a holiday? And do you now strew flowers in his way, That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood? Begone! Run to your houses, fall upon your knees, Pray to the gods to intermit the plague That needs must light on this ingratitude!

Shakespeare,

Sounds.

The whistle of the locomotive penetrates my woods summer and winter. I watch the passage of the morning cars with the same feeling that I do the rising of the sun, which is hardly more regular. The train of clouds stretching far behind and rising higher, going to heaven while the cars are going to Boston, conceals the sun for a minute and casts my farther field into the shade.

At evening, the distant lowing of some cowin the horizon beyond the woods sounds sweet and melodious.

The whippoorwills chant their vespers for half an hour, sing at intervals throughout the night, and are again as musical as ever just before and about the dawn.

When other birds are still, the screech-owls take up the strain. I am also serenaded by a hooting-owl. Near at hand you could fancy it the most melancholy sound in Nature. It reminds me of ghouls, and idiots, and insane howlings. But now one answers from far woods in a strain made really melodious by distance.

I rejoice that there are owls. and maniacal hooting for men. ably suited to the swamps and twilight woods which no day illustrates, suggesting a vast and undeveloped nature which men have not recognized. They represent the stark twilight and unsatisfied thoughts which all have.

Thoreau

VOICES OF THE WILDWOOD.

"Voices of the Wildwood," written for Voice Culture and Elecution, is an example of nonmatopeceia versification, and is founded upon the legend of "Deirdre."

As I was straying through a wood,

All dark and dense and wild,

I came upon a palace wall,

And found myself beguiled

By the bubbling notes of innocence,-

The laughter of a child.

Safe was she within her world,

And I was just outside;

A fairy child she seemed to me,

It cannot be denied;

For she was calling flocks of birds, That came from far and wide.

A merry, trilling cry

Came o'er the palace-wall:

"Ha! ha! ha! here am I!

Why, don't you hear me call?

Come, froggy, birdlings, squirrel, too! Don't you hear me calling you?

"Ha! ha! ha! come this way,

You darlings, every one!

I'm broken-hearted, quite, to-day,

The clouds are o'er the sun."

Then rose a suddden sound of glee,

"Sweet! well? what d'ye think o' me?"



"Oh, meadow-lark, you darling dear,
You're always first to speak,
Come, rest upon my shoulder here,
And press against my cheek."
And then she sang most merrily:
"Sweet! well? what d'ye think o'me?"



"Old froggy, down there, wet and cool,
Now, what have you to say?
Are you happy in your pool,

And how d'ye feel, to-day?"

The frog his sweetest tone now tried,
But "Ugly! Ugly!" hoarse he cried.

"I'm sorry!" then responded she, Yet laughing at the jest,

"Oh, faithful wood-dove! answer me!

Whom do you love the best?"

The bird puffed out his purple sheen, And cooed, "My queen! my queen! my queen!"

" You frisky squirrel on the wall,

Have you no message, say?

Some message from the tree-tops, tall,

To lonesome Deirdré?"

The squirrel sat with tail up-curled,
And cried, "Come up and see the world!"

"Oh, tiny bird with nodding head,
What fate is waiting me?
Shall my true love and I be wed?

Oh! what is Fate's decree?"

The brown bird moaned as he sang above,

"Farewell, my love! farewell, my love!"*



I turned away, I had no choice,

For I could not bear to stay,

And hear the sobs of that childish voice,

The child in her sad dismay.

And the brown bird moaned in the tree above:

" Farewell, my love! farewell, my love!"



^{*}May be heard in the high Sierras, a species of fly-catcher.

A SIMILAR CASE.

Jack, I hear you've gone and done it,—Yes, I know; most fellows will; Went and tried it once myself, sir,
Though you see I'm single still.
And you met her—did you tell me,
Down at Newport, last July,
And resolved to ask the question
At a soiree? So did I.

I suppose you left the ball-room,
With its music and its light;
For they say love's flame is brightest
In the darkness of the night.
Well, you walked along together,
Overhead the starlit sky;
And I'll bet—old man, confess it—
You were frightened. So was I.

So you strolled along the terrace,
Saw the summer moonlight pour
All its radiance on the waters,
As they rippled on the shore,
Till at length you gathered courage,
When you saw that none was nigh—
Did you draw her close and tell her
That you loved her? So did I.

Well, I needn't ask you further,
And I'm sure I wish you joy.
Think I'll wander down and see you
When you're married—eh, my boy?

When the honeymoon is over
And you're settled down, we'll try—
What? the deuce you say!
Rejected, you rejected? So was I.

THE STUDY OF NATURE.

The history of humanity, in its efforts to understand the Creation, resembles the development of any individual mind engaged in the same direction. It has its infancy, with the first recognition of surrounding objects; and, indeed, the early observers seem to us like children in their first attempts to understand the world in which they live. But these efforts, that appear childish to us now, were the first steps in that field of knowledge which is so extensive that all our progress seems only to show us how much is left to do.

In this country there is a growing interest in the study of Nature; but while there exist hundreds of elementary works illustrating the native animals of Europe, there are few such books here to satisfy the demand for information respecting the animals of our land and water. We are thus forced to turn more and more to our own investigations and less to authority; and the true method of obtaining independent knowledge is this very Method of Cuvier's, comparison.

The education of a naturalist now consists chiefly in learning how to compare. If he have any power of generalization, when he has collected his facts, this habit of mental comparison will lead him up to principles, and to the great laws of combination. It must not discourage us that the progress is a slow and laborious one, and the results of one lifetime after all very small. It might seem

invidious, were I to show here how small is the sum total of the work accomplished even by the great exceptional men, whose names are known throughout the civilized world. But I may at least be permitted to speak disparagingly of my own efforts, and to sum up in the fewest words the result of my life's work. I have devoted my whole life to the study of Nature, and yet a single sentence may express all that I have done. I have shown that there is a correspondence, between the succession of Fishes in geological times and the different stages of their growth in the egg,—this is all. It chanced to be a result that was found to apply to other groups and has led to other conclusions of a like nature. But, such as it is, it has been reached by this system of comparison, which, though I speak of it now in its application to the study of Natural History, is equally important in every other branch of knowledge. By the same process the most natural results of scientific research in Philology, in Ethnology, and in Physical Science are reached. And let me say that the community should foster the purely intellectual efforts of scientific men as carefully as they do their elementary school and their practical institutions, generally considered so much more useful and important to the public. For, from what other source shall we derive the higher results that are gradually woven into the practical resources of our life, except from the researches of those very men who study science, not for its uses, but for its truth? It is this that gives it its noblest interest; it must be for truth's sake, and not even for the sake of its usefulness to humanity, that the scientific man studies Nature. The application of science to the useful arts requires other abilities, other qualities, other tools than his; and therefore I say that the man of science who follows his studies into their practical application is false to his calling. The practical man stands ever ready to take up the work where the scientific man leaves it, and to adapt it to the material wants and uses of daily life.

L. Agassiz.

THE PETRIFIED FERN.

In a valley, centuries ago,
Grew a little fern-leaf, green and slender,
Veining delicate, and fibres tender;
Waving, when the wind crept down so low.
Rushes tall, and moss, and grass grew round it,
Playful sunbeams darted in and found it,
Drops of dew stole in by night and crown'd it.
But no foot of man e'er trod that way;
Earth was young and keeping holiday.

Monster fishes swam the silent main,
Stately forests waved their giant branches,
Mountains hurled their snowy avalanches,
Mammoth creatures stalked across the plain:
Nature revelled in grand mysteries,
But the little fern was not of these,
Did not number with the hills and trees;
Only grew and waved its wild, sweet way,
None ever came to note it day by day.

Earth, one time, put on a frolic mood,
Heaved the rocks, and changed the mighty motion
Of the deep strong currents of the ocean,
Moved the plain and shook the haughty wood,
Crushed the little fern in soft, moist clay,
Covered it and hid it safe away.

O the long, long centuries since that day.
O, the agony! O life's bitter cost
Since that useless little fern was lost!

Useless? Lost? There came a thoughtful man, Searching Nature's secrets, far and deep; From a fissure in a rocky steep
He withdrew a stone, o'er which there ran Fairy pencillings, a quaint design, Veinings, leafage, fibres clear and fine, And the fern's life lay in every line!
So, I think, God hides some souls away, Sweetly to surprise us, the last day.

AN INCIDENT AT SEA.

While on my return from Europe, about mid way of the Atlantic, it was my good fortune to behold a sight of transcendent beauty that few persons have ever seen. Our good ship was under full sail, with a light breeze that

bore her lazily along over a gentle sea.

The last rays of a gorgeous sunset had faded from the sky, and darkness closed gently down upon the bosom of the deep. Leaning against the windward taff-rail, my mind gradually became wrapped in a meditation born of that profound loneliness with which only night upon the ocean inspires one. The helmsman stood silent at the wheel; the officer paced his lone and measured tread; the lookout reclined lazily near the shrouds, anxiously longing for the "eight bells" that brings relief to a tiresome watch. No sound was heard, save now and then the creak of the cordage, or the occasional sough of the water against the vessel's prow. But the whisperings of

these light waves seemed to make the silence even more profound.

Slowly aroused from my reverie, I became conscious of a gentle light that overspread a portion of the eastern sky. A single spot on the horizon grew more golden, and the upper limb of the moon peered above the ocean's edge, followed by the round shield of the full orb that shot her beams across the surface of the silent deep. From our lonely ship to her smiling face lay a tempting highway, paved with shimmering gold.

Just as Luna lifted herself above the horizon, a distant ship, before unseen, sailed calmly and majestically into view, and remained for a moment stamped like a silhouette upon the broad golden surface. It was too grand to be only pretty, too exquisitely beautiful to be merely sublime. For a few moments I stood like one entranced, gazing in silent rapture upon the most wonderful sight that nature ever painted for mortal eyes. But while I looked, slowly and silently the vessel moved from off the golden disk, and mysteriously passed into the obscurity whence she came,—like a beautiful picture of the mind that comes, we know not where, and goes we know not where.

Other scenes may fade, the names of old-time friends be forgotten, but never from memory's page shall be erased that beautiful picture of the full moon, so lightly resting upon the ocean's edge, and the ship in full sail covering her disk. Nor shall the recollection ever grow dim of how my heart in profound gratitude and joy, was lifted from that sublimely radiant sight in nature, up to nature's God.

Wm. I. Ross.

GRANDPA'S NAP.

Old Age sat by the hearth-stone, That slab hard by the tomb, Slow weaving faded mem'ries Upon his worn out loom.

Fast as he wove the fabric, It vanished in the air; The warp and woof were faded, Like to the old man's hair.

Anon he drops the shuttle And lays his pipe away— The thread, a hair soon broken, The thread is silver gray.

"Here, grandpa, take your darling And rock her in your lap; You both look rather sleepy And need your mid-day nap."

And soon they both are dozing; His cheek to her he bends; Young May and old December! The year nods at both ends.

Fresh bud by withered flower; Old silver with new gold; Old Time his hour-glass holding; That's what the picture told.

A knock—"Come in dear neighbor,
The nodding's just begun,
So don't disturb my babies."
"I thought you had but one!"

" O, yes! we have two children; See those two cradles there, With pillows soft and cushioned, And rockers each a pair.

And both rock on the hearth-stone, The home's unwritten page— Each holds for us a baby But diff'ring in their age.

One's empty in the night-time, The other through the day, For grandpa takes, with Edna, His nap no other way."

And so these women chatted, As none but women can, Till, through the open door-way, Walked in the husband-man.

He kissed the good wife fondly, Gazed on the sleeping pair, Till love-tears choked his looking, Then shook the old arm-chair.

"Come, grandpa! Wake up, grandpa! My turn for Edna now." Then wiped the perspiration From off the old man's brow

With kerchief, but unconscious The moisture there was cold; Then tried to lift the baby; But grandpa kept his hold.

The sun falls through the casement Upon his silver hair,

A path he followed upward, Hard after his last prayer.

As if to take her with him, He clasped his Edna dear; But old men are forgetful, He left her nodding here.

There's crape upon the hearth-stone, There's crape upon the door, There's crape upon the arm-chair That holds him nevermore.

Fred Emerson Brooks,

MARMION TAKING LEAVE OF DOUGLAS.

The train from out the castle drew;
But Marmion stopped to bid adieu—
"Though something I might 'plain," he said,
"Of cold respect to stranger guest,
Sent hither by your king's behest,
While in Tantallon's towers I stayed—
Part we in friendship from your land,
And, noble earl, receive my hand."

But Douglas round him drew his cloak, Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:
"My manors, halls and bowers, shall still Be open, at my sovereign's will,
To each one whom he lists, howe'er Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
My castles are my king's alone,
From turret to foundation-stone—
The hand of Douglas is his own;

And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp!"

Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire. And shook his very frame for ire, And-" This to me!" he said; "An 't were not for thy hoary beard, Such hand as Marmion's had not spared To cleave the Douglas' head! And first I tell thee, haughty peer, He who does England's message here, Although the meanest in her state, May well, proud Angus, be thy mate ! And, Douglas, more I tell thee here, Even in thy pitch of pride, Here, in thy hold, thy vassals near, (Nav. never look upon your lord. And lay your hands upon your sword,) I tell thee, thou'rt defied! And if thou saidst I am not peer To any lord in Scotland here, Lowland or Highland, far or near, Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"

On the earl's cheek the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age;
Fierce he broke forth: "And darest thou, then,
To beard the lion in his den—
The Douglas in his hall?
And hopest thou hence unscathed to go?
No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!
Up drawbridge, grooms!—what, warder, ho!
Let the portcullis fall."

Lord Marmion turned—well was his need—And dashed his rowels in his steed;
Like arrow through the archway sprung,
The ponderous gate behind him rung;
To pass, there was such scanty room,
The bars, descending, grazed his plume.
The steed along the drawbridge flies,
Just as it trembled on the rise:
Not lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake's level brim:
And when Lord Marmion reached his band,
He halts, and turns with clenched hand,
A shout of loud defiance pours,
And shakes his gauntlet at the towers!

Scott.

EXTRACT FROM A LECTURE ON THACKERAY.

Vanity Fair! What a wonderful work of art! Where, in the world of literature, will you meet its equal? Witty, brilliant, satiric, hard, wicked, fascinating, it is as if the actual "Vanity Fair" had flitted over its transcriber's page and left its impress there. The novel shows how hollow the whole world is—how fickle, how unhappy, how transitory, how full of sham and whatever else that is unprofitable and unsatisfying. Yet, like the world, the book is singularly alluring; but it is an unpleasant story that is told. There is a taste of the bitter after its perusal; ashes are strewn over it; it reminds us of the old song in Bulwer's Last of the Barons—"Foul is fair, and fair is foul;" but if it were not all this, it could not be just what it purports to be—a transcript of life.

The title-Vanity Fair-while it does not add to the

value of the story, has a telling force, nevertheless, proving sufficiently how much, after all, there is in a name; for, imagine some other, and you would detract from the perfectness of the whole, as well as from the ingenious selection of the author. Who that has read, can easily forget the characters in this remarkable work? It has often been observed that Thackeray has neither heroes nor heroines in his books, and the full title of the tale under consideration runs: "Vanity Fair-A Novel without a Hero"—without a hero perhaps, not, certainly, without a heroine. Who could oppose Becky Sharp's claim? See the care, solicitude, minute concern, amounting almost to affection, on the part of the great novelist for this, his greatest conception. It is no sign of inferiority that Thackeray designedly makes Becky consistent throughout, although she is a woman.

Is it a fault or a merit in Thackeray's novels that we admire the wicked people and endure the good? Certainly the master of fiction does make all his bad characters clever, both men and women, and his good ones stupid. This fact might be urged in weighing Thackeray's claims as one of the greatest novelists.

· G. S. Mead.

CATILINE'S DEFIANCE.

Conscript Fathers,
I do not rise to waste the night in words;
Let that Plebeian talk; 'tis not my trade;
But here I stand for right,—let him show proofs,—
For Roman right; though none, it seems, dare stand
To take their share with me. Ay, cluster there!
Cling to your master, judges, Romans, slaves!

His charge is false;—I dare him to his proofs. You have my answer. Let my actions speak!

But this I will avow, that I have scorned,
And still do scorn, to hide my sense of wrong!
Who brands me on the forehead, breaks my sword,
Or lays the bloody scourge upon my back,
Wrongs me not half so much as he who shuts
The gates of honor on me,—turning out
The Roman from his birthright; and, for what?
To fling your offices to every slave!
Vipers, that creep where man disdains to climb,
And, having wound their loathesome track to the top
Of this huge, mouldering monument of Rome,
Hang hissing at the nobler man below!
Come, consecrated Lictors, from your thrones;
Fling down your scepters; take the rod and axe,
And make the murder as you make the law!

Banished from Rome! What's banished, but set free From daily contact of the things I loathe? "Tried and convicted traitor!" Who says this? Who'll prove it, at his peril, on my head?

Banished! I thank you for 't. It breaks my chain! I held some slack allegiance till this hour;
But now my sword's my own. Smile on, my Lords! I scorn to count what feelings, withered hopes,
Strong provocations, bitter, burning wrongs,
I have within my heart's hot cells shut up,
To leave you in your lazy dignities.
But here I stand and scoff you! here, I fling
Hatred and full defiance in your face!
Your Consul's merciful.—For this, all thanks.
He dares not touch a hair of Catiline!

"Traitor!" I go; but, I return. This—trial!
Here I devote your Senate! I've had wrongs
To stir a fever in the blood of age,
Or make the infant's sinews strong as steel.
This day's the birth of sorrow! This hour's work
Will breed proscriptions! Look to your hearths, my Lords!
For there, henceforth, shall sit, for household gods,
Shapes hot from Tartarus!—all shames and crimes!
Wan Treachery, with his thirsty dagger drawn;
Suspicion, poisoning his brother's cup;
Naked Rebellion, with the torch and axe,
Making his wild sport of your blazing thrones;
Till Anarchy comes down on you like night,
And Massacre seals Rome's eternal grave.

I go; but not to leap the gulf alone.
I go; but, when I come, 't will be the burst
Of ocean in the earthquake,—rolling back
In swift and mountainous ruin. Fare you well!
You build my funeral-pile; but your best blood
Shall quench its flame! Back, slaves! I will return.

Croly.

AGAINST EMPLOYING INDIANS IN WAR.

Who is the man that, in addition to disgraces and mischiefs of our army, has dared to authorize and associate to our arms the tomahawk and scalping knife of the savage?—to call into civilized alliance the wild and inhuman savage of the woods; to delegate to the merciless Indian the defence of disputed rights; and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren? My Lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punish-

ment; but, atrocious as they are, they have found a defender in this House. "It is perfectly justifiable," says a noble Lord, "to use all the means that God and Nature put into our hands." I am astonished, shocked, to hear such principles confessed,—to hear them avowed in this House, or even in this country; -- principles equally unconstitutional, inhuman, and unchristian! My Lords, I did not intend to have trespassed again upon your attention; but I cannot repress my indignation-I feel myself impelled by every duty to proclaim it. As members of this House, as men, as Christians, we are called upon to protest against the barbarous proposition. "That God and Nature put into our hands!" What ideas that noble Lord may entertain of God and Nature, I know not; but I know that such abominable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity. What! attribute the sacred sanction of God and Nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife,—to the cannibal savage, torturing, murdering, devouring, drinking the blood of his mangled victims! Such notions shock every precept of religion, every sentiment of honor, every feeling of humanity!

These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand most decisive indignation! I call upon that Right Reverend. Bench, those holy ministers of the Gospel, and pious pastors of our Church; I conjure them to join in the holy work, and to vindicate the religion of their God! I appeal to the wisdom and the law of this learnéd Bench, to defend and support the justice of their country! I call upon the Bishops to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn; upon the judges, to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution! I call upon the honor of your

Lordships to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own! I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country, to vindicate the national character! I invoke the genius of the Constitution!

Lord Chatham.

THE FROG AND THE FRENCHMAN.

When the grass comes slowly creeping O'er the meadows, in good keeping With the spring, Then appears the early peeper, Who, to lull the wanton sleeper,

Formerly, he used to sail By the motion of his tail, When pollywog;

'Gins to sing.

But he lost that institution, In the course of evolution

To the frog.

Such a cunning little fellow, With his breast a greenish-yellow, He will go

Tuning up that voice unfailing,
As young roosters, when first tailing,
Try to crow.

On a lily-pad he'll teeter,
And maintain he sings much sweeter
Than a bird;
A canary—the last feather,
Washed away by rainy weather,

Takes his word; So absurd. When he grows a little sweeter,
Epicurean frog-eater
Always begs
That his deft and agile henchman
Will go catch this tender Frenchman,
For his legs.

So he hies him to the pond,
Or the eddy just beyond,
In the creek,—
Where he finds the full-grown frog,
Basking on a cosy log;
Hear him speak:
"Greek meets Greek!
Chug-a-reek!

"I'm suspicious of your nation,
Though I like your conversation:
Parlez-vous;
But if you are not polite, sir,
I'll jump quickly out of sight, sir,
Entre nous!
Chug-a-roo!

"Do you think, O, simple sinner,
You will catch a Sunday dinner
With a bug?
Regardez! begin to banter
With 'red rag', I'm gone instanter;
Chug-a-rug!

"Shrug your shoulders well mansion."

"Shrug your shoulders well, monsieur,
There's no use to make detour,
I know your game.
I'm content to parles-vous,

If my broken French will do, But I'll keep an eye on you, All the same, Chug-a-rame!

"Like the Premiere Danseuse,
A fat frog is of no use,
Save his limb:
So like 'sprinter' on his pegs,
I had better stretch my legs,
Nice and trim,
For a swim.
Chug-a-rim!
In the brink
Don't you think?
Chug-a-rink!

"Were I cooked and on a plate,
Vou would have a tête-à-tête,

Avec amour

With fair lady vis-à-vis;
Two is pleasant company,
Always spoiled by number three.
So, Bonjour!"

Chug-a-rink! Chug-a-rink!

- "Ze same to you!"
- " Taisez vous!"
- " Parbleu!"
- " Chug-a-roo Hu-hu hoo!"

Fred Emerson Brooks.

COL. BAKER AS AN ORATOR.

The style of Col. Baker was lofty and grand, but never stereotyped. As his passions ran the whole gamut of human feeling, and his learning touched the entire field of thought, so his style was that of no man-but the excellences of all men. He had the magical influence of Cæsar. He had the fascination of Pericles. He was vehement in gesture, like Brougham and Mirabeau. impetuous eloquence swept away all opposition. Before him men stood dumb. Those who came to cavil, to question, to interrupt, remained to listen in silence, and went away convinced. His speeches were poems; his words were music; his thoughts were thunderbolts. His was not poverty of ideas flaunting gay trappings of words. His very voice with thoughts seemed pregnant. He spoke to the common conscience. He kept his feet on fact, but he painted his pictures with Greek fire that burned them upon the memory. There were others that made arguments hard to answer, but his arguments nobody ever wanted to answer.

He was lofty and majestic like Burke and Chatham. He had the inspiration of Patrick Henry, the polish of Edward Everett, and in his withering denunciations, was the equal of his Eastern rival, Wendell Phillips. In his arsenal he carried every weapon of offense and defense. Wit and humor, fancy and imagination, sarcasm and irony, logic and rhetoric, were playthings in his hands, and upon proper occasions, he could use each with the skill of a master. When he touched upon the themes of Liberty, and Union, his eyes blazed, his whole frame

quivered, he looked like a god. His sentences lost the flow of Chatham's rounded period. They became short and epigrammatic. Every word was flame, every sentence seemed forced from a molten lake within.

Clara S. Foltz.

FREEDOM.

| Delivered in 1861.]

Long years ago I took my stand for Freedom, and where the feet of my youth were planted, there my manhood and my age shall march. And for one, I am not ashained of Freedom. I know her power. I rejoice in her majesty. I walk beneath her banner. I glory in her strength.

I have seen her again and again struck down on a hundred chosen fields of battle. I have seen her friends fly from her. I have seen her foes gather around her. I have seen them bind her to the stake. I have seen them give her ashes to the winds, regathering them that they might scatter them yet more widely. But when they turned to exult, I have seen her again meet them face to face, clad in complete steel and brandishing in her strong right hand a flaming sword red with insufferable light. I take courage. The people gather around her. The genius of America will yet lead her sons to Freedom!

Are you ashauled to march in the procession of Freedom? Shall reproach, shall malighant slander, shall base misrepresentation make you hesitate? For me at least, no. A thousand times, no! I love Freedom better than slavery. I will speak her words. I will listen to her music. I will acknowledge her impulses. I will stand beneath her flag. I will fight in her ranks. And when I

do so, I shall find myself surrounded by the great, the wise, the good, the brave, the noble of every land.

If I could stand for a moment upon one of our high mountain tops, far above all the kingdoms of the world, and see coming up, one after another, the bravest and the wisest of the ancient warriors, and statesmen, and kings, and monarchs, and priests, and be permitted to ask their opinion on this theme, with a common voice, and in thunder tones, reverberating through all lands and echoing down the ages, they would cry, "Liberty! Freedom! The Universal Brotherhood of man!" I join that shout! I swell that anthem! I echo that cry forever and forever! E. D. Baker.

THE GOLDEN GATE.

Down by the side of the Golden Gate The city stands; Grimly, and solemn, and silent, wait The walls of land,

Guarding its door as a treasure fond; And none may pass to the sea beyond, But they who trust to the king of fate,

And pass through the Golden Gate. The ships go out through its narrow door, White-sailed, and laden with precious store-White-sailed, and laden with precious freight, The ships come back through the Golden Gate. The sun comes up o'er the Eastern crest, The sun goes down in the golden West, And the East is West, and the West is East, And the sun, from his toil of day released, Shines back through the Golden Gate.

Down by the side of the Golden Gate— The door of life,—

Are resting our cities, sea-embowered,
White-walled, and templed, and marbled-towered—
The end of strife.

The ships have sailed from the silent walls,

And over their sailing the darkness falls.

O, the sea is so dark, and so deep, and wide!

Will the ships come back from the further side?

" Nay; but is there no further side,"

A voice is whispering across the tide,—

"Time, itself, is a circle vast,

Building the future out of the past; For the new is old, and the old is new,

And the true is false, and the false is true,

And the West is East, and the East is West, And the sun that rose o'er the Eastern crest.

Gone down in the West of his circling track, Forever and ever is shining back

Through the Golden Gate of life."

O soul! thy city is standing down
By its Golden Gate:

Over it hangs the menacing frown
Of the king of fate.

The sea of knowledge so near its door, Is rolling away to the further shore—

The orient side,-

And the ocean is dark, and deep, and wide! But thy harbor, O, Soul! is filled with sails, Freighted with messages, wonder tales, From the lands that swing in the sapphire sky, Where the gardens of God in the ether lie. If only the blinded eye could see,

If only thy deaf-mute heart could hear,
The ocean of knowledge is open to thee,
And its Golden Gate is near!
For the dead are the living—the living the dead,
And out of the darkness the light is shed;
And the East is West, and the West is East,
And the sun from his toil of day released,
Shines back through the Golden Gate.

Madge Morris.

FEMININE PITY.

I know nothing in the world tenderer than the pity that a kind-hearted young girl has for a young man who feels lonely. It is true that these dear creatures are all compassion for every form of human woe, and anxious to alleviate all human misfortunes. They will go to Sundayschools through storms their brothers are afraid of, to teach the most unpleasant and untractable classes of little children the age of Methuselah or the dimensions of Og the king of Bashan's bedstead. They will stand behind a table at a fair all day until they are ready to drop, dressed in their prettiest cloaks and their sweetest smiles, and lay hands upon you, to make you buy what you do not want, at prices which you cannot afford; all this as cheerfully as if it were not martyrdom to them as well as to you. Such is their love for all good objects, such their eagerness to sympathize with all their suffering fellowcreatures! But there is nothing they pity as they pity a lonely young man.

[The Poet at the Breakfast Table.]

Holmes.

BERNARDO DEL CARPIO.

The warrior bowed his crested head, and tamed his heart of fire,
And sued the haughty king to free his long-imprisoned sire;
"I bring thee here my fortress keys, I bring my captive train,
I pledge thee faith, my liege, my lord!—O! break my father's
chain!"

"Rise, rise! even now thy father comes, a ransomed man, this day!

Mount thy good horse; and thou and I will meet him on his way."
Then lightly rose that loyal son, and bounded on his steed,
And urged, as if with lance in rest, the charger's foamy speed.

And lo! from afar, as on they pressed, there came a glittering band,

With one that 'midst them stately rode, as a leader in the land; "Now haste, Bernardo, haste! for there, in very truth, is he, The father whom thy faithful heart hath yearned so long to see."

His dark eye flashed, his proud breast heaved, his cheek's hue came and went;

He reached that gray-haired chieftain's side, and there, dismounting, bent;

A lowly knee to earth he bent, his father's hand he took—What was there in its touch that all his fiery spirit shook?

That hand was cold—a frozen thing—it dropped from his like lead!

He looked up to the face above—the face was of the dead!

A plume waved o'er the noble brow—the brow was fixed and white;

He met, at last, his father's eyes—but in them was no sight!

Up from the ground he sprang and gazed; but who could paint that gaze?

They hushed their very hearts, that saw its horror and amaze—
They might have chained him, as before that stony form he stood;
For the power was.stricken from his arm, and from his lip the
blood.

"Father!" at length he murmured low, and wept like child-hood then:

Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the tears of warlike men! He thought on all his glorious hopes, and all his young renown— He flung his falchion from his side, and in the dust sat down.

Then covering with his steel-gloved hands his darkly mournful brow,

"No more, there is no more," he said, "to lift the sword for now! My king is false—my hope betrayed! My father—O! the worth, The glory, and the loveliness, are passed away from earth!

"I thought to stand where banners waved, my sire, beside thee, yet!

I would that there our kindred blood on Spain's free soil had met!

Thou wouldst have known my spirit, then—for thee my fields
were won;

And thou hast perished in thy chains, as though thou hadst no son.'

Then, starting from the ground once more, he seized the monarch's rein,

Amid the pale and wildered looks of all the courtier train;
And, with a fierce, o'ermastering grasp, the rearing war-horse led,
And sternly set them face to face—the king before the dead:

"Came I not forth, upon thy pledge, my father's hand to kiss?

—Be still, and gaze thou on, false king! and tell me what is this? The voice, the glance, the heart I sought—give answer, where are they?

If thou wouldst clear thy perjured soul, send life through this cold clay!

"Into these glassy eyes put light—be still! keep down thine ire!
Bid these white lips a blessing speak—this earth is not my sire—
Give me back him for whom I strove, for whom my blood was
shed!

Thou canst not?—and a king!—his dust be mountains on thy head!"

He loosed the steed—his slack hand fell—upon the silent face He cast one long, deep, troubled look, then turned from that sad place.

His hope was crushed, his after fate untold in martial strain— His banner led the spears no more, amid the hills of Spain.

Mrs. Hemans.

THE FUNNY STORY.

It was such a funny story! how I wish you could have heard it, For it set us all a laughing from the little to the big; I'd really like to tell it, but I don't know how to word it, Though it travels to the music of a very lively jig.

If Sally just began it, then Amelia Jane would giggle, And Mehetable and Susan try their very broadest grin; And the infant Zachariah on his mother's lap would wriggle, And add a lusty chorus to the very merry din.

It was such a funny story, with its its cheery snap and crackle, And Sally always told it with such dramatic art, That the chickens in the door-yard would begin to "cackle-cackle, As if in such a frolic they were anxious to take part.

It was all about a—ha! ha!—and a—ho! ho! ho!—well really, It is—he! he!—I never could begin to tell you half Of the nonsense there was in it, for I just remember clearly
It began with ha! ha! ha! ha! and it ended with a laugh.
But Sally—she could tell it, looking at us so demurely,
With a woe-begone expression that no actress would despise;
And if you'd never heard it, why you would imagine surely,
That you'd need your pocket-handkerchief to wipe your weeping
eyes."

When age my hair has silvered, and my step has grown unsteady, And the nearest to my vision are the scenes of long ago, I shall see the pretty picture, and the tears will come as ready As the laugh did, when I used to ha! ha! ha! ha! and—ho! ho! ho!

Josephine Pollard in Scripner of 1878.

THE ISLE OF LONG AGO.

O, a wonderful stream is the river Time,
As it runs through the realm of tears,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
And a boundless sweep and a surge sublime,
As it blends with the Ocean of Years.

How the winters are drifting, like flakes of snow,
And the summers, like buds between;
And the year in the sheaf—so they come and they go,
On the river's breast, with its ebb and flow,
As it glides in the shadow and sheen.

There's a magical isle up the river Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing;
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the Junes with the roses are staying,

And the name of that Isle is the Long Ago,
And we bury our treasures there;
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow—
There are heaps of dust—oh! we loved them so!—
There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of song that nobody sings,
And a part of an infant's prayer;
There's a lute unswept, and a harp without strings,
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
And the garments our dead used to wear.

There are hands that are waved, when the fairy shore
By the mirage is lifted in air;
And we sometimes hear, through the turbulent roar,
Sweet voices we heard in days gone before,
When the wind down the river is fair.

O, remembered for aye be the blessed Isle,
All the day of our life till night—
When the evening comes with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile,
May that "Greenwood" of Soul be in sight!

B. F. Taylor.

On the American Revolution.

They tell us, sir, that we are weak, unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom

of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot?

Sir, we are not weak if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone—it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery. Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable. and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come!

It is vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry peace, peace, but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the North will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

Patrick Henry.

TELL ON HIS NATIVE HILLS.

Oh, with what pride I used
To walk these hills, and look up to my God,
And bless him that the land was free. 'T was freeFrom end to end, from cliff to lake 't was free!
Free as our torrents are that leap our rocks,
And plow our valleys, without asking leave!
Or as our peaks, that wear their caps of snow
In very presence of the regal sun!

How happy was it then! I loved
Its very storms. Yes, I have sat
In my boat at night, when, midway o'er the lake,
The stars went out, and down the mountain gorge
The wind came roaring. I have sat and eyed
The thunder breaking from his cloud, and smiled
To see him shake his lightnings o'er my head,
And think I had no master save his own!

On yonder jutting cliff—o'ertaken there By the mountain blast, I've laid me flat along, And while gust followed gust more furiously, As if to sweep me o'er the horrid brink, And I have thought of other lands, whose storms Are summer-flaws to those of mine, and just Have wished me there—the thought that mine was free Has checked that wish, and I have raised my head, And cried in thraldom to that furious wind, Blow on !—this is the land of liberty!

Knowles.

THE TWO PROFESSIONS.

[Abridged from original MS. for VOICE CULTURE AND ELOCUTION.]

"Margaret! Margaret!! Margaret!!! Oh, dear! I hope the Lord will give me patience to bear with that girl, and bring her up in the way she should go. She is given over to the Evil One, I fear!" Deacon Gray closed his Bible with a bang, and arose to his feet to go in search of his wayward daughter. Just then the sound of a rich, full, musical voice came floating down from the attic chamber of the farmhouse, and the deacon paused in the centre of the old-fashioned sitting room, with both hands uplifted in holy horror, while he listened to the sound of—

[Here introduce song.]

"May the Lord keep me from punishing that girl according to her wickedness," groaned the deacon, as he called out again,

"Margaret! Margaret Gray! You unregenerate hussy,

come here this minute."

"Yes, father."

"What was that, that you was a screeching just now?" he asked, his voice trembling with passion.

"A song from ———," she answered, "is it not lovely?"

"Shut up, child of iniquity," he roared.

"Yes, father."

"I believe you are given over to hardness of heart, and depravity of mind. I have prayed for you, labored with you, and even chastised you, Margaret, but you are growing worse every day. I was away from home yesterday, attending a meeting of our associated laborers for foreign missions. I left old Parker to finish cradling that wheat,—did he work all day?"

"Why, father, the work was done, and you yourself said that it would take a young man a day and a half to do it."

"That's not the question. I want to know if he worked all day."

"No; but I did. I knew the poor old colored man had a sick wife at home, who has no care, except such as he can bestow upon her. So I worked with all my strength, that he might enjoy a few hours free from toil, and you be none the poorer, father."

"That's enough,! I shall pay him for three quarters of a day!"

"Oh, father ——!"

"Shut up! You would encourage idleness in niggers, would you? May the Lord give me patience with such a sinful, disobedient child."

Margaret sang no more that day, and at evening she wended her way to the miserable hut which the colored man called his home. As her eyes became accustomed to the darkness, she beheld the form of the old man crouched upon the floor beside the wretched couch, whereon lay the emaciated form of his dying wife.

"O Miss Marget! Is dat you?" he said in trembling tones. "She's a'most gone, a'most gone, honey. De golden gates is unlocked, and it seems as if dese yer ole blind eyes kin see de angels peepin' froo."

"Sing! sing! sing!" It was the feeble whisper of

the dying one.

"Yes, yes, ole woman, I will. I'll sing one o' dem glory tunes yer likes so well." Choking back his grief

and nerving himself by a mighty effort for the task, the stricken husband sang.

[Introduce negro church melody.]

"Oh, its dark and cold, so cold. I wish de good Lord would take me by the hand," murniured the dying lips. Margaret clasped the black, withered hand in hers, and then her full, rich voice, tremulous with feeling, flooded the wretched hovel like a deluge of sunshine.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

Lead, Kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet, I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me!

So long Thy power hath led me, sure it still Will lead me on,

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent till

The night is gone,

And with the morn those angel faces smile,

Which I have loved long since and lost awhile.

As the notes died away, a dead silence fell upon the scene. It was the solemn hush of the presence of death, broken only by the subdued sobs of the weeping husband. "Oh, it's dark and cold!" murmured the sufferer. "But hark! Listen, honey! I hear music. Don't yer hear it? Oh 'tis de music of de angels, and dis yer room is growing light. I'se almost over now; de water ob de ribber isn't cold any mo'. Oh chile! it's easy 'nough ter die dis way. Cos yer brought dem angels in hyar wid yer when yer come. Dere! I see dem buful angels.

Good-by ole man—don't stay long behind cos I knows ye'll suffer hyar. Good-by, Miss. May de Lord 'ward you for your goodness—good——by——good——."

The following morning, Margaret was astir, early as usual. Before long her father's voice was heard, "Margaret! Margaret!"

"Yes, father!"

"Margaret, there is one thing I want to talk to you about, and I mean every word I say. It is time that you was doing something for yourself, the harvesting is almost over and your mother can do all the work that is to be done about the house. I think you had better go into some factory or take a school for the winter."

"I have already decided what to do father-I shall go

upon the stage."

"What! go upon the stage; become one of those abandoned wretches who are a disgrace to humanity! who never go to church, read a Bible, or utter a prayer! Never! No child of mine shall ever be reckoned among that vile hoard! Take back your words, or leave my house."

"Father, I cannot."

"Then go! Never enter these doors again! Never call me father! Never dare look upon my face even in its coffin."

There were a few whispered words of endearment between Margaret and her mother, and then the daughter left the room, and soon quitted the place which she called home, but which her tyrant father had rendered hateful to her.

Five years passed, and Deacon Gray lay upon his deathbed. The ministers and all the prominent members of the church had visited him, trying to comfort and console

him. Still, the old man was not happy.

It was night. All was quiet in and about the old farm-house, save the whistling of the November wind, and the monotonous, measured, waving protest of the old kitchen clock, which said plainly in the dying man's ear:

"Take back—take back—your words—take back take back—your words—call back—your child—Marg'ret

-Marg'ret."

"Wife! Wife!" he called out, unable to endure the torture which his remorseful thoughts inflicted upon him. The patient watcher arose from her seat, and bent over him. Wife, I've been a faithful churchman."

"Yes, husband, you have, indeed."

"But somehow that thought doesn't satisfy me now. I've been harsh and cruel to you, wife."

"Oh, no, no, don't think about that, husband. No one

is perfect. I dare say I tried your patience."

"And there was Margaret—poor child, I drove her from her home, when I should have been her best friend, next to you, wife. Don't say a word. There's no excuse for me. She was always a better Christian than I was, and I knew it too, but I wanted to have my own way—I wanted to think for her—I wanted her to think as I did. I forgot that she could not be ruled in that way. Hark! Listen! Don't you hear? Call back—Marg'ret—Call back—Marg'ret!"

"It is only the ticking of the clock, husband."

"Yes, it is something more than that; it is conscience—conscience! Oh, if I could hear her sing once more! I wouldn't care what she sang—and I told her never to look upon my face again, living or dead! O, Margaret—Margaret—my child—my child—forgive—forgive—for-

give! It's growing dark, wife. Is that your hand? Why, how soft and fair it seems—I could almost fancy it was her hand. God help me—and forgive me. Sing, Margaret—sing, my child—I have never heard any music since I drove you from your home."

Softly, sweetly, and tremulously, there arose upon the midnight stillness the sound of a sweet voice singing:

|Sing, "Jesus, Lover of my Soul."|

A peaceful smile stole over the features of the dying man, and, as the sound of the last note died away, he raised his arms feebly.

"Margaret, my child," he whispered.

"Father, dear father."

"Forgive me, Margaret."

"As I hope for forgiveness when I am leaving this earthly body, dear father."

"Kiss me, my child."

The loving arms of the faithful daughter were twined about the neck of the parent whom she had found for the first time in her life. Her lips were pressed to his, and when she disengaged herself from his embrace, his hands fell heavily by his side, a feeble sigh fluttered from his breast, and Deacon Gray—was dead!

THE LOST SHEEP.

De massa ob de sheepfol',
Dat guard de sheepfol' bin,
Look out in de gloomerin' meadows
Whar de long night rain begin—
So he call to de hirelin' shepa'd,
"Is my sheep, is dey all come in?"
"Oh," den says the hirelin' shepa'd,

"Dey's some dey's black an' thin, An' some dey's po' ol' wedda's, But de res' dey's all brung in."

Den de massa ob de sheepfol',
Dat guard de sheepfol' bin,
Goes down in de gloomerin' meadows,
Whar de long night rain begin—
So he le' down de bars of de sheepfol',
Callin'sof', "Come in, come in."

Den up tro' de gloomerin' meadows, Tro' de col' night rain an' win', An' up tro' de gloomerin' rain-pat, War de sleet fa' pie'cin' thin, De po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol,' Dey all comes gadderin' in ; De po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol', Dey all comes gadderin' in.

Sally Pratt Maclean.

THE MURDERER'S SECRET.

Providence hath so ordained, and doth so govern things, that those who break the great law of heaven by shedding man's blood, seldom succeed in avoiding discovery: A thousand eyes turn at once to explore every man, everything, every circumstance, connected with the time and place; a thousand ears catch every whisper; a thousand excited minds intensely dwell on the scene; shedding all their light, and ready to kindle the slightest circumstance into a blaze of discovery. Meantime, the guilty soul cannot keep its own secret.

It is false to itself; or rather it feels an irresistible im-

pulse of conscience to be true to itself. The secret which the murderer possesses, soon comes to possess him. And like the evil spirits of which we read, it overcomes him, and leads him whithersoever it will. He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat, and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become his master. It betrays his discretion, it breaks down his courage, it conquers his prudence. When suspicions from without begin to embarrass him, and the net of circumstances to entangle him, the fatal secret struggles with still greater violence to burst forth. It must be confessed, it will be confessed; there is no refuge from confession but suicide; and suicide is confession.

Webster

A PSALM OF LIFE.

Tell me not in mournful numbers, Life is but an empty dream! For the soul is dead that slumbers, And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!

And the grave is not its goal:
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow, Is our destined end and way, But to act that each to-morrow Find us farther than to-day. Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle, In the bivouac of life, Be not like dumb, driven cattle! Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!

Let the dead Past bury its dead!

Act!—act in the living Present!

Heart within, and God o'erhead.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another, Sailing o'er life's solemn main, A forlorn and shipwrecked brother, Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing, With a heart for any fate; Still achieving, still pursuing, Learn to labor and to wait.

Longfellow.

SPRINKLING THE STREETS.

Mr. Trevelyan, who lives on Court street, has had trouble already with his garden hose. Since the introduction of the Holly water system, it has been the delight of Mr. Trevelyan to turn himself into a pipeman at sunset, and, with his garden hose, sprinkle the thirsty street with the clear, cool waters of the neighty Mississippi.

Miss Norah Donavan, a young lady who is connected with the culinary department of Mr. Trevelyan's house, and is also superintendent of the dormitories and general overseer of carpets, had often watched, as her duties would permit, this process of cooling down the streets at eventide, and she had been heard to wish that this duty might be entrusted to her. She finally framed her wish in a direct petition, and last evening she entered upon the active duties of her new office.

When Miss Donavan took the nozzle from the hands of her master, it was pointed almost directly at the middle of the street, and Miss Donavan conscientiously retained it in this position, while her whole frame was convulsed with delight.

Presently there came dashing down the street, in a light, open phæton, two happy young people. In vain

the male young person shouted:

"Hi, there, I say! turn her off!" and in vain the female young person shrieked, and essayed to hide behind

a parasol no larger than a water lily.

Miss Donavan only stared at them, and wondered if peradventure they might be crazy, and when they passed through the torrent, they came out on the other side very sad, very silent and very damp, not to say limp. Then the gentleman who lives next door came out and called to her as he approached, intending to instruct her how to shut off the deluging stream, or turn it aside when any one approached. But Miss Donavan, hearing him call her name, said, "Sorr?" and turned about and faced him with the nozzle doing its level best, wide open and a fire pressure on. He turned with the first shot and fled for his own door, the cooling stream following him every inch of the way, like an angel of mercy in disguise. But by the time he reached the door, he was so thoroughly drenched that his suspenders mildewed.

Then a North Hill street car came rattling down—an open, summer car, just crowded with people coming in from a picnic at Sunnyside—and when they heard the driver shout, and then dodge and then swear, they saw their fate and Miss Donavan, and just howled, and wailed, and screamed, and tried to get behind each other, and crept under the seats, and some of them-even jumped off the car; and all of them, by their frantic gestures, wild shrieks, and singular behavior, impressed Miss Donavan with the idea that they were dreadfully drunk.

The street car passed on, and when it was beyond the line of Mr. Trevelyan's garden stream, the dryest man in that car could have put out a conflagration by simply leaning back against the house that was burning, and before the car reached the next corner there were four well-defined suits for damages fixed up against Mr. Trevelyan.

By this time Miss Donavan was pretty thoroughly convinced that the manipulation of a garden hose required that judgment and liberal education and shrewd insight into men and motives, that belong only to the aristocratic

classes, and she determined to resign her position forthwith. She went into the hall, carrying the nozzle with her, and spreading desolation and dismay wherever she went. "Whist!" she shouted, as the torrent drenched the hat-rack; "Murther!" she howled, when it knocked the globe off the hall lamp. "Misther Trevelyan!" she shrieked, "where on the wide world is the sthopper?" and then she bent over the irrepressible nozzle and essayed to stop it with her finger.

The howl of dismay that followed this attempt brought the startled family up into the hall, and in less than three minutes every seat in the house was taken, standing

room all gone, and the play declared a success.

ODE ON THE PASSIONS.

When Music, heavenly maid, was young, While yet in early Greece she sung. The passions oft, to hear her shell, Thronged around her magic cell. Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting-Possessed beyond the Muse's painting. By turns they felt the glowing mind Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined: Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired, Filled with fury, rapt, inspired, From the supporting myrtles round They snatched her instruments of sound: And, as they oft had heard apart Sweet lessons of her forceful art. Each-for madness ruled the hour-Would prove his own expressive power.

First, Fear, his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewildered laid--And back recoiled, he knew not why,
Even at the sound himself had made.

Next, Anger rushed: his eyes on fire,
In lightnings owned his secret stings—
With one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hands the strings.

With woful measures, wan Despair—
Low, sullen sounds his grief beguiled;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air:
'Twas sad, by fits—by starts, 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope! with eyes so fair,

What was thy delighted measure?

Still it whispered promised pleasure,

And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail.

Still would her touch the strain prolong;

And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,

She called on Echo still through all her song:

And, where her sweetest theme she chose,

A soft, responsive voice was heard at every close;

And Hope, enchanted, smiled, and waved her golden hair.

And longer had she sung—but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose:
He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down,
And with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast, so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe:
And ever and anon, he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat;

And though, sometimes, each dreary pause between,

* Dejected Pity at his side,
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild, unaltered mich:

While each strained ball of sight seemed bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fixed;
Sad proof of thy distressful state!
Of differing themes the veering song was mixed:
And now, it courted Love; now, raving, called on Hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sat retired;
And from her wild, sequestered seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul;
And, dashing soft from rocks around.

Bubbling runnels joined the sound.

Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,
Or o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay,
Round a holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace and lonely musing.

Love of peace and lonely mus In hollow murmurs died away.

But, oh! how altered was its sprightlier tone, When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue, Her bow across her shoulder flung, Her buskins gemmed with morning dew, Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,

The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known!

The oak-crowned sisters, and their chaste-eyed queen,

Satyrs and sylvan boys were seen, Peeping from forth their alleys green: Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear, And Sport leaped up, and seized his beechen spear. Last, came Joy's ecstatic trial;
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand addressed:
But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best.
They would have thought, who heard the strain,
They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids,
Amid the festal-sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing;
While as his flying fingers kissed the strings,
Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round:
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound,
And he amid his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odors from his dewy wing.

Collins.

LIBERTY AND UNION.

While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that, I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant, that in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind! When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on states dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood!

Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as "What is all this worth?" nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first and Union afterwards;" but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart—Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!

Wolsey's Fall.

Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness! This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth. The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms, And bears his blushing honors thick upon him; The third day comes a frost—a killing frost; And when he thinks, good easy man! full surely. His greatness is a ripening—nips the root, And then he falls, as I do.

I have ventured, Like little wanton boys, that swim on bladders, These many summers in a sea of glory, But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride At length broke under me, and now has left me, Weary and old with service, to the mercy Of a rude stream that must forever hide me.

Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye! I feel my heart new opened; oh! how wretched Is that poor man that hangs on prince's favors! There is, betwixt that smile he would aspire to,

That sweet aspect of princes and their ruin, More pangs and fears than wars or women have; And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer, Never to hope again.

SPARTACUS TO THE GLADIATORS.

Ye call me chief; and ye do well to call him chief who, for twelve long years, has met upon the arena every shape of man or beast the broad empire of Rome could furnish, and who never yet lowered his arm. If there be one among you who can say that ever, in public fight or private brawl, my actions did belie my tongue, let him stand forth, and say it. If there be three in all your company dare face me on the bloody sands, let them come on. And yet I was not always thus—a hired butcher, a savage chief of still more savage men!

My ancestors came from old Sparta, and settled among the vine-clad rocks and citron groves of Cyrasella. My early life ran quiet as the brooks by which I sported; and when, at noon, I gathered the sheep beneath the shade, and played upon the shepherd's flute, there was a friend, the son of a neighbor, to join me in the pastime. We led our flocks to the same pasture, and partook together our rustic meal.

One evening, after the sheep were folded, and we were all seated beneath the myrtle which shaded our cottage, my grandsire, an old man, was telling of Marathon and Leuctra; and how, in ancient times, a little band of Spartans, in a defile of the mountains, had withstood a whole army. I did not then know what war was; but my cheeks burned, I knew not why, and I clasped the knees of that venerable man until my mother, parting

the hair from off my forehead, kissed my throbbing temples, and bade me go to rest, and think no more of those old tales and savage wars. That very night the Romans landed on our coast. I saw the breast that had nourished me trampled by the hoof of the war horse; the bleeding body of my father flung amid the blazing

rafters of our dwelling!

To-day I killed a man in the arena; and, when I broke his helmet clasps, behold! he was my friend. He knew me, smiled faintly, gasped, and died-the same sweet smile upon his lips that I had marked when, in adventurous boyhood, we scaled the lofty cliff to pluck the first ripe grapes, and bear them home in childish triumph! I told the pretor that the dead man had been my friend. generous and brave; and I begged that I might bear away the body, to burn it on a funeral pile, and mourn over its ashes. Ay! upon my knees, amid the dust and blood of the arena, I begged that poor boon, while all the assembled maids and matrons, and the holy virgins they call Vestals, and the rabble, shouted in derision, deeming it rare sport, forsooth, to see Rome's fiercest gladiator turn pale and tremble at sight of that piece of bleeding clay! And the pretor drew back as I were pollution, and sternly said: "Let the carrion rot; there are no noble men but Romans!" And so, fellowgladiators, must you, and so must I, die like dogs.

O, Rome! Rome! thou hast been a tender nurse to me. Ay! thou hast given, to that poor, gentle, timid shepherd-lad, who never knew a harsher tone than a flute-note, muscles of iron and a heart of flint; taught him to drive the sword through plaited mail and links of rugged brass, and warm it in the marrow of his foe:—to gaze into the glaring eye-balls of the fierce Numidian lion, even

as a boy upon a laughing girl! And he shall pay thee back, until the yellow Tiber is red as frothing wine, and

in its deepest ooze thy life-blood lies curdled!

Ye stand here now like giants, as ye are! The strength of brass is in your toughened sinews; but to-morrow some Roman Adonis, breathing sweet perfume from his curly locks, shall with his lily fingers pay your red brawn, and bet his sesterces upon your blood. Hark! hear ye yon lion roaring in his den? 'Tis three days since he tasted flesh; but to-morrow he shall break his fast upon yours—and a dainty meal for him ye will be!

If ye are beasts, then stand here like fat oxen, waiting for the butcher's knife! If ye are men,—follow me! Strike down yon guard, gain the mountain passes, and there do bloody work, as did your sires at old Thermopyle! Is Sparta dead? Is the old Grecian spirit frozen in your veins, that you do crouch and cower like a belabored hound beneath his master's lash? O, comrades! warriors! Thracians!—if we must fight, let us fight for ourselves! If we must slaughter, let us slaughter our oppressors! If we must die, let it be under the clear sky, by the bright waters, in noble, honorable battle!

E. Kellogg.

IF WE KNEW.

If we knew the woe and heartache
Waiting for us down the road,
If our lips could taste the wormwood,
If our backs could feel the load;
Would we waste the day in wishing
For a time that ne'er can be?
Would we wait with such impatience
For our ships to come from sea?

If we knew the baby fingers,
Pressed against the window pane,
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow,
Never trouble us again;
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow?
Would the print of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do no now?

Ah, those little ice-cold fingers!

How they point our memories back
To the hasty words and actions
Strewn along our backward track!
How those little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns, but roses,
For our reaping by and by.

Strange we never prize the music
Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown;
Strange that we should slight the violets
Till the lovely flowers are gone;
Strange that summer skies and sunshine
Never seem one-half so fair,
As when winter's snowy pinions
Shake their white down in the air.

Lips from which the seal of silence
None but God can roll away,
Never blossomed in such beauty
As adorns the mouth to-day;
And sweet words that freight our memory
With their beautiful perfume,
Come to us in sweeter accents
Through the portals of the tomb,

Let us gather up the sunbeams,
Lying all around our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff;
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of to-day;
With a patient hand removing
All the briars from our way,

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE AT BALAKLAVA.

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the Valley of Death
Rode the Six Hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said:
Into the Valley of Death
Rode the Six Hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the Valley of Death
Rode the Six Hundred.

Cannon to right of them, Cannon to left of them, Cannon in front of them, Volleyed and thundered. Stormed at with shot and shell, Boldly they rode and well; Into the jaws of Death, Into the mouth of hell, Rode the Six Hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered.
Plunged in the battery smoke,
Right through the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the sabre-stroke,
Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back, but not,
Not the Six Hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them,
Volleyed and thundered.
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of Death
Back from the mouth of hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of Six Hundred.

When can their glory fade?

O the wild charge they made!

All the world wondered.

Honor the charge they made! Honor the Light Brigade, Noble Six Hundred.

Tennyson.

QUARREL SCENE BETWEEN BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

Cassius. That you have wronged me doth appear in this:

You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella For taking bribes here of the Sardians; Wherein my letters, praying on his side, Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Brutus. You wronged yourself to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet That every nice offense should bear his comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself Are much condemned to have an itching palm; To sell and mart your offices for gold To undeservers.

You know that you are Brutus that speak this, Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honors this corruption, And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember. Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake? What villain touched his body, that did stab, And not for justice? What, shall one of us, That struck the foremost man of all this world But for supporting robbers—shall we now Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,

And sell the mighty space of our large honors For so much trash as may be graspéd thus? I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon, Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me; I'll not endure it: you forget yourself To hedge me in; I am a soldier—I, Older in practice, abler than yourself To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you're not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more; I shall forget myself; Have mind upon your health; tempt me no further.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is't possible? Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler?

Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?

Cas. Oh ye gods! ye gods! must I endure all this?

Bru. All this? ay, more: Fret till your proud heart break:

Go show your slaves how choleric you are, And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge? Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch Under your testy humor? By the gods, You shall digest the venom of your spleen, Though it do split you; for, from this day forth, I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter, When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say you are a better soldier:

Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,

And it shall please me well: for mine own part. I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus; I said an elder soldier, not a better: Did I say better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved

Bru. Peace, peace; you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not?

Cas. What? durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;

I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for. There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats; For I am armed so strong in honesty, That they pass by me as the idle wind, Which I respect not. I did send to you For certain sums of gold, which you denied me:-For I can raise no money by vile means: By heaven, I had rather coin my heart, And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash By any indirection. I did send To you for gold to pay my legions, Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius? Should I have answered Caius Cassius so? When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous, To lock such rascal counters from his friends, Be ready, gods, with all your thunderboltsDash him to pieces!

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not:—he was but a fool

That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath rived my heart:

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities;

But Brutus makes mine greater than they are. Bru. I do not, till you practice them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,

Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius;

For Cassius is aweary of the world:

Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother; Checked like a bondman; all his faults observed, Set in a note-book, learned and conn'd by rote.

To cast into my teeth. Oh, I could weep

My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,

And here my naked breast; within, a heart Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:

If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;

I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart: Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know,

When thou didst hat him worst, thou lov'dst him better

Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru. Sheathe your dagger:

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope; Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.

Oh Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb

That carries anger as the flint bears fire; Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark, And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius lived To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus, When grief and blood ill-tempered vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. Oh Brutus!—
Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me, When that rash humor, which my mother gave me,

Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and, henceforth, When you are over-earnest with your Brutus, He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

Shakespeare.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

A song for our banner? The watchword recall Which gave the Republic her station:
"United we stand—divided we fall!"
It made and preserves us a nation!
The union of lakes—the union of lands—
The union of States none can sever—
The union of hearts—the union of hands—
And the Flag of our Union forever!

Geo. P. Morris.











